JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 27, 1926 Vol. XL. No. 1067

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper
Postage all over the world, 1d.

A GOLIATH ON CRUTCHES

by the Rt. Hon.
PHILIP SNOWDEN
M. P.

Can a Pipe Talk?

If you've never known pipe-eloquence get to know it now! Fill up with GALLAHER'S RICH DARK and that old briar of yours will start telling you right away of the pleasures of smoking this splendid Tobacco. It will tell you in a new and delightful fragrance — in its coolness and mellow-smoking qualities. Every time you light up old friend pipe, it will seem to whisper "Always fill me up with GALLAHER'S RICH DARK and I'll be good!" In handy flakes or rubbed out ready for the pipe. Medium strength and very economical.

In 1, 2, and 4 oz. decorated tins (see that the red protecting band is intact) and 2 and 4 oz. round air-tight tins for the pipe, in 1 oz. packets and 2 and 4 oz. round air-tight tins,

1/-
per oz.
GALLAHER'S RICH DARK HONEYDEW

GALLAHER'S
RICH DARK
HONEY DEW

MADE BY GALLAHER LTD.,
BELFAST AND LONDON.

TESTED JB

H.202

STORM HAVOC!

JOHN BULL
The ONLY Paper to Pay STORM & FLOOD BENEFITS

THE storms and floods which have swept the country have caused immense damage. Many of the homes of "John Bull" readers have suffered. Our representatives are working in all parts of the country, and benefits are being paid as fast as their reports are received.

108 BENEFITS PAID THIS WEEK

Those whose names appear below all receive Benefits on account of Storm and Floods.

POPLAR.—Mr. W. G. PAGE, 3, Sussex Street.
SALOP.—Mrs. J. LOCK, Brook House, Iron Bridge.
ADISHAM, Nr. CANTERBURY.—Mrs. DAVIES, Fir Cottage.
CWMLLYNFELL.—Mr. L. B. LLOYD, Kildenna House, Bryn Road.
BLACKBURN.—Mr. A. HARTLEY, 20, Primrose Terrace, Mill Hill.
BERMONDSEY.—Mrs. F. CLIFFORD, 37, Lucy Road.
CORBRIDGE-ON-TYNE.—C. T. HUDSPITH, 2, Woodbine Terrace.
BLACKBURN.—Mr. L. McNAMEE, 12, Primrose Terrace, Mill Hill.
NORWICH.—Mrs. CHETTLEBURGH, 14, Long Row, New Catton.
HAVERFORDWEST.—Mr. I. J. DIXON, 38, Bridge Street.
CLANAMMAN.—Mr. J. PHILLIPS, The Post Office.
PEMBROKE DOCK.—Mr. G. LEESING, 38, Meyrick Street.
NEWPORT.—Mrs. L. VAUGHAN, Tawelfa, West Street.
PEMBROKE DOCK.—Mr. J. ALLANSON, 67, Queen Street.
HAVERFORDWEST.—Mr. A. M. JENKINS, 49, Portfield.
BLAENGWYNFI.—Mr. W. H. MYRING, 21, Caroline Street.
MILFORD HAVEN.—Mrs. W. R. SAUNDERS, 7, Point Street, Hakin.
LLANELLY.—Mrs. F. EVANS, 13, Crescent Row.
GWAUN-CAE-GURWEN. — Mr. L. DAVIES, Cogerddan.
PEMBROKE DOCK.—Mr. G. PHILLIPS, 7, Water Street.
LLANELLY.—Mrs. T. JAMES, "Overton," Stewart Street.
MILFORD HAVEN.—Mr. T. SMEDLEY, 10, Marine Gardens.
PEMBROKE DOCK.—Mr. H. LOVELL, Navy Inn, Melville Street.
PEMBROKE DOCK.—Mrs. M. DOBSON, 17, Meyrick Street.
MELROSE.—Mrs. R. SHILLINGLEW, Darnick Vale.
STOCKSFIELD-ON-TYNE.—Mr. C. WALTON, Hare and Hounds Inn, Mickly.
WILSHIRE, Nr. BLACKBURN. — Mr. L. BURLAND, 40, Moorfield Avenue.
CARLISLE.—Mr. A. ARMSTRONG, 30, Church Street, Caldewgate.
EDINBURGH.—Mr. P. MOFFAT, 135, Rose Street.
MILFORD HAVEN.—Mrs. M. EDWARDS, 3, Robert Street.
HEXHAM.—Mrs. S. DODD, 63, Barnside Cottages.
PENRITH, CUMBERLAND.—Mrs. H. COLTON, 215, Brougham Street.
BERWICK-ON-TWEED.—Mrs. J. PALMER, 3, Sandgate.
LEADGATE, DURHAM.—Mr. L. MARLEY, 18, Durham Road.
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.—Mr. E. NEWTON, 27, Littledale Road.
CARLISLE.—Mrs. W. IRVING, 13, Artisans' Dwellings, Caldewgate.
BLAYDON-ON-TYNE.—Mr. A. ELLIOTT, 3, South Street.
MILFORD HAVEN.—Mrs. E. SMITH, 83, Priory Road.

(Many names unavoidably omitted.)

In addition to Storm and Flood, "John Bull" provides Benefits for FIRE, ACCIDENT, SICKNESS, etc. Sign Now.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

READER'S NAME in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.) .... Age ....
ADDRESS ....
....
READER'S SIGNATURE ....
NAME AND ADDRESS OF NEWSAGENT..
....
DATE ....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

J.B. 27/11/26.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

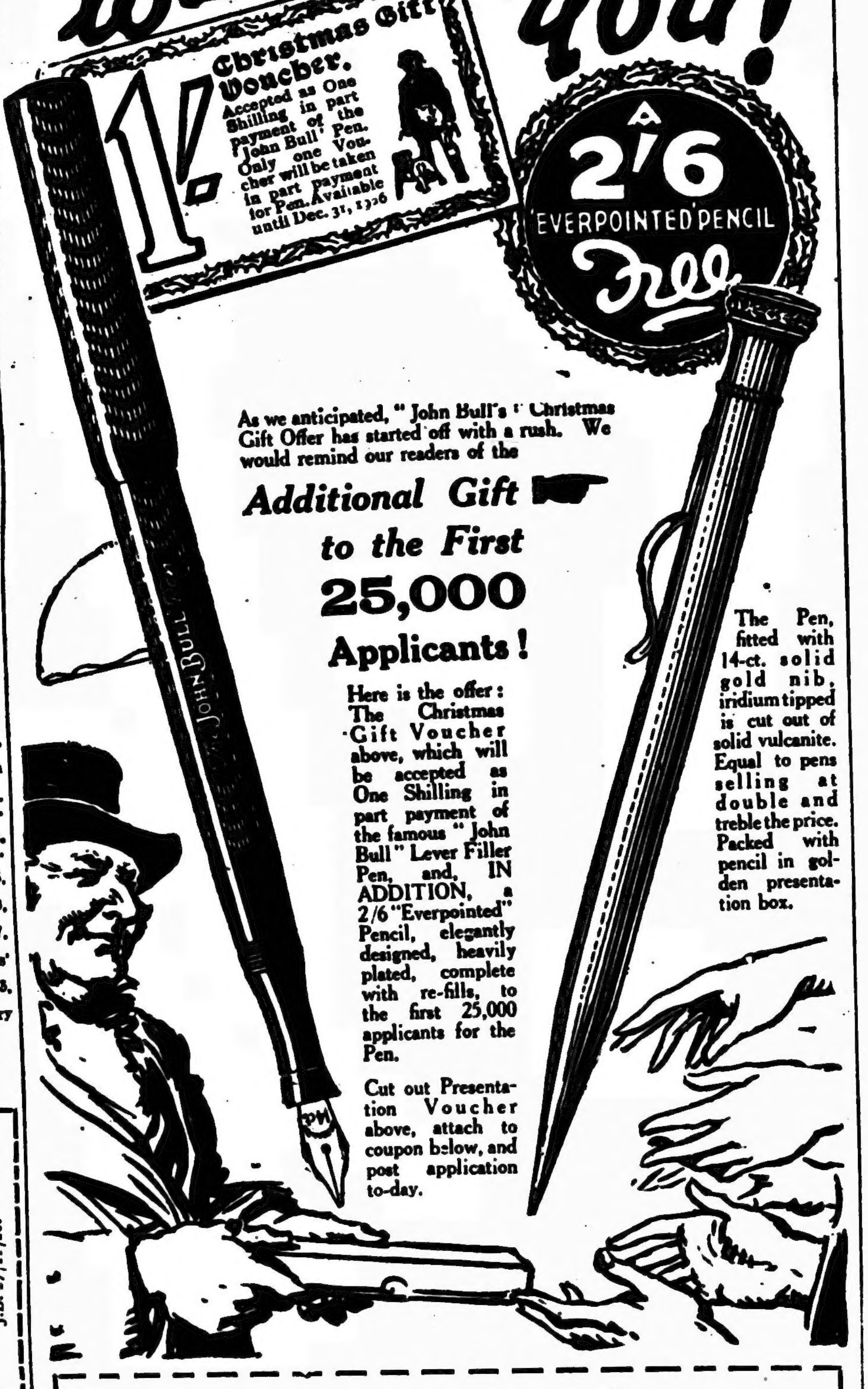
To (Name of Newsagent) ....
ADDRESS ....
....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

SIGNATURE..
ADDRESS ....
DATE ....

J.B. 27/11/26.

JOHN BULL's Great Xmas Gift to— YOU!



1/- Christmas Gift Voucher. Accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the 'John Bull' Pen. Only one Voucher will be taken in part payment for Pen. Available until Dec. 31, 1926

As we anticipated, "John Bull's" Christmas Gift Offer has started off with a rush. We would remind our readers of the

Additional Gift to the First
25,000 Applicants!

Here is the offer: The Christmas Gift Voucher above, which will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous "John Bull" Lever Filler Pen, and, IN ADDITION, a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil, elegantly designed, heavily plated, complete with re-fills, to the first 25,000 applicants for the Pen.

Cut out Presentation Voucher above, attach to coupon below, and post application to-day.

The Pen, fitted with 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped is cut out of solid vulcanite. Equal to pens selling at double and treble the price. Packed with pencil in golden presentation box.

Christmas Gift Coupon.

"JOHN BULL," Pen Dept., Long Acre, W.C.2.

Please send me the Golden Christmas Gift Set, containing the "JOHN BULL" 5/- Lever Filler Pen, and FREE 2/6 Everpointed Pencil.

I enclose Gift Voucher (which please accept as 1/- in part payment), together with Postal Order for 4/3 (which includes Postage and Insurance).

(Pocket Clip 3d. each extra.)

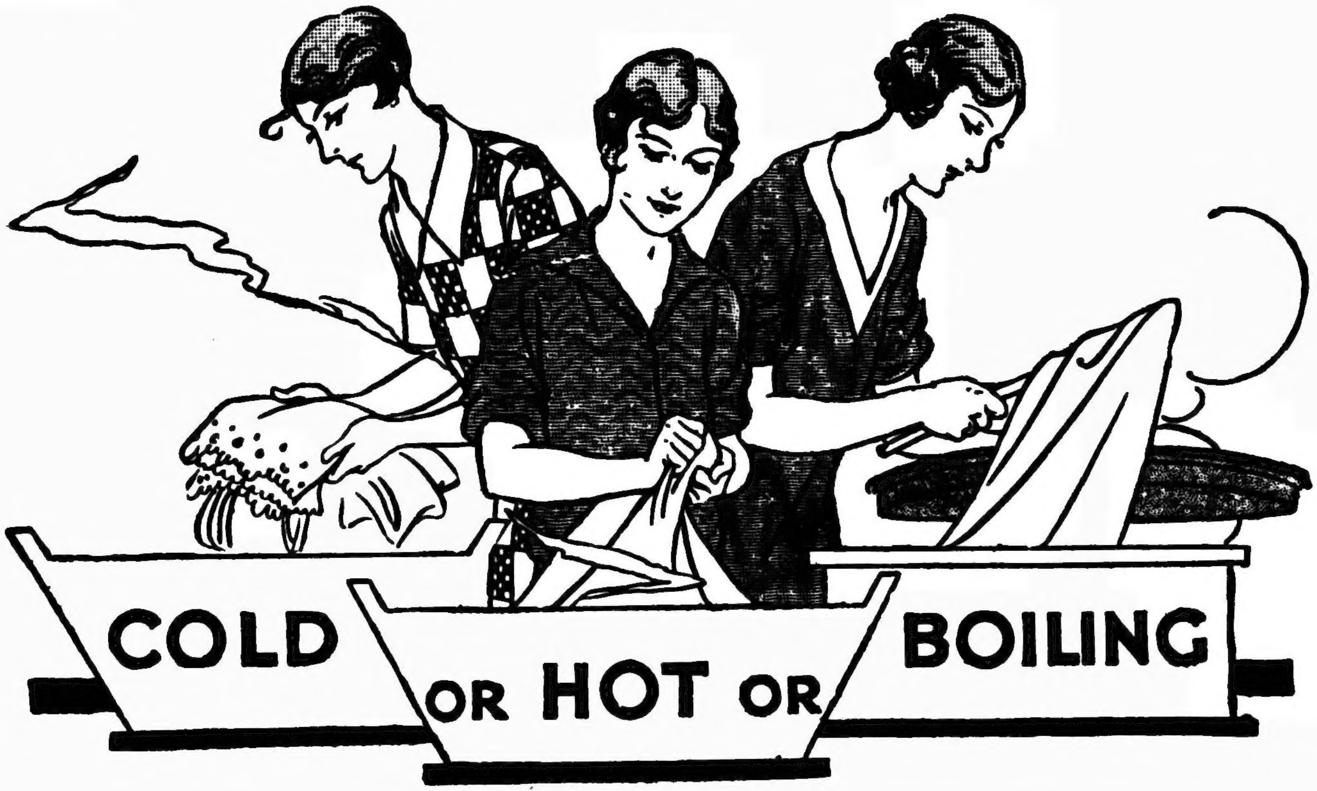
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....

Fine, medium or broad nib. (Cross out grades not required.)

Your name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra....................................
(Write in capitals name desired.)

Cross Cheque/P.O. "& Co.," and make payable to "JOHN BULL." J.B. 27.11.26.

Rinso washes EVERY way


COLD
OR HOT OR
BOILING

The Rinso way of washing accommodates itself to your way, and every way Rinso does the work infinitely better than any other cleanser.

If it's soaking in cold water, steeping in hot water or boiling, you will find that Rinso will do it better, do it quicker, do much more of it too.

Prepare Rinso according to the directions or in a way of your own, the lather will tell you when it is ready.

There are no hard and fast rules for Rinso users. Rinso is absolutely safe, you can't go wrong. Rinso takes a load of washing off your hands and a load off your mind.

Soak or Boil
it's all one to

Rinso

Rinso
THE DIRT DISPELLER
THAT'S ALL
Rinso
SOAKS CLOTHES
Rinso
DIRT DISPELLER

THREE SIZES
HANDY
MEDIUM
FAMILY

The bigger the size the better the value

MADE BY
R. S. HUDSON
LIMITED

Liverpool, West Bromwich & London

R316-100

WHEN SENDING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL

THE MAIL ORDER MARKET

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters

PAY FOR YOUR XMAS SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 8/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments until you have paid in all **52/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns. Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & Co.
86 LANGHAM ST, LONDON, W.1.

BIGGEST VALUE IN FLOOR COVERING

NOTE NEW LOW PRICES

72 SQ. FT. for 15/-

THICKER THAN LINOLEUM. Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors. Being Stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. In rolls containing 72 square feet for 15/-. Longer lengths, pro rata. All rolls are two yards wide. SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS,
30, Carter St., London, S.E.17

PAROLEUM

3,000 FACTORY PRICE BARGAINS

3/9

Beautiful Rings, Bangles, Pendants, Watches, &c.—examples of the money you save by buying from the Empire's largest Jewel Factory illustrated in H. Samuel's

BIG FREE BOOK!

Send a postcard for it now! FREE PRIZES for all buyers!! Fine Nickelled Watch illustrated, fully warranted. Post free **3/9** or with handsome chain 4/6. Write now!

H. SAMUEL Ltd. Dept. 199, MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.

WORLD'S BEST

in Value, Quality and Tone. Every instrument made in the Graves Sheffield Factory and guaranteed perfect in every detail.

ALL BRITISH

TERMS: Our bargain price is for Deferred Payments. Send 5/- now, & 11 monthly payments of 5/-. Five per cent discount for cash. Complete Approval. Graves Gramophone (Hornless Model) size 16½ x 14½ x 7in. Strong silent motor with worm drive, nickel plated fittings, and super-sensitive reproducer £3 0 0

5/- NOW

CATALOGUE POST FREE.
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

Become a Really Fine Pianist

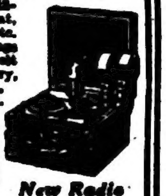
and READY READER AT SIGHT THIS WINTER.

I'LL TEACH YOU QUICKLY AND ENJOYABLY BY POST in your own home and time. **No practice drudgery,** but Simple, Fascinating **Training** that shall **make you** quickly play **Songs, Dances, Hymns** and little **Master Gems** so that your friends will **want you always.** You shall play **even if you are of middle age** and start *without knowing a note.* Send p.c. for my FREE book, "MIND, MUSCLE & KEYBOARD," with Form for FREE Advice. Say if Mrs., Miss or Mr., and one word—**Beginner, Elementary or Moderate.**

Mr. H. BECKER,
248, Bristol House,
Holborn Viaduct,
London, E.C.1.

"HOTSPUR" POPULAR ONE VALVE SET 14/-

Deposit and 7 monthly payments of 10/-, or £3 14s. cash in 7 days. Specially designed Receiver for low signals, and listeners just out of crystal set range. Specification:—Ormond Condenser and Rheostat, Quality Coil Holder and Valve Sockets, etc. Mounted in Oak Cabinet, hinged lid, all fittings nickel-plated. Complete with D.E. valve, 2-volt Exide Accumulator, 60-Volt H.T. Battery, 2 Plug-in Coils, Super lightweight Phones, Plugs, Leads, etc. Royalty (12/6) paid. Send Deposit to-day.



E. J. HERAUD,
Radio Manufacturer
(Dept. "P."),
NUMBER ONE,
EDMONTON, London,
N.18.

Set only less accessories (Royalty paid) 5/- deposit, 6 monthly payments of 5/-. Cash in seven days, £2.

New Radio Catalogue sent free.

5/- Deposit and 7 monthly payments of 5/- buys the "Hotspur" Super-Crystal Set complete. Cash 35/-.

YOURS for 2/- deposit.

Buy from the actual Manufacturer and save middlemen's profit. Send to-day for this

BEAUTIFUL BARGAIN; REAL AUSTRALIAN FOX,

finest quality, complete animal, including brush. This is a genuine offer; don't be deceived by imitation skins, such as Goats or Stoles.

This fine Red Fox is silk lined, nicely finished. Sent on 7 days' approval on receipt of 2/- deposit. Compare our value with others, then if fully satisfied, send a further 4/- at once and 5/- monthly until the balance of 40/- is paid, or 37/6 cash. If dissatisfied, money refunded in full.

Telephones: 3 lines, 1108 Bishopsgate.

S. TAPPER (Dept. 28), 190, Bishopsgate, E.C.2

FLOOR COVERING 750 ROLLS ONLY

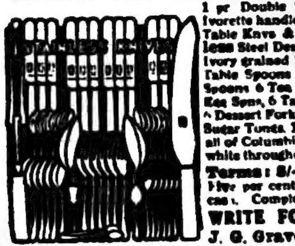
10/- PER ROLL CONTAINING **60 SQUARE FEET**

SPECIAL SALE OFFER. Unequalled Value. Send no money, but write for FREE Samples of actual material. Every roll 2 yds. wide.

HAWKEN & Co. Dept. 7B 10
122 WARDOUR ST LONDON W.1.

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY SERVICE

WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.



1 pr Double Shear Steel Carvers, Ivorette handles, 6 **Stainless** Steel Table Knvs & 6 **Stainless** Steel Dessert Knvs, Ivory grained handles, 2 Table Spoons 6 Dessert Spoons 6 Tea Spoons 6 Egg Spns, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1 pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spn, 1 Salt Spn, all of Columbian Silver which wears white throughout. **50 pieces 50/-**

5/- NOW

Terms: 5/- now & 5/- monthly. Five per cent. discount allowed for cash. Complete approval at home.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

THIS 4lb. Box OF DELICIOUS CHOCOLATES

POST **6/9** FREE

DELIGHTFUL assorted centres, covered with fine quality Chocolate, GUARARANTEED PURE. 6/9 Free to any address in U.K.

SEND TO-DAY

"HAPPY DAY" CANDIES Ltd.
334 JAMES STREET,
OXFORD STREET, LONDON
W.1.

A REAL UKULELE

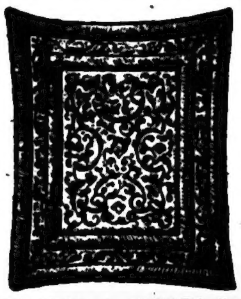
(The only one carrying a 12 months guarantee)

With Complete Outfit and Lightning Tutor for **12/6**
Post Free in U.K. (or C.O.D in U.K.).

What is guaranteed in this Ukulele, which you don't get in cheaper makes? CORRECT FRETTING. A fraction of an inch out renders a Ukulele useless to any one with an ear for music. RIGHT DISTANCE between nut and tail-piece. CORRECT WIDTH OF NECK. Send to-day for a real Ukulele made by experts.

Close to King's Cross Station.
J. B. [illegible], 249, Pentonville Road, London, N.1

ARTISTIC QUILT BARGAIN



SPECIAL SALE of Artdown **QUILTS** well filled (4 lbs. weight) in pretty floral Covers with Sateen rolls and panel centre.

The Best Bed Cover for Wintry Nights.

Will keep you warm and make your bed look perfect. In all newest colourings. All full double bed size. Price only **10/6** each.

Postage 6d. extra.
2 for 20/- Carr. paid.

CENTRAL SUPPLY STORES (J.B.2)
6, New Cannon Street, MANCHESTER.

BEDDING

from **1/9** *Weekly*

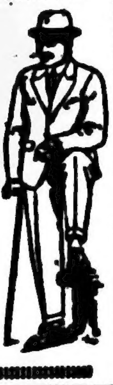
Secure the finest quality Bedding on exceptionally Easy Payment Terms. Our Superb Bale contains genuine superfine All-wool Yorkshire Blankets weighing 8 lbs., also White Fleecy Blankets, 1 pair Heavy Twill Sheets, 1 Dainty Coloured Alhambra Quilt, 1 Wadded Quilt, 2 Pillow Cases and 1 Bolster Case, all for full-size double bed. Only the best quality Bedding. Other bedding and Household Requisites also on easy terms.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE.

B. & C. Co. Universal Providers
(Dept. J22), Southampton

STYLISH LOUNGE SUITS

FINEST VALUE IN THE TRADE.



7/6 NOW

Our simple self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a stylish well-fitting garment.

We Deliver the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded if disappointed.

Patterns Post Free. Send post card for patterns cut from actual cloth lengths from which suits are made. Prices from 50/-.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

BLANKETS & SHEETS.

Made in our OWN Mills.

3 pairs White cosy BLANKETS, Full size 62 x 81 in. **20/-**
2 pairs Unbleached Twill SHEETS, 70 x 90 in., about 4 lbs. ... **15/6**

BLEACHED & HEMMED SHEETS.
Best quality, Snowy White.

70 x 90 in. Per pair 10/- Two pairs 19/6
80 x 100 in. „ 13/6 „ 26/6

Also fine Cotton Sheets, in sizes from 54 x 72 in. to 99 x 126 in.

All Goods sent Carriage Paid.

OUR GUARANTEE: If Goods are not to your entire satisfaction, cash refunded at once.

MARWELL MILL CO. (Dept. J.B.),
Ormes Buildings, Parsonage, Manchester.

"STOLS" PORTABLE 3-VALVE SET

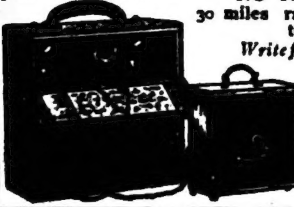
40/- DOWN.
Balance 30/- a month for 11 Months.

Supplied complete with loud-speaker. Price includes Marconi Royalty. Nothing more to buy.

NO AERIAL
NO DISTORTION
NO EARTH
NO TROUBLE

30 miles radius guaranteed.

Write for folder.



STOLS ELECTROPHONE (1914), LTD.,
8, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2.

FINEST VALUE

SEMI-FOLDING BABY-CAR.

Fitted with coil springs

The Graves semi-Folding Car is the embodiment of Lightness, Strength and Comfort. It has Tubular Handle & Steel Frame enamelled Black, well padded seat & adjustable back, draught-proof sides, and stout leather safety strap. Upholstered in best quality Navy Blue leather cloth. Ten-inch wheels, ½in wired-on rubber Tyres. Price **32/-**

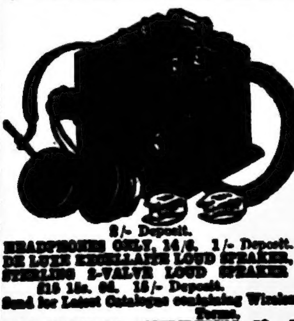
4/- NOW

Delivered carriage paid to approved orders for 4/-. Balance in 7 monthly payments of 4/- if satisfied. Money back in full if you are at all disappointed.

WRITE for CATALOGUE. Folding Prams & Baby Carriages. Finest value in trade.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

COMPLETE WIRELESS for 32/-



Send us 2/- as Deposit and we will send you one of our famous Crystal Sets complete with Daventry Coil, a Pair of our World Famed Excellatte Headphones, and Aerial Equipment. On receipt of goods, you send us a further 5/-, and then five monthly payments of 5/- only.

2/- Deposit.

HEADPHONES ONLY, 14/6. 1/- Deposit.
DE LUXE EXCELLATTE LOUD SPEAKER, 57/6. 2/- Deposit.
STERLING 2-VALVE LOUD SPEAKER SET, COMPLETE, £15 15s. 0d. 15/- Deposit.

Send for Latest Catalogue containing Wireless Bargains at Special Terms.

THE WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.),
WIRELESS HOUSE, STOKE NEWINGTON, N.16.

FREEMANS

Celebrated
SPARE TIME AGENCY
CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Shoes and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Enquiries for Agency invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

BARGAINS IN FURS

Every lady should write for the Graves Bargain Catalogue of genuine high grade furs. The newest exclusive styles in exquisitely matched skins, offered at amazingly keen prices and on Easy Terms.

OUR BARGAIN PRICES ARE FOR DEFERRED PAYMENTS. Send a small amount now and complete purchase in monthly payments. If you wish to pay cash, Five per cent discount is allowed.

WRITE TO-DAY for our new handsomely illustrated Fur Catalogue Post Free per return.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield.

From **5/-** Monthly

FOR SMALL TRADERS. SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A.B.C. GUIDE to Remnant and Drapery Trade free, Worth pounds, valuable hints, Make money selling Prints, Towels, Tabling, Travellers' Samples, etc. Send p.c. to-day for Catalogue and full particulars.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale, all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free. — H. Clegg (Dept. B.), High Street, Manchester.

GOOD SELLING LINES in all classes of Drapery. Goods for Beginners. Marketmen, Retailers, from S. Moses (Dept. J.B.), 8, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester. Write for Illustrated Catalogue free.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 66, Houndsditch, E.1.

SHOPKEEPERS: Send for Bargain List Xmas Club Toys, Games, etc., Stationery, Postcards.—W. H. Jackson & Co. (Dept. J.B.), Grimsby.

FREE List on application those interested in Hosiery, Drapery, Haberdashery. Wholesale only.—Levy Bros. (Dept. B.), 39, Houndsditch, E.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

"**FREEMAN'S**" Spare-time Agency. — See Large Advert., page 4.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly.—Run a bed-clothing club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. free. —Carlisle Mills Co., 11, Birstall, Leeds.

EARN £3 to £5 weekly. Run Bedclothing Clubs amongst friends. NO OUTLAY. Partics. free.—Grove Mills Co., Dept. M., Birstall, Leeds.

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED who, in their spare time will appoint agents to sell Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Jewellery, Musical Instruments and Toys for old-established firm on the weekly instalment system. Good remuneration. —Apply by letter to Dept. J, 32, Manor Rd., Wallington, Surrey.

ADD £1 per day to income easily. "Mirrorgraphs" are the latest craze. Seen photo with P.O. 1/- for sample and full partics.—Clarke Melton, 257, High Holborn, W.C.1.

EMPLOYMENT.

A BETTER JOB FOR THE MAN WITH BACKBONE AND GRIT.—You can make sure of a comfortable future if you decide to become a travelling salesman and study by postal training in your spare time under Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest Teacher of Salesmanship. Attwood-trained men, without previous experience "on the road" are now earning their £500, £600, £800 and £1,000 a year, in positions found for them by Wallace Attwood. After training every student is introduced to firms of repute to a good post as Salesman. If you want to be lifted out of the rut send postcard for book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free.—The Wallace Attwood College, 26T., Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526.)

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home: guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 19B, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

The **MOTOR INDUSTRY NEEDS TRAINED MEN.** Drivers, Salesmen, Demonstrators, Mechanics, Chauffeur-Mechanics and Fitters. Let the British School of Motoring quickly train YOU for a well-paid job. The best equipped school in London. Introductions to positions free of charge. Lowest fees.—Call or write, British School of Motoring, Ltd., Head Office, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY. — Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal com.—J. Holt (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn

SALES REPRESENTATIVES are urgently needed. The definite offer of an actual position is guaranteed for every successful student of FIVE WEEKS' tuition in Creative Salesmanship. Previous experience not necessary. Instruction includes PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS. FEES refunded to unsuccessful students. Call or write for details.—SALESMANSHIP, LTD., 56, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10/- month. Post found when qualified, or fee retd. Booklet, testls. free. —City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

MOTOR Drivers, Testers, Mechanics, etc., wanted; now is the time to train for these jobs; low fees for complete training.—Associated Auto. Agencies, Walter House, Bedford-st., Strand. (Op. Tivoli.)

AGENCY.—Good comm. Spare time opportunity to men in regular work by selling Ladies' and Gent's Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Drapery, etc., for Cash or Easy Terms. For Catalogue & partics. apply JOHN PERCY & CO., 3, Pancras Lane, Queen Street, Cheapside, London, E.C.4.

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.
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U	■	I	R	A	T	E	■	D	E	A	T	H	■	H
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	D	■	D	■	E	A	V	E	S	■	N	■	S	
S	E	V	E	R	■	L	A	D	■	A	G	A	T	E
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S	A	D	D	L	E	R	■	V	O	U	C	H	E	R
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T	A	R	T		S	T	I	N	K		S	E	E	D

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle published in our last issue

This week's puzzle is on page 37.

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No 603

No. 606

MEAD Co., (Dept. G 180), Birmingham.

"Bullets" Prizewinners

(Continued from page 39)

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Dulwich; W. Carey, 28, Shuttleworth St., Earby, via Colne; Miss F. Carter, 24, Cornwallis Gdns., Hastings; Mrs. M. Carter, 40, Park Rd., Hinckley, Leics.; S. Clarke, Red Castle Cott., Gt. Barton; W. Clarke, 23, Coral St., Leicester; S. Coates, 44, Limpsfield Rd. Sheffield; M. A. Condron, 95, Brighton Rd., Redhill; C. J. Coomber, 71, High St., Guildford; J. Coppens, 105, Abbey Rd., N.W.; H. Cornick, West Dene, Cropston; F. Cotton, Sunnyside, Combe Martin; B. Creagh, 14, Gainsborough Bldgs., Westminster; J. Davies, 13, George St., G. Broughton; H. G. Davis, 37, Alstone Av., Cheltenham; E. H. Daws, 8, Selinas Cres., Hull; W. Daws, 28a, Roscoe St., St. Lukes, E.C.; F. G. Dean, 105, Regent St., Whitstable; J. Doherty, 1, Lower Rd., Londonderry; Miss H. Drysdale, 98, Clarence Drive, Glasgow; Mrs. Dutton, c/o 12, Grays Rd., Farncombe; Miss G. Ellis, 260, Cromwell Rd., Newport, Mon.; J. F. Emery, Ladderedge, Longsdon; R. Finlayson, 7, Dalhousie Pl., Arbroath; R. C. 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List of 300 Surrey Fowl Winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 617 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Prize-winners can be seen at these Offices.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 621.

MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS
HEARD AT THE PANTOMIME
WITH A CHEER
FAIRY GODMOTHER
COLD
POSTMAN'S KNOCK
TREAT FOR BABY
GOOD NAME
WHEN LOVE IS BLIND
TIME TO PAY
SPEAKS FOR ITSELF
LOVINGLY
CHRISTMAS SPIRIT
HER DOLLY
MARRIED LIFE
FINISHED
EARLY AND LATE
HAUNTED HOUSE
IF MISTRESS WERE MAID
WHAT IS A PRESENT?

These Examples may be made use of on Coupons on page 39, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **621** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 621, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for "Bullets" No. 620.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 620 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 616 can now be seen in the window of Messrs. T. Morris & Son, Whitham Road, Sheffield.

HOW TO HEAL SORE STOMACHS.

When your stomach feels sore and tender after eating, you can be sure that a dangerous acid condition is the cause. The presence of excess stomach acid brings about food fermentation, and harmful gases are generateh which distend the stomach and cause great pain. Soon the stomach lining becomes raw and inflamed, and the whole digestive system is upset. Such cases require the special treatment which only 'Bisurated' Magnesia can give. This world-famous antacid not only neutralises the harmful excess acid, but soothes, heals, and protects the inflamed stomach lining. It removes the cause of indigestion, restores normal stomach conditions, and healthful, painless digestion follows naturally. Take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia in water, or two or three tablets, after a hearty meal, and note the absence of the usual distress. Doctors recommend this remedy as the best thing known for indigestion, and thousands use it daily, so get a 1s. 3d. package from your chemist, and you will have got something that must make indigestion a thing of the past.

Boot Repairing made easy

Boot Repairing with Re-Sol-it is simplicity itself. A putty like compound spread on like butter, it hardens in a few hours and forms a durable sole.

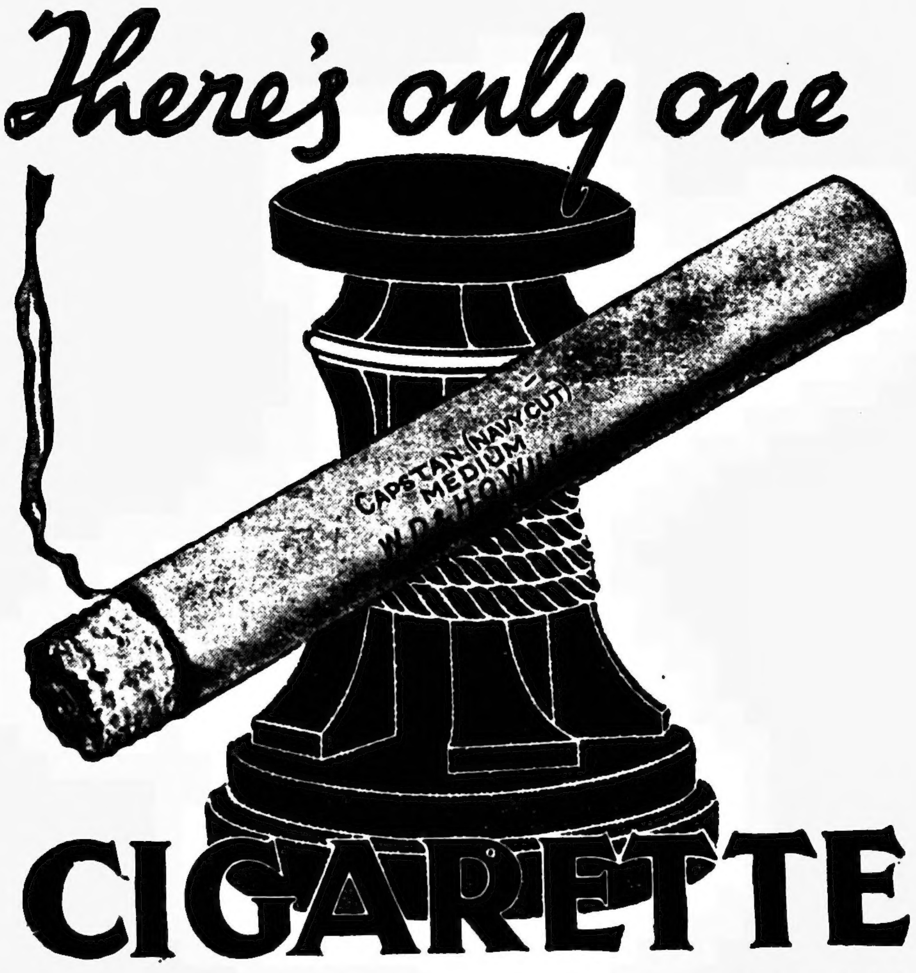
IDEAL FOR REPAIRING CREPE AND ALL RUBBER SHOES.

Price 2/- per tin. Enough for four complete soles

RE-SŌL-IT

Stocked by all leading Stores, Ironmongers, etc. If unable to obtain, send P.O. 2/- for sample tin, post free.

Re-Sōl-it, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.)
164a, Strand, LONDON, W.C.2



W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C.40W.

CHILD'S LIFE DESPAIRED of THROUGH CHEST TROUBLE

POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED SAVED HER LIFE.

Portsea, Portsmouth.

Sir,

I take the liberty of writing in praise of your POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED, which I and my wife swear by. We have a family of five, and have always been sufferers from chest troubles; in fact, one child, a girl of five—who 17 months ago we were told would not last another winter as she was so bad, and was not to go to school again—was given your Balsam of Aniseed, and she has now been at school 11 months without missing a day. I am a seaman and my wife a hawker, so that you can see we are out in all weathers, and since we have taken your Balsam of Aniseed we have not had a day's illness. We have had Powell's Balsam of Aniseed ourselves seven years now, and shall always continue to use it.—Yours thankfully,

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. YEATES.

COUGH OR COLD INSTANTLY RELIEVED.

For over a hundred years Powell's Balsam of Aniseed has been the recognised cure for Bronchitis, Asthma, Influenza, Coughs, Colds, and all Throat, Chest, and Lung Troubles. It is still supreme as a swift, safe and certain remedy. It contains no dangerous drugs whatsoever, and can be given with safety to children and invalids.

Powell's Balsam of Aniseed quickly allays throat irritation, frees the phlegm, stops the coughing, heals the inflamed tissues and strengthens the chest, throat, and lungs against further attack. When buying, look for the "Lion, Net and Mouse" Trade Mark. It is your guarantee against deception.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- PER BOTTLE. From Boot's, Taylor's, Timothy White, all Chemists and Stores, or direct from THOMAS POWELL, LTD. (Desk 37), Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.

Powell's BALSAM of ANISEED

A SWIFT, SAFE AND CERTAIN REMEDY
FOR
BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, INFLUENZA, COUGHS, COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH,
AND ALL
CHEST, LUNG AND THROAT COMPLAINTS.

YEAST IS LIFE!

LIVER LUMBAGO KIDNEYS

RELIEVES
HEADACHE, NEURALGIA ETC IN 5 MINUTES

Irving's Yeast-Vite *Tablets*

The Lightning Pick-me-up.

This New and Wonderful Yeast-Vitamin Treatment is guaranteed to be safer, quicker and more effective than Aspirin. Composed of pure medicinal Yeast, Vitamins, and other valuable ingredients, and is prescribed by leading medical specialists. The gentle fermentation of Yeast-Vite when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating buoyant feeling of extreme vigour.

CONTAINS VITAMIN (B)

When out of sorts or depressed, take 1 or 2 YEAST-VITE Tablets, and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE TABLETS will relieve:—

Headache, Neuralgia, etc.	... in 5 minutes.
Indigestion, Flatulence... ...	... in 5 to 10 minutes.
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression	in 10 to 15 minutes.
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc.	... in 10 to 15 minutes.
Influenza Colds, Fever	... in 24 hours.

1/3, 2/9 & 5/- per bottle of all chemists.

OUR GUARANTEE. Obtain a bottle of Irving's YEAST-VITE tablets from your chemist or by post. Take the treatment at our expense. If not thoroughly convinced of the wonderful power of these tablets BY ACTUAL RESULTS, post the empty bottle to us, and we will refund the money by return of post.

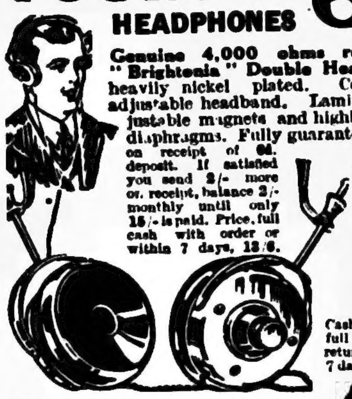
CAUTION.—Beware of Imitations! See the name Irving's Yeast-Vite on every carton and bottle and sealed with Government Stamp. Refuse fraudulent substitutes which are worthless.

Send postcard for free treatise on Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, &c., &c.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES
"Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

YOURS for 6D. Deposit

HEADPHONES

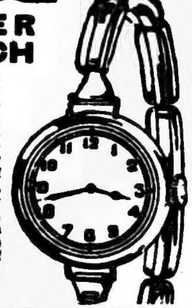


Genuine 4,000 ohms resistances "Brightonia" Double Headphones, heavily nickel plated. Comfortable adjustable headband. Laminated adjustable magnets and highly sensitive diaphragms. Fully guaranteed. Sent on receipt of 6d. deposit. If satisfied you send 2/- more on receipt, balance 2/- monthly until only 15/- is paid. Price, full cash with order or within 7 days, 13/6.

SEND NOW. DON'T DELAY

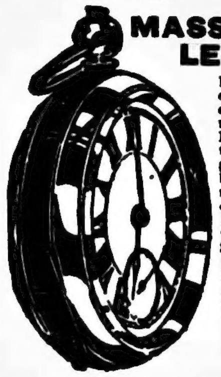
Cash returned in full if phones returned within 7 days of receipt.

SOLID SILVER WRIST WATCH



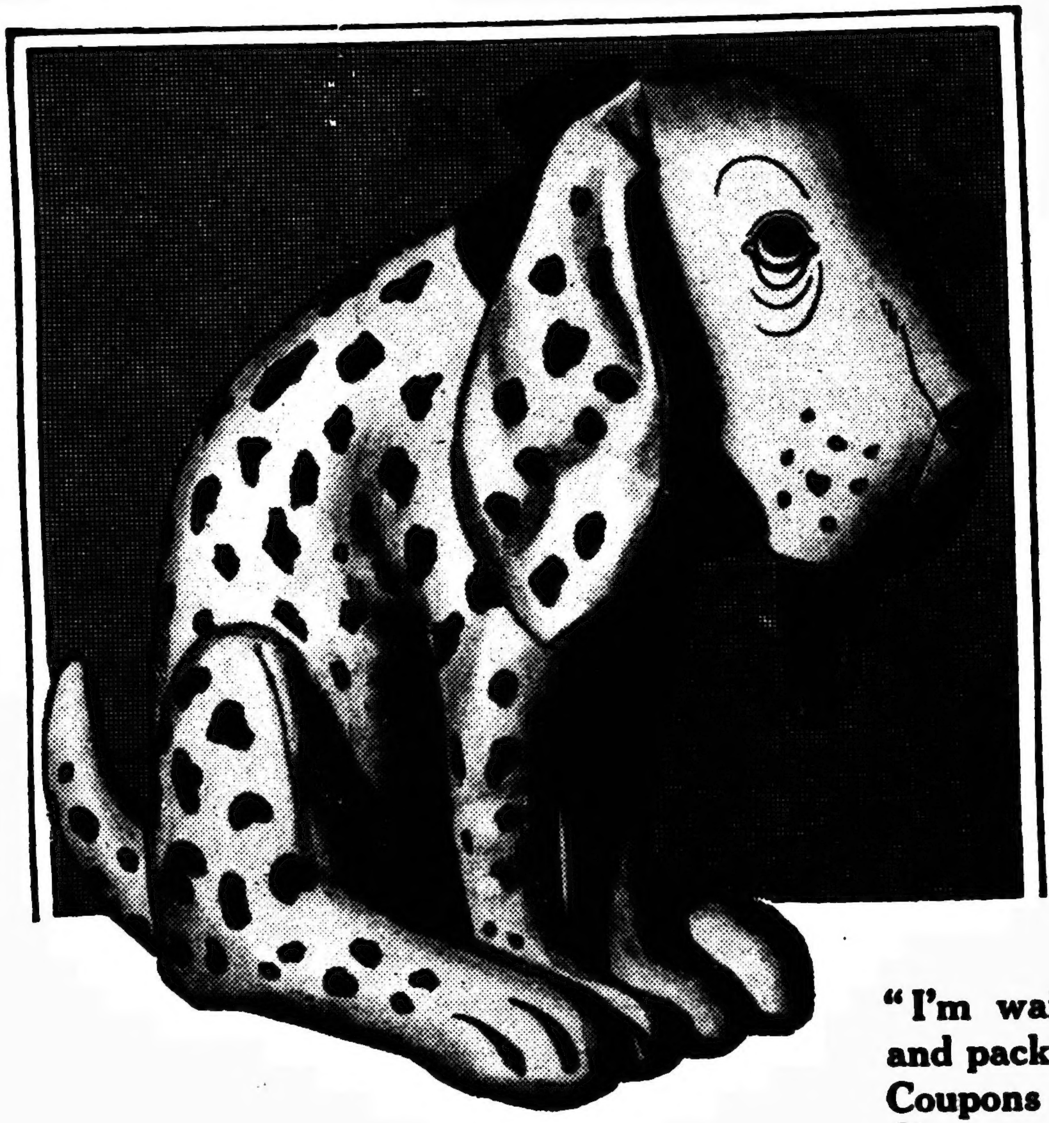
Ladies' Neat and Dainty English Hall-marked Silver Wrist Watch, complete as illustrated, with expanding bracelet of choice design (Gent.'s style same price). Highest grade and perfectly finished jewelled movement. Splendid timekeepers, fully guaranteed. Sent upon receipt of 6d. After receipt send 1/6 more, the balance may then be paid by 9 monthly instalments of 2/- each, until 20/- only is paid. Cash with order, price (or balance within 7 days) 18/- only. Cash returned in full if dissatisfied and watch returned within 7 days of receipt.

MASSIVE CAPPED LEVER WATCH



Heavy Silver finished case, double engine-turned back and cap over movement. 10 Jewelled non-magnetic compensated Lever movement. Dead accurate time-keeper. Bevelled crystal glass. Bold figures. Pen steel hands. Enamelled dial. Warranted 10 years. Sent upon 6d. deposit. After receipt send 2/6 more; the balance may then be paid by monthly instalments of 3/- each until 25/- only is paid. Cash with order price (or balance within 7 days) 23/6 only. Cash returned in full if dissatisfied and watch returned within 7 days of receipt.

SIMPSONS (Brighton) LTD.
(Dept. [illegible]), 94, Queen's Road
BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.



"I won't be happy till you get me"

"I'm waiting—already boxed up and packed—for you to send 125 Coupons to the BLACK CAT Cigarette people. There's a coupon in every packet of Black Cat Cigarettes — smoke them, you can't get finer smokes—and send the coupons in. You'll enjoy every whiff—and when you get me—my! won't the kiddies jump with joy.

Dismal Desmond

Dismal Desmond FREE!

for 125 Coupons from

Black Cat

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6^{D}.

IN DECORATED TINS

50's 2/6. 100's 5/-

Have you tried Black Cat Tobacco at 1/- per Ounce?

Coupons are in every packet.

FILL IN THIS COUPON NOW.

To The BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO.
(Dept. 8), Gifts Dept., 23, New North Street, Theobalds Road,
LONDON, W.C.1.

Please send me Free Booklet and Five Free Coupons.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

ONLY ONE OF THESE SIGNED COUPONS WILL BE ACCEPTED.

Week ending Saturday,
Nov. 27, 1926, Twopence.
Vol. XL. No. 1067.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the
Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which
the Sun never Sets.

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Telephone:
Gerrard 9870

Telegrams
Heroically,
London.

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *&* *the* DEVIL

Peace When There is No Peace.

The curtain is rung down. The miners realise that they are beaten and by the "back to the pits" movement tacitly admitted that nothing was to be gained by prolonging the stoppage. But the real struggle has merely been postponed.

Armistice.

The men cannot be blamed for their reluctance to agree to a settlement which is no settlement. Only when such an enlightened scheme as the Samuel Report is enforced will real peace come.

The Price of Folly.

£300,000,000 has been lost to the country through the stoppage. Even this gigantic figure does not include losses due to disturbance of trade connections and to contracts not secured owing to industrial stress. If this fails to teach everyone of us a lesson we are indeed beyond hope.

Where the Shoe Fits.

Every employer who uses coal is out of pocket by the stoppage. This is particularly hard on industries, like the boot and shoe trade, which have long since found peace in efficiency. They could teach the coal industry a lot.

In the Net.

Fifty Poor Law unions have 10 per cent. and others 20, 30 and 40 per cent. of their populations in receipt of poor relief. Sixty-five boards of guardians need loans. All must come from the taxpayers' pockets. That's what industrial stoppage does for us.

Proof Positive.

Sir Kingsley Wood has told the House of Commons that during the coal stoppage miners' children were better fed and healthier than when their fathers were at work. As a support of the whole fight on the men's side such a statement couldn't be bettered.

Their Daily Risk.

Richard Willdig, instantly killed by a fall of the roof at Wyrley, Staffs, is the fourth brother accidentally killed in the same mine. These are the facts to remember when wages for miners are discussed.

May Wisdom Grow.

It is to be hoped the Government measure to reform trade unions—now promised for next session—will not come on till the summer. With the coal conflict a year behind them and the General Election a year nearer, the Government may temper temper with discretion.

The Last Straw.

The Treasury hints that the next Budget will put an addition to the overwhelming burden already carried by taxpayers. Commerce can't stand it. If trade was encouraged unemployment might cease, and with it the circle of aimless relief that causes all the trouble.

Illness and Income.

We suggest to the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the time has come when doctors' and dentists' bills should be taken into consideration when income-tax claims are being made, and that these should be exempt. It is absurd to count money spent in times of sickness as taxable income.

A Good Time If——

If British manufacturers can give the same guarantees of prompt delivery offered by foreign firms work for many years lies ahead. That, and the putting in hand of long-wanted public improvements, would absorb the majority of workless men. Nothing but bankrupt imagination will hinder it.

Shipyard Boom.

Orders to the value of over a million pounds have been placed at Belfast during the last few days. Nine motor ships are wanted for the King Line, London. A very few weeks of industrial peace will see the whole of this country humming the good old tune of prosperity again.

Work Waiting.

A London firm of engineers has secured the contract for the underground railway to be established in Buenos Ayres. All the orders for material can be placed in this country when industrial war is over and a peaceful co-operation prevails.

Good News.

The Australian Development Company has placed an order for £1,000,000 worth of cotton mill machinery with an Accrington firm. Kiddies in the northern town may yet enjoy a merry Christmas, for where there's work there's money.

The Snag.

All round London rows of new houses stand empty. The reason is plain. They are too dear to buy and they aren't built for letting. It's the house with a rent working people can pay that is needed, but so far it doesn't materialise.

Going Down?

Flour is cheaper—there's a drop of from 6d. to 1s. a sack within the home counties. Bread must follow suit. It always jumps in tune when flour goes up.

Facts Speak.

At the Islington Dairy Show Australian butter took all prizes, gold, silver and bronze, against all comers from all countries. The Australian Government helps the dairy-farmer instead of hindering at every point, and that makes the difference.

£1,500
FIRST PRIZE

—and 1,387
CHRISTMAS
PRIZES
in "Bullets"
this week.
See p. 39.

Government by Vendetta.

Mussolini is finding that if you secure political "harmony" by the big stick you liberate a spirit apt to get out of hand. It's a dangerous habit—knocking down people who don't agree with you.

Just Scales.

The Board of Trade is giving "sympathetic consideration" to representations made by traders likely to be affected by the new Sale of Food (Weights and Measures) Bill. One thing is certain—the principle must stand. Consumers must be made certain of getting what they pay for.

Saving Pounds, Wasting Lives.

For reasons of economy five types of aeroplanes of war-time design are still in service in the R.A.F. Seventy-three lives have been lost in eleven months. We call upon the Air Ministry to scrap all hoary machines at once and safeguard R.A.F. lives.

Blind Readers.

Six hundred volumes a week are read by the blind. That's why ten thousand sightless readers bless the Braille Library now being extended in Tufton Street. Five hundred voluntary workers in all parts of the world do the copying by hand. That means a thousand hands really doing the thing that helps.

It's Never Too Late——

The oldest typist in the world is Miss Sharman, who at ninety-five still manages an orphanage in Southwark and types her own correspondence. Such pluck at such an age in the cause of charity is a standing rebuke to younger folk who are inclined to slack.

A Wise Move.

The City of Leeds has just held an Education Week, during which all schools were thrown open to public inspection. Since 3s. 4d. in the pound is spent on the upkeep of the schools, it is only just that citizens should be given the opportunity of learning how their money is spent.

Dog in the Manger.

The suggestion that the gardens in London's squares should be available in the summer as open-air schools meets with our heartiest approval. Almost unused by local residents, to keep them closed is a dog-in-the-manger policy.

The Children's Hour.

Nearly four thousand children a week attend an evening play centre recently opened in County Council schools in Deptford. No other fact need be adduced as proof that London's children need better provision for their games and sports.

Their Eventide.

In Eidsforth Terrace, Morecambe, a short row of houses, four couples have celebrated golden weddings and a fifth pair their diamond wedding. Fidelity is the keynote of most marriages, but it doesn't get as much publicity as the other sort.

Poppy Day.

Nearly every convict at Parkhurst bought a poppy out of his prison earnings on Armistice Day. It's the touch of feeling in every man, however fallen, that makes prison reform worth while.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Common Sorrow.

When Mr. Henry W. Prescott, of Blackheath, was buried, a wreath, composed of a flower and leaf from every neighbour's garden, was laid on his grave. That's the sort of tribute. It gives the message of the living and harms nobody.

Hypocritical Folly.

At a civic service held in St. Mary's Church, the Vicar of Lewisham, the Rev. A. L. Preston, said it was folly to talk about serving God in heaven until we strove to provide men and women with employment upon earth. We would like to hear more such home-truths from the pulpit.

Homes from Ceylon.

In sunny Ceylon the plight of the disabled warrior in the muddy gutters of England is not forgotten. The splendid sum of £6,500 has been raised, and, in addition, a special contribution is being sent to provide two or three flats at Richmond for broken soldiers. It is good to see the Empire looking after its own.

A Job for a Hero.

Readers will remember our recent comment on the misfortunes of the gallant Michael O'Leary, the first Irishman to win the V.C. in the Great War. It is good to learn that he sails for England from Canada almost immediately and that he has been promised a post in a hardware firm. We congratulate the firm on its good fortune.

Rampant Madness.

It is difficult to conceive the state of mind of the four women who endeavoured to set fire to the Armistice Day poppies at the headquarters in Dawson Street, Dublin. The police have caught one of the culprits, and it is hoped that the others will fall into their hands in due course. To seek to injure disabled men in this cruel manner is conduct which calls for the severest punishment.

A Courageous Youth.

It must have afforded Councillor E. W. Hayes, the Mayor of Lewisham, a great pleasure to present to Albert Fish, fifteen, of Lewisham Road, a Royal Humane Society certificate. Though the lad could not swim a stroke, he pluckily attempted the rescue of five-year-old Lily Bailey from the Thames at Greenwich Pier. That the child was eventually saved by a postman does not lessen our admiration for this brave lad.

Plunder-profit Rings.

Some Northern brokers, attending forced sales, form themselves into "rings" to secure goods at ridiculously low prices. Afterwards they have a re-sale amongst themselves, and what plunder-profit there is they share. One Manchester gang secured in this way for £15 12s. goods which had cost William Brown, a Hulme carter, between £900 and £1,000. Brown's suggestion that commercially dishonest operators should be brought within the law will be generally endorsed.

Pitiable Credulity.

It is astonishing to learn that in these enlightened days there are women so credulous as Mrs. Ada Draper, a war widow of Higham Ferrers. She paid a sovereign to a gipsy named Cissie Smith for a small piece of notched wood which she was told would cure anæmia if placed under her pillow. Later she bought a magic globe guaranteed to foretell the future. The vendor of this worthless rubbish has gone to prison for a month. If there were not so many fools there would be fewer rogues.

Degrading the Workers.

"The degradation of casual wards is too much for any man, especially if, like me, he has been hardworking until unemployment came along." These words were uttered by Thomas Edwards, of St. Helens, who stated that he stole a pair of boots in order to get into prison. "I have been tramping for six months in a vain search for work, and I have never stolen before," he said. The Stamford magistrates sentenced him to two months' hard labour. Surely this punishment was too severe in the circumstances.

The Rough Game.

Miss C. V. Richards, who sustained injuries while playing football, has died. In consequence all women's matches in Glamorgan have been cancelled and the Women's League, which was in process of formation, will not materialise. It may be as well. There are many forms of exercise, healthy and strenuous, much more suited to the physique of women than football.

Adolpho the Sprinter.

Suspecting two men of nefarious intentions, P.C. Adolpho managed to land both into custody at Willesden Police Court. After a two-mile chase he caught one of them, whom he handed over, and the other jumped on to a 'bus. Adolpho boarded a second 'bus, and when it drew alongside that on which the suspect was riding he swung himself across and arrested the quarry. Such persistence and agility marks a first-class officer. It must not go unnoticed.

A Lead from Camberwell.

A Working Lads' Club is now open every evening in Cobourg Road Schools, Camberwell, where youths can indulge in boxing or gymnastic exercise. There also will be found an instrumental band, singing, games, reading-room, canteen, in addition to technical and educational classes. That the institution is a blessing to the district is proved by the fact that already over 300 lads are attending it. Similar clubs are badly needed throughout the country.

Wonderful Heroism.

When the Danish schooner *F. M. Nelson* was wrecked off Polperro, Cornwall, the young fishermen of the place performed feats of unparalleled daring in rescuing the six members of her crew from tempestuous seas. With a total disregard of danger the Cornwall lads went down steep and dangerous rocks, with waves mounting 30 ft. and 40 ft. high, and one after another the struggling men were grasped and hauled to safety. It was magnificent. "All in the day's work"; but only men of the right grit could do it.

◆

The Human Machine

Drifters

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

THERE are a good many people, it seems to me, who are just wandering around. They are going nowhere in particular. They are just going.

As they go they get through a good deal of work, but they are prodigal with their energy, wasteful with their brains and reckless with their abilities.

"I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way," exactly expresses the kind of people I mean!

If you talk to them they either reply that they don't know what they want to be, or that they are "fed up" with their jobs and are looking out for something else. Just exactly what it is they are looking out for they don't know.

It never seems to occur to them that they can give a focus-point and a direction to their lives by concentrating their energy, brains and ability on the particular job they are doing.

THEY never think that the way to something better is to do the job at hand in the best way it can possibly be done, better if possible than anyone has ever done it before.

Irritable discontent is a mental ailment that has its being in the individual concerned.

There is nothing wrong with your job. The fault is in you. If you don't show that you can do this particular job well, why on earth should anyone bother to wonder if you can do another?

An Echo of Armistice Day.

Many thinking men and women throughout the land have raised an interesting question regarding remembrance poppies. "Why," they ask, "should poppies be made in different grades?" We echo, why? It is unwarrantable snobbery that the wealthy donor's half-crown should gain a more pretentious emblem than the widow's mite. Perhaps the authorities will bear this in mind for the future.

A Cowardly Big Brother.

When a ten-year-old Cwmtillery boy was charged with stealing postal orders to the value of £30, it was stated that his brother Thomas Bearcroft, twenty-one, had sent the youngster into the shop with instructions to commit the offence. In a general way we do not advocate imprisonment for a first offender, though in this case we are bound to admit that a young man who could be guilty of such mean and cowardly conduct deserved the month's hard labour he got.

No Unrest Here.

When the firm of Bemrose and Sons, Ltd., of Derby and London, celebrated its centenary, it was revealed that ten families have served it through three successive generations, and twenty-seven men and one woman have been in its employ for over fifty years. One employee actually tops the whole record, having served for sixty-four years. As an offset to the general restlessness such fidelity is praiseworthy. Moreover, it speaks volumes for fair conditions in the firm.

Earning their Salaries.

William Harber, farmer, of New House Farm, Caerau, was recently summoned by the city corporation for failing to send a written declaration within fifteen days of the operation that certain sheep had been dipped. Both the magistrate and the town clerk confessed that they could see no reason for such declaration, and the summons was dismissed on the payment by Harber of costs. We suggest that some of the officials, having nothing better to do, raked up this obsolete Act to prove that they were earning their salary.

Well-fed Gradgrinds.

Captain Harry Ryan, a Hartlepool auctioneer and guardian of the poor, advocated that a case be referred back on the grounds that an applicant had been granted relief in excess of her earnings. The woman earned 15s. a week, and she was granted relief to the extent of £1. It must also be recorded that she had two boys to keep. The crime was not that she was granted so much, but lay in the fact that in a civilised country it should be possible to earn so little for laborious work in the fields.

Shameful Neglect.

When Alice Sophia Hooper was charged at the Staffordshire Assizes with the manslaughter of her six-year-old daughter, she pleaded guilty to the lesser charge of neglect, which was accepted by the prosecution. Mr. Justice Swift said that he had seldom listened to a more dreadful story, and sentenced her to twelve months' imprisonment. There is no excuse for a mother who allows a little one to die of starvation; but neither is there any excuse for a country which permits a mother and three young children to reside in one filthy and tiny room.

The Keepsake.

How a little child entwined itself round the lonely heart of a spinster was described at Doncaster Police Court when Miss Elizabeth Thornley, a housekeeper, was summoned for cutting three ringlets from the head of her small charge. Weeping, Miss Thornley admitted she had taken the curls for a keepsake. For five years she had cared for the mite, who had lived with her grandfather to whom Miss Thornley was housekeeper. Then the parents claimed her, and only then by help of a policeman could the little child be got away. The magistrates showed their sympathy by merely binding Miss Thornley over. Certainly the action against her should never have been brought.

A Creator of Thieves.

The police have brought to book an expert receiver of stolen property in the person of Harry Sharpe, a tobacconist's assistant, of Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road. "Receiving stolen property is in an entirely different category to other crimes," remarked Sir Robert Wallace, "because it creates thieves." The rogue got off lightly with nine months in the second division.

The Way of Transgressors.

When pleading guilty at the Old Bailey to breaking into a house, John Henry Jones handed to the Recorder a document entitled "The Discharged Prisoner's Dilemma." In it he pointed out how difficult it was for a man who had been to prison to compete with thousands of unemployed who bore unblemished characters. Sir Ernest Wild recognised the truth of the contention and inflicted only a lenient sentence.

Making Poultry Pay.

M. Jennings, of White Farm, Corfe Mullen, near Wimborne, Dorset, deals in poultry, eggs and general farm produce. His business notepaper is attractively decorated with farmyard pictures, but we are afraid that the attractiveness ends there. At least, we have accumulated a little dossier of complaints from people who have forwarded cash to Jennings for poultry which has not been forthcoming, and repeated letters have been received in silence.

A Letter of Thanks.

A few months ago we were approached by a Birmingham reader, Mr. J. Round, regarding a number of insurance policies which had lapsed through his inability to continue the premiums when out of work. The matter was taken up on his behalf, and the sequel is best told in a letter of thanks which has just come to hand. "I have much pleasure in thanking you for your advice and help in obtaining a refund," runs its message. Others in difficulty, please note!

"John Bull's" Power for Good.

At a recent meeting of the Wellingborough Urban Council a suggestion was made that a married pensioner should be considered for a junior clerkship at £40 per annum. It was not received with approval. One member remarked: "If we appointed the man at that salary we should get in JOHN BULL." It is gratifying to know that our power for good is not confined to exposing evils, but has also preventive sway.

Vile "Sport."

We are sure that not a single one of our readers will accuse us of squeamishness because we condemn in scathing terms the disgusting exhibition of the "gentlemen" who follow the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. A deer was hunted into the sea, on which it was chased by motor-boats. The wretched animal swam more than a mile when it was caught and brought back to the quay. There it was butchered. Such vile conduct is a disgrace to civilisation.

The Galloping Major Falls.

A few months ago we warned the public to steer clear of Major Harvey-Bathurst. JOHN BULL put a spoke in the wheels of his caravan catch and spiked the guns of his big-game graft. Now the police have arrested the galloping major—not for ambitious money-grasping schemes, but for the odious offence of sending an indecent postal communication to a young woman. He fully merits the sentence of eight months passed upon him by Sir Ernest Wild at the Old Bailey.

Taverner Tripped Up.

William Taverner, who has been repeatedly exposed in these pages, recently addressed a meeting at Forest Gate and spoke for two hours in praise of his thrift scheme "Quarterly Dividends." Happily the editor of a local newspaper was aware that Taverner had been publicly exposed and that the Chief Registrar of Societies had refused to register his scheme on the ground that it was "a fraud on ignorant people." He published these simple truths, which no doubt outweighed Taverner's two-hour twaddle.

Dilatory Debt-collectors.

"I engaged a firm to collect debts for me amounting to £31 2s. 6d. about five years ago. They acknowledged the debts, but since I have never heard from them." That is the sad plaint of a Droylsden reader. The firm in question is Hardy, Roberts and Co., of Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Our dossier bristles with complaints against this concern, and frequent warnings have appeared in JOHN BULL.

The £5 Lure.

"Add £5 to your income in your spare time" is the lure held out in the advertisements of E. Brooks and Co., Clarendon Road, Notting Hill, W. A reader who forwarded 2s. 6d. for particulars received a batch of printed matter with the usual home-employment "schemes," most of which called for further outlay. The reader in question has a family of six to support on a weekly wage of £2 3s. 6d. Unfortunately, it is from such people who can ill afford to part with their money that fee-snatchers reap their richest harvest.

Chain-letter Pests.

Complaints are always reaching us from people who are pestered with anonymous epistles of the "Good Luck Chain" or "Snowball Prayer" variety. One reader tells us that he has received no fewer than five such communications during the past few weeks, and on each he has had to pay excess postage. We are afraid that no effective steps can be taken to put a stop to the practice of this sort of thing. But it is lamentable that countless people should be continually troubled and annoyed through the activities of a few foolish cranks.

Job-seekers Beware.

People who have replied to advertisements of the South Coast Mercantile Marine Correspondence College have been favoured with literature similar to that employed by our old friend H. Cook, of Ship Street, Brighton. The latter has long indulged in fee-snatching, chiefly on the pretext of being able to facilitate the obtaining of jobs for his clients on ocean liners. Those who desire information regarding such posts, which are not as plentiful as Cook would have them believe, would be better advised to apply at the offices of any of the great shipping lines, where they will not be called upon to pay any fee.

Hamilton Stone "Explains."

We recently pointed out that Hamilton Stone, of Finsbury Street, E.C., had published two testimonials referring to his height-increasing system, one from a man named Bryant, the other from a man named Jones, yet each employing identical phraseology. Mr. Stone's "explanation" is that Mr. Bryant was ill and did not desire to be troubled with correspondence, so, rather than let a good testimonial lie idle, another name was used. This is hardly consistent with the fact that the names of Jones and Bryant have been used on identical dates. Perhaps they have been ill together and are sharing the honours?

A Curious New Union.

A Castleford reader who is out of work was attracted by an advertisement calling for motor mechanics, etc. When he applied for a job he received a communication from the "Motor Mechanics, Motor Drivers' and Steam Lorry Drivers' Association," inviting him to send 2s. 6d. entrance-fee, and hinting that he could be "fixed up." The association seems to be conducted from 36, Woodland Avenue, Hyde Road, Gorton, Manchester, but the printed matter sent to our reader does not reveal any names of officials or other information that one might reasonably expect to be forthcoming, omissions which indicate a need for caution.

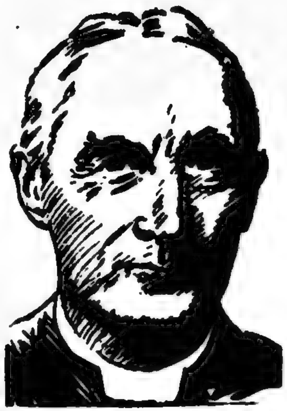
STORMS! FLOODS!
"JOHN BULL" is the *ONLY* Paper
to pay Benefits

Problem of Life

Taken for Granted

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE Bishop of London is making a tour of the world to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration.



The Bishop of London

It is not merely a pleasure-trip, though he is certainly enjoying himself. He is engaged in visiting and encouraging men who are doing good work in various outposts of the Empire, and this is a service well worth rendering.

It is quite in line with the Bishop's methods.

One of his maxims is: Never, if you can help it, let a benefit go unrecognised.

This would be a good text to preach from both in pulpit and Press, for most of us are only too ready to take benefits for granted without troubling to acknowledge them.

The most valuable things in life are often those for which we are least thankful.

What do we not owe to the patient loyalty and unselfish affection of the few persons who enter most closely into our intimacy, either in the home or outside; but do we estimate the blessing at its proper worth?

On the contrary, it is all too common to find people reserving their worst side for those to whom they are under deepest obligation.

THE younger members of a family are seldom as mindful as they should be of the thought and sacrifice expended on their behalf by loving parents, and often they repay the solicitude of their elders with indifference or worse.

How many mothers, I wonder, weep in secret over the undutifulness of youngsters for whose happiness they have slaved year after year?

Like a dagger to the heart is the cruel taunt of an ungrateful son or daughter. What pain is sharper than that of unrequited love?

Let a man once be sure of the inalienable fidelity of a woman, and he is apt to trade on it.

If his eyes are open to the greatness of his privilege, he will respond to it in equal measure, and his world be filled with light; but if he be blind to it, as so many are, he will wound and torture both by silence and speech.

THE same is true, though less often, when a vain and foolish woman has managed to capture the allegiance of a steady and high-principled man.

But we are all guilty, more or less, of undervaluing that most precious gift, the unearned affection of a fellow-soul, especially when conjoined to a daily succession of unnoted kindnesses and lowly ministrations.

The hearts we can hurt most easily are those that love us best.

Therefore, let us be watchful to cherish them and show ourselves conscious of the treasure they bestow.

HUGE RADIO RAMP

WRENTMORE THE WIRELESS WIZARD

Baronet's Name as Bait

PEOPLE in various parts of the country, who are financially interested in certain wireless companies, have lately been favoured with circulars which have been sent out by a concern called the National Wireless Corporation, of Shaftesbury Avenue, W.

In addition to this postal campaign, the high-sounding " National " Wireless Corporation has also adopted the questionable practice of employing personal cânvassers to go about the country for the purpose of discovering clients.

These personal canvassers seem to be working on much the same lines as those adopted by the notorious " jazz salesmen " of America.

They have approached shareholders of one wireless company in particular for the purpose of placing before them an amazing proposition.

Presenting attractive cards to show that their credentials are satisfactory, the personal canvassers usually tell glowing stories of the greatness of the corporation.

Piling it on

Before dealing with the hollowness of their glowing stories, however, it may be well to describe their business cards, recently used in detail.

" Sir Alex. Spearman, Bt.,—The National Wireless Corporation, Ltd.," runs the message. " Depots everywhere. Chief Office, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. Presented by———"

What could be more satisfactory than a Corporation of " National " importance, with headquarters in the heart of the West End, with " depots everywhere " and with a fully fledged baronet as chief of staff ?

A typical case will give our readers an instance of how the corporation and its canvassers work.

A Mr. C. E. Haines, representing the National Wireless Corporation, Ltd., called on a gentleman and suggested that he, as a shareholder in a disappointing wireless concern, would naturally be glad of an opportunity to better his doubtful position.

A bad bargain

Mr. Haines, it seemed, had the secret of such an opportunity, and the unsuspecting shareholder fell for the golden bait.

All he was required to do was to exchange his existing shares for some of the National Wireless Corporation stock, which was stated to be a far better proposition.

Guided, or rather misguided, by the canvasser's rhetoric, the gentleman in question handed over his shares and duly received the National Wireless stock in exchange.

He has since had ample cause to regret his " bargain," for the shares he parted with are now rising in value, whilst those he has been given in exchange are absolute rubbish.

Unfortunately, his is not an isolated case, but we wonder how many other people have been caught in the same way.

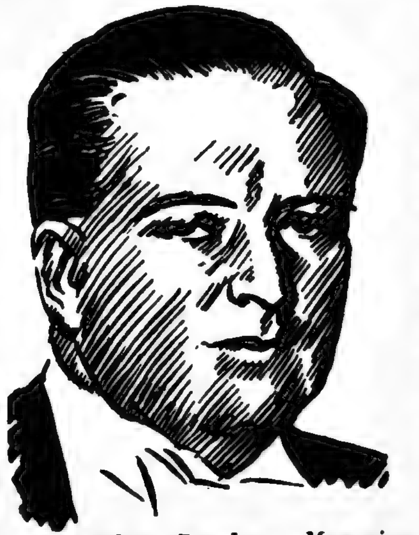
Now, what is the standing of the National Wireless Corporation ?

Is it a great financial bulwark, or has its true status been magnified and misrepresented by its circulars and the " jazz salesmen " ?

A word of advice

We find that it was only registered a few months ago, and possesses the nominal capital of £1,000—not an excessive sum with which to carry out its objects.

It is true that Sir Alex. Spearman, Bt., was associated with the concern for a time as a figurehead ; but he has lately announced that his connection is ended.



Mr. W. Whitt Burnham, Managing Director of Burndept Wireless, Ltd., who protests against his shareholders being pestered in the manner described here

In any case, this is not the first time that the inducement of his titled name has been employed to attract investors into speculative propositions, and we think he would be well advised to make careful enquiries in future before permitting the use of his title in this very objectionable way.

And what of the " depots," which we are led to believe are " everywhere " ?

Now the managing director of the National Wireless Corporation, which, as we have shown, holds no real position in the wireless world, is a gentleman named William Wrentmore, of Old Road West, Gravesend.

In view of the strange business methods of the corporation, we have been at some pains to investigate the career of this gentleman, and we think that our readers will agree that the result of our enquiries is somewhat startling.

A cool admission

To describe him, as we do, as a wireless wizard, is to show no exaggeration of his abilities. He has been connected, we find, with a number of wireless undertakings, some of which have ended with disastrous losses.

A year or so ago he was an associate of a very notorious Russian named Dimitri Tchernine.

The latter has many company failures to his credit (or debit !), and once, in the Bankruptcy Court, he calmly admitted that he had been living in luxury with his wife and family out of the money belonging to his creditors, and doing so at a time when he was fully aware that his business was insolvent !

Latterly Wrentmore seems to have turned his attention to the wireless world, and the companies he has since been associated with may be termed as something in the nature of a wireless combine.

A string of failures

One venture — there are many others—was called Wilmore's Wireless, and was a much-boomed concern. Wrentmore was the " chairman " and the company fizzled out after its shares had been hawked about by the Britannic Commercial Trust at £1 a time. A penny a time would have been dear !

Another ill-fated concern was known as Sexton-Barnes, Ltd. Wrentmore himself originally figured as a director, and the company eventually drifted to the Bankruptcy Court with heavy liabilities.

It would be possible to name many other similar fatalities, but those we have given show that Wrentmore's record as a company director leaves much to be desired.

In August, 1922, Werntmore's name, by the way, figured in the Bankruptcy Court in connection with a company, of which he was a director, called the Fawn Motor Syndicate, Ltd., which failed.

No proper books were kept, many of the documents and records were missing, and the Official Receiver said that the company's resources had been exhausted by extravagance in payments to directors.

In addition to the facts above, we are informed that the Wireless and Radio Trades Guardian Association, Ltd., of 78, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, has also a lot of interesting information on its records concerning the affairs of Mr. Wrentmore.

A notorious practice

In connection with his present activities, it is interesting to note that some of the jazz-salesmen who have been pushing the corporation stock seem to have been working under the direction of a concern called British Fiduciaries, Ltd.

This strangely named concern has previously been criticised in these columns.

The practice of pushing shares through " jazz salesmen " is becoming so notorious that the Board of Trade has been considering a proposal to introduce legislation that will make such share-peddling activities a criminal offence.

The above story should help it to come to a speedy decision.

A Fireside Gold-Rush

"Promising" Speculation

REMARKABLE circulars have found their way into letter-boxes all over the country during the past week or so. They have emanated from Montreal, and, in bold red and black type, they invite people of the homeland to speculate in the " big Canada Gold Rush."

The boom, we are told, is " in full blast now," and " millions in gold deposits have been discovered, promising enormous profits."

Do not imagine for one moment that it will be necessary for you to journey to the frozen wilds of the North West and to play the part of a pioneer speculator, undergoing all manner of hardship and privation.

The red-and-black circulars make it quite clear that you can join in the great gold rush without leaving your own hearth.

This very convenient arrangement has been rendered possible by a concern called the Gold Exploration Company of Canada, Ltd., which is housed in the Canadian Express Building, Montreal, Canada.

Sound sentiment

This company, apparently, holds certain properties, totalling something like 1,900 acres, and it offers twenty-five shares in its interests in return for £5.

" You are British—we are British," runs its message. " This is a British company exploring British gold. You should share in these British profits."

This is very pleasing and patriotic, and the sentiment is sound. Nevertheless, there are one or two points which patriotic Britishers would do well to consider before parting with their money.

In the first place, the circulars are delightfully, or rather ominously, vague. " It *may* mean a fortune," or the proposition is one " *promising* enormous profits " or there is " the *prospect* of thousands."

In the second place, cheques are not to be sent to any company, but to an individual, to whom they are also to be made payable. That individual is Morgan U. Kemerer, of 145, St. James Street, Montreal, " member Standard Stock and Mining Exchange."

Thirdly, it should be noted that the particulars of the properties of the Gold Exploration Company are decidedly brief and inadequate.

Ominous omissions

The circulars do not state whether gold has been discovered on any of them, so the proposition would seem to have been very aptly designated a " speculation."

Finally, no information is offered regarding the financial standing of the company, an omission which can hardly be regarded as trifling.

In these circumstances, most people will agree that, even though the speculator may remain in the security of his home, a fireside gold rush on the above lines is not without its hazards.

MR. BLACK TURNS PURPLE!

FLEECING THE FLEECERS

A Farmer's Clever Ruse

IN June this year, in common with many other unsuspecting people, a Cornish farmer received a circular from a Bond Street office, inviting him to invest in an oil company, which was stated to possess marvellous opportunities.

He wrote for further particulars and was shortly afterwards visited by an impressive gentleman who regretted that the farmer could not participate very fully in the golden harvest as the shares had already been snapped up. He could, however, have ten shares at 4s. each.

The farmer thought that ten shares would be better than none at all, and agreed to take them at the price mentioned.

It did not occur to him to ask why, if the shares were in such demand, the Bond Street company should send impressive salesmen as far south as Cornwall to accomplish such a trifling transaction.

But he was later to discover that this was merely the preliminary stage of a very clever method of ingenious share-pushing, and that the story of only a "few shares available" was told solely in order to gain his confidence.

A romantic story

A few days after the caller had departed with the farmer's £2, the latter received a further circular, this time from a person calling himself Daniel Hutton, who runs a small office at New Stone Buildings, Chancery Lane, W.C.

Ignoring the circular, the farmer had almost forgotten all about the matter when, about a month ago, a luxurious car drew up at his farmhouse and a prosperous-looking gentleman, whose overcoat boasted a heavy fur collar, alighted and enquired for him by name.

The newcomer said he was Mr. Black, and explained that he had called regarding the shares of the British Associated Oil Company.

Mr. Black produced some impressive photographs of the company's oil wells and, telling a very romantic story, succeeded in persuading the farmer to part with a further £150.

Even then Mr. Black was not satisfied. His chauffeur drove him to the farm again on the following day, where, deporting himself in great style and talking in millions, he endeavoured to induce the Cornish client to part with a further £400.

The farmer's fears

But by this time the farmer was growing a little suspicious and, telling Mr. Black that he would like a little time to consider the matter, he took advice on the subject. He had discovered that his £150 cheque, made out only the day before, had already been cashed!

When Mr. Black called again there was another gentleman with the farmer—a gentleman who gave the name of Mr. Johns, and who stated he had just returned from Johannesburg.

Mr. Johns explained that he, too, was interested in Mr. Black's proposition, and asked for some detailed particulars.

Mr. Black was only too pleased to meet a potential customer and proceeded to explain the nature of his proposition for the benefit of Mr. Johns.

Doubtless he was fully alive to the fact that actions would probably impress the simple farmer more than words, and produced a number of cheques which he had received that day from other clients. They were clearly satisfied about the proposition. What about Mr. Johns?

A staggering shock

It was now the latter's turn for action, and he acted in a manner which quite took Mr. Black's breath away. Rising to his feet he denounced the share-pusher as a swindler.

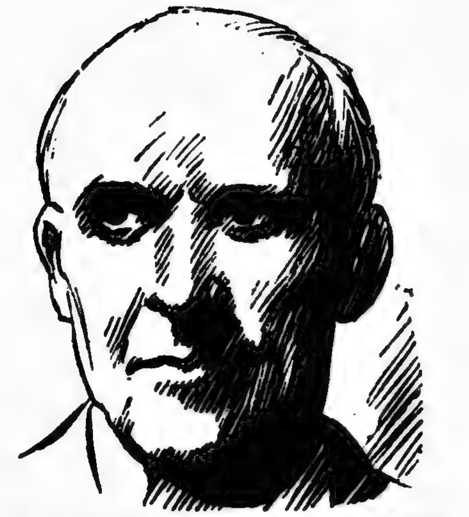
At the same time the door was flung open and a stalwart individual, who had been listening intently to every word, strode into the room.

The chagrined share-pusher saw at once that the simple farmers were not so simple as he had imagined.

The game was up and it required very little persuasion on the part of Mr. Johns and his companions to induce him to refund the £150 which he had obtained a day or two before.

This is amusing in the light of subsequent revelations. The "Mr. Johns" who caused Mr. Black so much uneasiness was actually the other farmer's solicitor, who had adopted the disguise of an ordinary countryman, and who is to be congratulated for the clever way in which he turned the tables on such a persistent share-pusher.

Who, then, is Mr. Black? He has been very busy in the West Country lately, where he has been calling upon a number of people.



Mr. W. Smithers, M.P., who recently asked the President of the Board of Trade to issue a warning to the public against share-pushers

The shares Black was pushing are, as we say, those of a very dubious venture called the British Associated Oil Co. (of Canada). The leading light of this concern is a gentleman named Maurice Singer, whose name is not new to readers of this journal.

In the course of one of his interviews, Mr. Black mentioned that a public issue of the shares in question was being undertaken by a concern rejoicing in the high-sounding name of the General Investment Guarantee Co., Ltd., of Finsbury Pavement.

The General Investment Guarantee Co., Ltd., is, we find, merely a dummy concern, formed as recently as September last with a nominal capital of £1,000, of which only £2 is shown at Somerset House as being paid up!

The turn of the police

That Mr. Black was cleverly foiled in this case there is no doubt. But cannot the police do anything in this matter?

We will willingly give them the name of the solicitor and other witnesses to Mr. Black's misrepresentations if they will make it their business to stop this sort of thing.

Tragic Emigration Story

Government Investigation Needed

FROM a little coastal village on the north-east of Scotland a distressing story has reached us. It concerns an ex-soldier named Andrew Macrae, who, with his wife and three children, is eking out a bare existence at 3, Shore Street, Golspie, Sutherlandshire.

Full of hope and ambition, Macrae emigrated to Western Australia under the Government scheme three years ago, and his family went with him.

After ten months' Government work at Perth (W.A.), he eventually found a job in a chemical works. Whether or not the fumes there were responsible, the fact remains that he had to go into a sanatorium.

A good trier

Having recovered somewhat, he went to work again, this time on the Government railways. His health again failed, and he was sent back to the sanatorium.

While under treatment there, he received the news that the Government intended to repatriate him and his family, because he was suffering from fibroid phthisis.

In due course, they were put on a boat and arrived back in Scotland at the end of June this year.

Macrae was discharged from the Army in 1915, and, more than seven years having elapsed since then, the Ministry of Pensions will not entertain his application for a pension.

A sorry plight

Now, broken in health, Macrae and his wife and children are stated to be depending on parish relief to the extent of only 15s. per week.

Clearly, such a meagre sum is not sufficient to provide the wherewithal for a father to get strong and well.

The Government here found him fit for war service and subsequently for emigration to Australia. The Government there found him unfit after a while and deported him.

The Ministry of Pensions is in a position to furnish his medical history during the war, and, if he is not entitled to a pension, we think the Colonial Office should collaborate with it in getting at the bottom of this unfortunate case.

A King's Guard

Widow's Terrible Ordeal

WAY back in the 'seventies, a Scottish farm hand, fired with the ambition to become a soldier of the Queen, decided to give up his plough. His name was Charles Soutar, and he was then only nineteen years of age.

Young Soutar soon rose to the rank of colour-sergeant and drill-instructor, and notwithstanding several narrow shaves at Hasheen and Suakim, he survived the Soudan campaign of 1885. He was in the 2nd Scots Guards.

Two years later, he was appointed sergeant-major to the 5th (West) Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, and in 1903, by which time he had completed thirty-one years' faithful service, he was transferred to the Yeomen of the Guard.

A proud possession

His decorations included Egyptian medal and clasp, the Khedive's bronze star, the long-service medal and the Coronation medal.

But his greatest treasure was a full-length portrait of King Edward, signed by King George, in recognition of his vigil over the mortal remains of King Edward at the lying-in-state. Captain Soutar, at the age of sixty-three, again responded to his country's call in 1914, and, as adjutant of the 9th Middlesex, died in harness in 1917, after forty-five years' service.

A plain duty

A pathetic letter reached us a few days ago from the late captain's daughter, writing from 390, Edgware Road, W., on behalf of her crippled mother who is partly paralysed.

It is only lately that this poor old lady qualified for the old-age pension. Her husband's services in the late war were voluntary and his income was derived from his Scots Guards' pension and the Yeomen of the Guard, and it all died with him.

Mrs. Soutar was left with about £100 that her husband had saved, and a small gratuity. For some years now she has had to depend on her daughters, and all are in poor circumstances.

Captain Soutar did his duty, and to provide adequately for his crippled widow is surely a national obligation which must not be overlooked.

A LIFEBOAT "WRECK"

AN OBSTINATE LANDLORD

Will He Give Way?

THE rights of a landowner are protected by law and generally respected by the people. But these rights should surely be relaxed in such a vital matter as this.

AN almost incredible story of the difficulties with which the Royal National Lifeboat Institution have had to contend on a lonely and treacherous part of the Yorkshire coast lies behind a recent official announcement of that body.

It has been decided, says the Institution, to close "the lifeboat station at Easington (Yorkshire) in view of the difficulties which have arisen in making the necessary arrangements for taking the lifeboat over certain property which has to be traversed before the boat can be launched."

We now propose to state these difficulties which prevent the sturdy fishermen of Easington who man the lifeboat from undertaking those exercises which are deemed essential to keep them efficient for their dangerous and heroic duty.

In order to launch the Easington lifeboat, the only one on forty-five miles of the coast between Bridlington and Spurn Head, it is necessary to pass, by way of a narrow track, across four acres of farmland at the cliff top, owned by Mr. R. Carter.

Counted as a privilege

As compensation, Mr. Carter has received in the past the sum of £4 a year from the institution. In return permission has been given for the boat to cross the field for quarterly exercises, and on those occasions, happily infrequent, when in response to rockets of distress the fishermen have launched into the tempest; £4 is not a large sum, but the institution inform us that no landlord at all their 216 stations has received more generous recognition.

In most cases, in fact, as one would expect, no rent is charged at all, landowners, like other folk around the coast, counting it a privilege to work voluntarily on behalf of the sailors in peril on the sea.

Not long ago, Mr. Carter of Easington, for some inexplicable reason, announced that he would no longer permit the lifeboat to pass through his field for the quarterly training exercises.

No time for argument

Now these exercises, in the opinion of the institution, which is best in a position to know, are absolutely vital to the efficiency of the lifeboat crews.

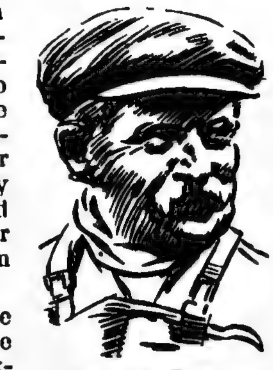
Particularly is this the case in small stations such as Easington, where there are fewer ships in distress than at other parts of the coast.

Mr. Carter very graciously stated that in cases of absolute emergency he would be prepared to allow the boat to pass. He stipulated, however, that if further use was made of his land it must be railed in and the lifeboat men could only have access through a locked gate, of which he would keep the key.

Mr. Carter was thanked for his concession, which is no concession at all.

There is an Act of Parliament in existence to deal with circumstances which prevent a lifeboat being launched when human lives are in danger.

At such times the Easington fishermen are in no mood to argue over the question of whether or not they will be allowed to wheel their lifeboat down to the shore.



Coxswain Branton

From the records of the crew, for example, we read that a year or two ago during a raging gale they noticed the signals of distress coming from a vessel four miles north of the station.

Neither distance nor danger was a deterrent, and in the early hours of the morning they pushed their boat for four miles along the coast and eventually launched it in mountainous seas.

They saved seven lives on that occasion from the wreck of the Grimsby trawler *Salacon*.

Unavailing suggestions

One can imagine the indignation of Coxswain Branton of Easington and his devoted lifeboat crew over the action of Mr. Carter.

But their indignation and the spirit behind it have not availed, and in face of the unanimous local indignation he has obstinately refused to remove the ban.

Officials of the Lifeboat Institution called on him and made every possible suggestion, for they were prepared to go to almost any expense and trouble to continue to maintain the Easington station.

It was all without avail, and the institution has been reluctantly compelled to withdraw the Easington lifeboat, if not permanently, at least for the time being.

We trust that some way out of the difficulty will be found, and it is suggested locally that alternative routes for the practices might be possible.

There are other farmers owning ground near the cliff top which, if it was of any use to the lifeboat crew, would be freely given.

We must, of course, leave the decision in the hands of the Lifeboat Institution, which is best fitted to judge; but the *impasse* is, in our opinion, entirely regrettable, and ought never to have happened.

BETTER THAN SUICIDE

BROKEN MAN'S FRESH START

From Blank Despair to New Hope

WHAT depths of despair have been reached when a man attempts suicide! And when he is an ex-Service man, can we feel that we are not in some way responsible?

A DRAMATIC scene was enacted in JOHN BULL's offices the other day when a haggard man unfolded a sad tale of distress.

"I'm finished!" he gasped bitterly, and, producing a small bottle from his pocket, clapped it to his lips. Happily, he was prevented from swallowing its contents, which were afterwards found to be oxalic acid.

But let us turn back a little in the story of this unfortunate man, and consider the accumulated troubles which almost led him to seek such a drastic remedy.

The man in question left the Army in 1919, after twelve years' service, a victim of shell-shock.

When in employment, with plenty to keep him occupied, his disability was not an entirely insuperable handicap, but when out of work he was prone to brood and lapse into an unbalanced state.

Despicable theft

Two years ago he was picked up in the streets of Liverpool and taken to hospital, where he remained until November 6 last.

Prior to entering hospital he had been in receipt of pensions aggregating £1 a week, but these ceased during the period of his detention.

When he finally emerged from hospital he had nothing in his pockets save £2 and his Army papers. He is an Oxfordshire man, and intended to return home *via* London.

Pausing at a small coffee-stall for refreshment before boarding the London train, he became suddenly ill and collapsed in a faint. When he came to his senses he discovered that his papers and money were gone.

Obsessed with the idea of getting to London, he decided to tramp the roads. He was misdirected and eventually found himself in Newcastle. There he found good friends in the police, who gave him shelter for the night.

A kindly action

When parting next morning, they advised him to stop any vehicle proceeding in his direction and ask for a lift.

The first person he stopped turned out to be a Newcastle magistrate, who, fortunately for the weary wayfarer, was a large-hearted man with a fund of human sympathy. He gave him a lift for thirty miles, and then set him down the richer by 5s.

He then continued on foot and, tramping the whole way, finally reached the outskirts of London on November 11. He was completely exhausted by want of food and rest, and could not have dragged on any further.

On the following day he came to London, and, as we have already explained, called in at our offices to ask for assistance. On the way down from Liverpool he had purchased a few pennyworth of oxalic acid with which to clean his clothes.

The fatigue of his long tramp, following on his two years' sojourn in hospital, was telling on him, and when he was told that little could be done for him on the spot, all his troubles seemed to accumulate in his mind with overwhelming force.

A wonderful coincidence

His thoughts instantly leapt to the bottle of oxalic acid in his pocket; he felt that he could not hold out another day, and, but for timely intervention, there is no doubt that he would have taken his last drastic step.

It so chanced that the Rev. G. A Studdert-Kennedy was paying a visit to our offices at the time, and when the man's troubles were explained to him he invited the harassed man to accompany him in a taxi to Paddington.

During the journey through the London traffic the Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy reasoned with his companion, persuaded him to hand over the bottle of poison and gave him helpful advice and financial assistance.

All the time that his new friend was talking the distressed man's benumbed mind was gradually regaining its balance. The clergyman's face seemed strangely familiar and the kindly voice seemed to stir hazy memories of some past acquaintanceship.

It was not until a day or two afterwards that it dawned upon him that his companion was "Woodbine Willie," the beloved padre whom he had known in the trenches!

And now other truths have dawned upon him. He has learnt that fortitude in time of stress and patient endurance must inevitably bring their reward.

Already he is beginning to glimpse the silver lining through the darkened clouds which once threatened to overwhelm him.

The turn of the tide

He has been tided over his present difficulties by "The Greatest of These —" Fund, and an unexpected turn of fortune has opened up brighter prospects for the future.

Wandering through the London streets the other day he encountered another old friend in the form of an officer under whom he formerly served in France.

Through this officer's influence he has been given a post in the West End.

Our readers will join us in expressing a wish that this storm-tossed man may find that all his troubles are now behind him, and that there is always a better way out than that of suicide.

INSURANCE CO.'S STRANGE METHODS

BIG COMPANY'S DILATORY POLICY

A Word of Warning

THE Law Lords recently had to consider a somewhat unusual case when a tailor named Glicksman appealed against a judgment given in favour of the Lancashire and General Assurance Company, Ltd., regarding a burglary claim for £1,656.

Briefly, the circumstances were as follows:

An arbitrator had found that the claim was genuine, but that the company was entitled to resist it on the ground that the tailor had not disclosed that a previous proposal had been declined by another company.

As a matter of fact, without going into the complicated details of the case, this point was merely a technical one.

The matter came before Mr. Justice Roche, who gave judgment in favour of Mr. Glicksman, but his decision was reversed by the Court of Appeal.

Whilst judgment was given in favour of the assurance company by the Law Lords, some very strong comments were made. Lord Dunedin observed that he was left with the impression that those qualities usually ascribed to the Hebrews, among whom Shylock had always been a prototype, had been developed by the assurance company.

Judge's strong comment

Lord Wrenbury concurred with the judgment with "reluctance," remarking that he thought it a mean and contemptible policy on the part of the company to take the premiums and then refuse to pay by availing themselves of a technical excuse.

We are not so much concerned with this particular case as for some time past now we have received numerous queries and complaints from disappointed clients of this company, and a few typical examples should be of interest.

A Scottish reader who took out a motor-cycle policy in July last had the misfortunate to meet with an accident. He put in a claim for £2 18s., whereupon the company sent him a form with the request that he should fill it in and return it as soon as possible.

"When we have your reply," ran the company's letter, "we will write you further in regard to our liability." Our reader complied with the request, but the claim had not been settled by November 1.

An evasive reply

In June this year we received a complaint from an Oldham reader to the effect that a claim in connection with a motor-tyre insurance policy had been ignored by the Lancashire and General Assurance Company, Ltd., in spite of the fact that he had written several letters on the subject.

We ourselves wrote to the company at the beginning of July, setting forth the details of the complaint as they had been placed before us.

Our letter was not answered, but a subsequent reminder on August 17 drew a somewhat evasive reply from the secretary of the company.

Our first letter was remembered "distinctly," but no reply could be traced.

"If you would be good enough to let us have a copy we shall not only reply to you in the proper manner, but we shall take up any outstanding matter to which it refers," wrote the secretary, and added that the present position was probably due to the fact that the gentleman who had been dealing with all "tyre matters" had been ordered away for a lengthy period by his medical man.

No reward for patience

We duly furnished the company with a copy of our correspondence, and waited for the Lancashire and General Assurance Company to reply "in the proper manner."

We are still waiting, and our letter and a subsequent reminder have not even been acknowledged!

From another source we hear of a policy-holder who put in a very small claim through his solicitors.

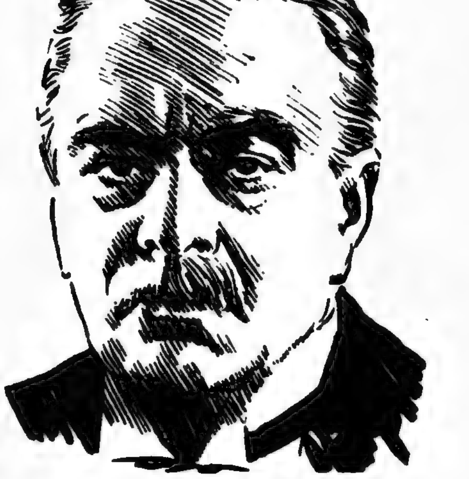
The latter state that they were corresponding with the company from July, and experienced great difficulty in getting the company to reply.

Meanwhile, the client has had to bear the expense himself.

The Lancashire and General Assurance Company, Ltd., would appear to be a skilled exponent of slow-motion methods in other branches of its business.

In August last, the company and its managing director, Mr. H. H. Stockfeld, were summoned by the Board of Trade for failing to file certain returns in accordance with the Assurance Companies Act.

Pleas of "Guilty" were entered to all the summonses at Bow Street, the excuse being that accounts were not ready in time owing to "unavoidable reasons." A fine was imposed.



Lord Dunedin

Speed-up needed

What the "unavoidable reasons" were we cannot say; but we do know that the report for 1924 was also very late and the secretary of the company expressed the hope that future reports would be delivered "in good time." His hope was not fulfilled.

These circumstances, taken in conjunction with the complaints of disappointed policy-holders and the scathing remarks made by the Law Lords, do not suggest efficiency.

We would urge those responsible for the company's affairs to speed up their organisation if they are to retain public confidence.

A SHAMEFUL TRICK

MOCKING THE MAIMED

How true it is that officialdom has no soul! But there are times when even harsh routine must relax

ONCE more it is our duty to denounce the heartless apathy of the Government towards the just claims of an ex-soldier. Yet again, too, the Ministry of Pensions is the department concerned.

Mr. John Morrison, of 273, Maryhill Road, Glasgow, carries in his thigh a piece of shrapnel and has been under numerous operations designed to effect its removal, but without success.

The effect of this wound is to cause a large abscess which forms periodically and, according to medical testimony, is likely to recur from time to time.

Mr. Morrison is a railway servant, and the periodical recurrence of the abscess, usually once or twice a year, totally incapacitates him for several weeks.

A batch of trouble

Notwithstanding loss of wages in consequence, Mr. Morrison has received no pension since April, 1920. He received his terrible wound in May, 1917.

After the first operation he was in several hospitals until January, 1918, when he was ordered from Cromarty to Bradford, to be transferred from combatant service to the R.A.S.C. Three days there sufficed to prove that he was still unfit, and he was ordered back to Scotland.

The express in which he was sent met with disaster, and Mr. Morrison, after being buried some time in the wreckage, found himself in hospital at Carlisle and later at Whitehaven.

A miserly award

Shortly afterwards he underwent the second operation on his thigh, but this too was unsuccessful.

In April, 1918, he received his final discharge from the Army. Again he had to go into hospital, at Glasgow, where the third and last operation was performed. This failed, and the failure proved conclusively that the piece of shrapnel cannot be got at.

The final award of 5s. 6d. per week from the Ministry of Pensions expired in April, 1920. For his shocking wound, which heals only to break out again at intervals, that princely sum was the last compensation he received from the Government.

Moreover, because he omitted to lodge a formal claim before February, 1921, the Ministry of Pensions considers his right of appeal is lapsed.

Nevertheless, it admits that his disability is caused by war service, and when his wound breaks out he is entitled to treatment.

Harsh treatment

If, as is generally the case, he must abstain from work during such treatment, he is entitled also to treatment allowances, but only provided that the medical referee appointed by the Ministry has told him not to work.

On March 15 last Mr. Morrison, feeling the old trouble coming on again, consulted his panel doctor who, the following week, advised him to stop working and go into hospital.

Some weeks later, when he had left hospital, the Ministry decided that he should come to them for further treatment as an out-patient. He went back to work on May 25, after being laid up nine weeks. The Ministry, however, only paid him treatment allowances for three weeks.

On a previous occasion, notwithstanding his own doctor having certified him as too ill to be removed, the Ministry made all arrangements to have him admitted to hospital as an urgent case.

Naturally, in view of the advice he had, Mr. Morrison was not prepared to risk any further operation being performed, and even had he been fit to be moved, he would have been justified in refusing.

Because he did not go to hospital he was refused all treatment allowances.

While there is a limit to what can be disbursed from the national exchequer, there is also a limit to the inequitable treatment which even ex-soldiers and ex-sailors can endure, and men who fought and bled cannot have too much practical sympathy.

Too-premature award

The shrapnel in Mr. Morrison's thigh and his incapacity and financial loss due to it prove conclusively that the final award made to him was premature and the time limit for lodging an appeal far too short.

The nation is under an obligation to this man and looks to the Minister of Pensions to see that obligation faithfully discharged.

GOLD GOING BEGGING!

A TREASURE ISLAND BRICK

An Old Salt's Story

A WEEK or two ago there appeared an interesting announcement to the effect that a "few hundreds" were required for a gold-mining proposition which offered "very good prospects."

A gentleman who replied to this advertisement received a letter from Joseph Morgan and Co., Ltd., of Southampton Row, W.C., explaining that a client, Mr. H. G. McWilliam, of Ashurst Villas, Fisher's Road, Totton, Hants, was desirous of proceeding to Madagascar.

"If you felt inclined to invest, say, £700, you would have a one-fifth interest in the project," he was informed.

The agents went on to recount how their client had "long known that there is gold in various parts of the island, and recent enquiries he has made have confirmed the statement of a prospector who had been there."

This prospector had decided to go back to Madagascar "with a view to mining the gold, but unfortunately he contracted an illness and died."

Where the gold lay

The letter then proceeded to explain that the gold lay chiefly in dried-up watercourses and that no machinery would be required. This fact had been confirmed by a Consul who had lived on the island for some time.

A "well-known" mining man was also reported to have told Mr. McWilliam that there were great possibilities in the island for gold, but this individual being incapacitated by wounds from the war was unable to interest himself in the matter.

Furthermore, the agents assured the applicant that their client had been able to "obtain the use of a wonderful machine which registers on its dial the presence, direction and depth of gold and silver."

The gentleman in question got into touch with Mr. McWilliam, and the latter wrote to him in much the same strain.

The existence of the gold had been confirmed by a priest and a Consul, but their calling prevented them from doing any prospecting.

A death-bed legacy

This communication was followed up a day or two later with a note to say that a further letter had been received from Madagascar confirming previous information and giving "a little more than we knew before."

Feeling that the matter was worthy of investigation the gentleman called upon Mr. McWilliam and discussed the proposition.

Mr. McWilliam stated that he had spent most of his life at sea and told how, eight years before, he had met an old man who was on his death-bed. He did the stricken man a good turn and he showed his gratitude by telling him all about the gold.

The old man had found the gold in a dried-up watercourse in the hills. It was in nuggets and he had filled his pockets with as much as he could carry.

Unfortunately, he had been robbed by natives when returning to the coast and had never been able to return to the treasure-trove.

Mr. McWilliam did not explain why he had allowed eight valuable years to flit past without attempting to seize this fortune, but when his prospective partner suggested that someone else might have stepped in, Mr. McWilliam remarked that the French were "too unenterprising."

Asking too much

He then stated that he would not take the investor with him on his expedition as he had promised to take an old school friend.

He suggested that the profits should be allocated as follows: 20 per cent. to the man who was to provide the patent "instrument," 10 per cent. to his school friend, 5 per cent. to the French Government, 5 per cent. to the solicitors, and 30 per cent. each to the investor and himself.

Doubts had gradually been rising in the applicant's mind, so he felt that he was justified in asking McWilliam to produce the letters from the Consul and the priest, together with the new epistle which told "a little more than we knew before."

This the old seafarer did not do. He was "not quite sure" where he had put them.

Our reader, for his part, is quite sure where he will keep his money!

COOL COUNCIL HOAX

BANNING THE WOULD-BE BUILDER

A Bye-law "Sell"

ONCE upon a time hanging was the popular form of punishment, and it was applied as a form of correction to what would nowadays be regarded as minor offences. If, for instance, you misappropriated your neighbour's sheep, you were liable to pay with your neck. It was the law.

It is the law no longer, and it is safe to say that if an offender of this class were dealt with in such a severe manner to-day, his plight would arouse considerable comment.

But, surely, you will say, no one would dream of attempting to enforce laws which no longer exist. The very fact that they have been repealed prove that they were considered as obsolete.

Quite so! But to-day, in the twentieth century, many citizens of the borough of Kingston can testify otherwise.

Bumble's little bluff

They are people who have been engaged in various building operations which have necessitated the submission of plans and reports for the consideration of the local council.

In many instances they have been hauled up and their activities have been hampered by the authorities, who have declared that they are guilty of infringing certain bye-laws.

It is disheartening at the best of times when private endeavour and enterprise are curbed by the stern voice of authority, though loyal citizens naturally make no demur about conforming with bye-laws which they know have probably been framed with very good reason.

How much more galling it must be, therefore, to find that one has been accused of infringing bye-laws which no longer exist.

A kick for Kingston

Incredible as it may seem, such a state of affairs now reigns in Kingston, which has had no bye-laws whatever for the past two years, and where those in authority have complacently bluffed unsuspecting citizens by citing bye-laws which have been revoked!

What is the truth? It seems that in April, 1924, the Minister of Health required the Kingston Council to revoke its bye-laws or to introduce new ones.

This the council failed to do, with the result that in August of the same year the bye-laws were revoked by the Ministry of Health under the Housing Act.

This action was taken because it was considered that the existing bye-laws, which had been framed in 1898, were obsolete and "an impediment to the erection of buildings within the borough."

Since August, 1924, therefore, these old bye-laws have possessed no validity, and it was only as recently as November 12—two years and three months afterwards!—that the Kingston Borough Council thought fit to submit a new set of bye-laws to the Ministry of Health for approval.

And, in the meantime, as we have indicated, the council has imposed conditions and restrictions on architects, builders and many others who desired to construct new buildings within the borough.

We have information of a number of specific instances of people who have been bluffed in this way. One architect, for example, submitted elaborate plans for certain property proposed for erection.

The plans were turned down by the council on the grounds that they contravened the bye-laws!

Near the wind

A similar experience befel a business man who wished to build on a piece of empty land for which he was paying rent.

His plans were turned down on the ground that they "contravened the bye-laws." Determined to make some use of the space at his disposal, he erected a wooden shelter to be used by his workmen.

This also came under the ban and the shelter had to be "scrapped."

Such action is not only grossly unfair. It is verging on dishonesty. For over two years the Kingston Council appears to have been compelling conformity to bye-laws which no longer exist, and in these circumstances is deserving of the strongest censure.

A Wonderful Crystal

ELMER POPS UP AGAIN

The Rival Institutes

MR. ELMER E. KNOWLES, of the Psychology Foundation, Brussels, is irrepressible.

For years he has been distributing his remarkable literature amongst ignorant members of the public in all parts of the world.

A batch of his latest literature has been forwarded to us from South Africa, and it is of marked interest since it indicates a new departure on the part of the persistent professor.

The purpose of the printed matter referred to seems to be the initiation of the ignorant into the benefits to be derived from taking up "the Elmer E. Knowles' complete system of personal influence and healing."

The price of this complete system, which consists of six branches, comprising something like 181 lessons, is £8

Just think of it! 181 intriguing lessons at just over 10d. a time!

Wonderful generosity

But the generosity of Mr. Knowles does not end there. As if the value offered were not sufficient, he is willing to throw in the "Knowles' Radio Hypnotic Crystal," an "absolute necessity" to the beginner in the "practice of suggestion, hypnotism, concentration and telepathy."

This radio hypnotic crystal, we are further informed, marks the "difference between success and failure in the preliminary as well as the advanced mental undertakings."

This wondrous crystal, it is claimed, "enables those who have studied other systems and have failed, to obtain control of their mental forces."

Dabbling in Coueism

This reference to "other systems" is decidedly interesting, for to every subscriber to his complete system Professor Knowles undertakes to forward a free copy of "Self Mastery through Conscious Auto-Suggestion," by the late Emile Coué.

Now, only a week or two ago we commented on the fact that the "Marvels of Couéism" were being exploited by the Coué-Orton Institute, of Holborn Viaduct House, E.C., which was offering an "intensive course" at prices ranging from £2 2s. to 5s.

But how comes Professor Knowles to be dabbling in Couéism?

Is he giving the Coué-Orton Institute a lift up by pushing its doctrines?

WE have passed through the tragedy of a seven months' coal stoppage. Are we to learn nothing from it? Unless new methods are insisted on, the country will once again miss the boat of industrial progress

A Goliath on Crutches

by The Right Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

The Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, M.P.

NO permanent solution of the recurring trouble in the coal industry is possible unless one fundamental fact is recognised. The industry, as at present organised, cannot pay good wages, earn profits and supply the commodity at a cheap price.

Cheap fuel is essential to cheap production of manufactured goods and to cheap transport facilities. The competition among 3,000 separate owners, with an aggregate producing capacity in excess of the market demand, forces down prices to a figure which is not remunerative.

Before the stoppage, apart from the subsidy, 73 per cent. of the pits were raising coal at a loss of from 1s. 3d. to 7s. 6d. a ton.

As wages enter so largely into the cost of producing coal, when profits fall there is always a demand by the owners to economise on wages. The consequence is that for generations the industry has been in a state of perpetual conflict.

Wages disputes in the mining industry have, in the last forty years, cost four times the amount of the whole capital employed in the trade.

The real coal problem is this: Can it be so reorganised as to pay good wages, earn profits and supply cheap fuel? The answer is that it can only do that by a revolution in the methods of raising, distributing and utilising coal.

Scandalous incompetence

The coal trade is the outstanding instance in British industry of criminal waste and scandalous incompetence. As at present conducted, it is a dying industry.

Both on the producing and distributing sides, the coal industry is as unorganised as the retail grocery trade. The coal supplies are owned by 3,000 individuals. There are 3,000 pits, operated by over a thousand separate concerns. This leads to great waste in competition and to loss of economies which could be obtained by amalgamation.

Every committee and commission which has investigated the coal problem has called attention to the badly organised state of the industry and has recommended amalgamation of concerns. An expert witness before the Samuel Commission estimated that overhead costs could be reduced by one-third by unification.

The wholesale and retail distribution of coal is even more chaotic and extravagant. There are no fewer than 27,000 factors, agents, dealers and retailers in the trade, all with separate offices, staffs, wagons, carts, and other expenses.

The aggregate working expenses are enormous, and these add unnecessarily to the cost of the commodity to the users.

The expense of transport of coal accounts largely for the enormous difference between the price at the pithead and at the consumer's door. If coal is still to be transported in bulk by rail, no great reduction of the price can be expected.

What unification would do

The first part of the treatment of the coal problem is the unification of production in the mines. All the mines should be amalgamated under a single authority, which would acquire the ownership of the minerals and the collieries.

This would abolish the expense of hundreds of separate boards of directors. It would eliminate the waste of competing selling agencies. It would enable the controllers of the unified industry to organise it without regard to the separate interests of a large number of competing concerns.

It would lead to the production of coal in the most favourable pits. It would effect great economies in purchasing equipment on a large scale and in the utilisation of mechanical appliances for the getting of coal.

The Committee on Coal Conservation called attention to the backwardness of the British mines in the matter of scientific and mechanical devices in the pits.

But beyond all this is a much bigger problem. It is the question of using the coal more economically. The cost of moving coal in bulk, over great distances, must as far as possible be eliminated.

Staggering waste

Fortunately, electricity has prepared the way for that reform. The problem is to turn coal into power at the pits, or as near the pits as possible.

The Electricity Bill which has just been passed, though it leaves much to be desired, should help the development of the electrical industry and ensure a more abundant and cheaper supply of power and light. But to secure the maximum advantage, the generation and distribution of electric current should be co-ordinated with the production and use of coal.

A National Power Board is needed which will use coal and our limited water power for the production of electric current, which can be distributed all over the country at little cost, with little waste, and will eliminate the dirt and unhealthiness associated with the use of coal in its raw state.

But there is a further feature of the coal problem, which is, perhaps, the most important of all. The use of coal in its raw state wastes about 95 per cent. of its valuable properties.

When it is used in the furnace or the domestic fire 95 per cent. of its value goes up the chimney, and serves no other purpose than to blacken the country and to pollute the atmosphere.

Tremendous possibilities

At present the only form of the pre-treatment of coal is in the gas industry, which produces a number of valuable by-products, such as coke, ammonia and tars. But the consumption of coal by the gas companies is only about 7 per cent. of the total coal consumption of the country.

It is true that the system of "low carbonisation" of coal is still largely in an experimental stage, but rapid progress is being made, particularly in the United States. Its possibilities are illimitable.

The Giant Power Survey of Pennsylvania has calculated that if four-fifths of the coal raised in Great Britain (that is 200 million tons) could be treated by this process we should get 160 million tons of smokeless fuel, 1,000 million gallons of fuel oil, 1,000 million gallons of creosoting and disinfecting oils, 2,000 million gallons of tar oils, 400,000 million cubic feet of rich gas.

It may be said that this is a Utopian dream of the scientist. Not at all. It is being done now on a fairly extensive scale. The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company of Denver, U.S.A., is treating over 500,000 tons of bituminous coal in this way every year.

From 2,000 lb. weight of coal this company gets: Coke, 1,400 lb.; coke breeze, 60 lb.; gas, 7,500 cubic feet; ammonium sulphate, 25 lb.; tar, 10 gals.; light oil, 3½ gals.; motor benzol, 2¼ gals; pure benzol, 1¼ gal.; toluol, ½ gal.; zyllo, 2 10ths gal.; pitch, 5 lb.; naphthalene, ½ lb.; creosote, 1 quart; paint, 1 quart.

This process is being carried out in Henry Ford's works at Detroit. He buys coal at $5 a ton delivered, and from each ton he gets coke and by-products which have a market value of $13½!

Here we have the real coal problem. It is the elimination of the present criminal waste in its use.

What a revolution!

By the proper utilisation of coal, the residual fuel for the generation of power and for the iron furnaces could be obtained for practically nothing, provided that the profits from the by-products were regarded as reducing the cost of the residual fuel.

It requires little imagination to conceive what a revolution that would make in the cost of production of the manufactured articles where coal is now so large an item in the cost.

All the reforms indicated—unification, organisation of distribution, improved methods of coal getting, turning coal into electrical energy on the spot, the securing of all the valuable properties of the coal—would increase the return from our coal output four times over.

Private enterprise can never organise the coal industry on the lines suggested. Public control of electrical production is now admitted even by the present Government. Only public ownership and control can organise the production of power from the source to the consumer.

A new industrial era

The scheme outlined would inevitably necessitate a transfer of labour on a large scale. But it would not involve a reduction in the total measure of employment. On the contrary, it would, by the great stimulus it would give to industry as a whole, increase the demand for labour. For the decline of coal transport, the railways would get compensation in the increase of general traffic.

Many of the uneconomical mines would, no doubt, be closed. But that is bound to happen on a large scale if the present state of disorganisation in the industry continues. It would be part of such a scheme to transfer labour to the new industries created by the new methods of treating coal and generating power.

To carry out such a great scheme requires vision. But without the vision, and the will to realise it, the coal industry will perish.

We must understand that electricity and chemistry are bringing a new industrial age, and unless we seize the opportunities and exploit them for the advantage of the community we shall go through a period of social and economic misery similar to that which our grandfathers suffered when steam created the industrial revolution of last century.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. Viscount GREY,
Fallodon, Northumberland.

My Lord,—You hit the right nail on the head in describing the main cause of the last war as fear. As you point out, armaments, instead of increasing a sense of security, in themselves create fear. Unless the League of Nations can produce in Europe that sense of security which will lead to a reduction of these dreadful engines of death and destruction then it may as well never have come into being. The common-sense of mankind as a whole is the last hope. John Bull.

To Mrs. STANLEY BALDWIN,
10, Downing Street, S.W.

Dear Madam,—It was a very happy thought of yours to invite an address from Miss Clara Andrew, of the National Children's Adoption Society, at one of your "At Homes." The plight of unmarried mothers and unwanted infants is a hapless one. That you should spare time and thought from a busy political life to plead their cause strikes me as particularly gracious and womanly. John Bull.

To His Grace the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, K.G.,
Blenheim Palace, Woodstock, Oxon.

Your Grace,—So long as the coal shortage lasts you have given a special invitation to your poorer neighbours to gather all the wood they can in Blenheim Park to keep their home fires burning. As there are six thousand or more persons residing in the villages around this is no slight boon. It is, at any rate, a little offset to the acres of land cut off from the common weal. John Bull.

To Miss MAUDE ROYDEN,
City Temple, London, E.C.

Dear Madam,—I agree with you that the denial of the facts of birth control to poor women is a class injustice. You speak the truth with vigour when you declare that ignorance is no solution to any problem. Light and more light, knowledge and more knowledge, are what we require. The overburdened, overworked, and underfed and underhoused woman of the slums has found in you a logical and sympathetic champion. I thank you. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P.,
Home Secretary.

Dear Sir,—I confess to disappointment at your decision not to relax the irritating restrictions on the sale of tobacco in hotels, restaurants and places of public resort after 8 p.m. The relics of war-time prohibitions do not press hardly on the rich, but they do affect those who have very little to spend, but who like to be able to buy a bit of tobacco when they are enjoying themselves at night after their day's work is done. Whether the matter is part of the whole question of shop-hours or not, it is time we heard the last of "Dora." John Bull.

To H.R.H. Princess MARIE LOUISE,
Pall Mall, S.W.

Your Royal Highness,—I agree with you that light is life. This you pointed out in opening the artificial sunlight clinic provided for little children at the Mildmay Memorial Hospital. Though sunlight is often denied from the sky, we have been allowed to advance to the use of artificial sunlight. It is one of the greatest blessings that has come into our hands, and it should be developed, particularly in the interests of little children born to misery and disease in the slums. John Bull.

To Mr. JOHN BIRCH,
Coalville, Leicestershire.

Dear Sir,—To you and your good wife I send hearty greetings on the attainment of your golden wedding-day. You are a miner, and though you have attained the age of seventy-two you have acted in the capacity of safety man throughout the long dispute. You have worked in the mines for sixty-two years, commencing at the age of eight, when you received sixpence a day for twelve hours' work, and never saw daylight in winter except on Sundays. The difference between conditions now and then gives rise to hope for still further improvement. In the future we may have sense enough to settle industrial troubles without bringing work to a standstill and flinging widespread ruin around. John Bull.

To Mr. WILLIAM MOIR,
Victory Road, Chertsey.

Dear Sir,—I think that you might safely lay claim to a record, since you have been a member of a parish church choir for seventy-five years. They tell me that your tenor voice is even now of excellent compass and clarity. I trust that you will long be spared to add to the harmony of a world which is sadly in need of such splendid old veterans as yourself. John Bull.

To P.C. WHITNEY,
Southend-on-Sea.

Dear Sir,—While a fire was raging furiously in the Strand Cinema in the High Street, you remembered a horse imprisoned in the Hippodrome stables. Running through flames and dense smoke you reached the terrified beast, and by covering its eyes and talking to it, pacified it sufficiently to lead it to safety. Such humane action is beyond all praise; nevertheless, all animal lovers will thank you. John Bull.

To Mr. AARON STEVENS,
Beckenham.

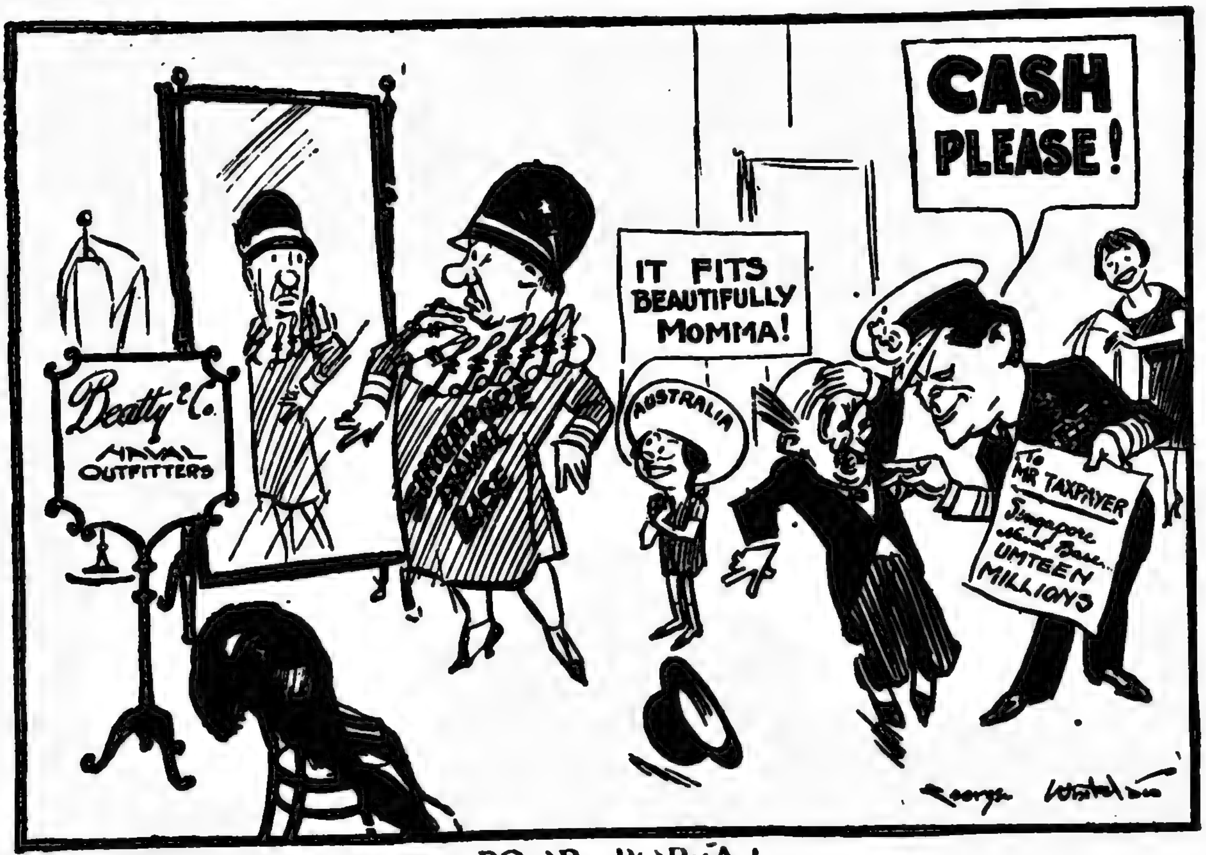
Dear Sir,—Although you have reached the long age of eighty-eight years, you still feel a responsibility to the community and do your bit towards maintaining public safety. On any fine day you may be seen on point duty at Park Langley cross-roads, directing the traffic. In view of the terrible death-toll of the roads due to accident no bit of work could be of greater value. May you long be spared to help your neighbours with your self-imposed task. John Bull.

To Capt. D. H. HACKING, M.P.,
Under-Secretary, Home Office.

Dear Sir,—When replying on behalf of your chief to Mr. Kirkwood's complaint with reference to the summonses which have been served upon him, not only did you state that Sir William Joynson-Hicks had a great affection for the Labour member, but you assured him that he would receive a fair trial, and wished him the best of luck. I commend you for your fine sporting spirit, which I am sure was sincere. The absence of rancour in our public life is one of our greatest assets. John Bull.

To Messrs. FRED JONES and GLYN ROBERTS,
Llanrwst, Conway Valley.

Gentlemen,—When you saw four bullocks and two horses marooned in a flooded field during the terrific rains and realised the animals were in danger of being drowned, you both plunged into the flood fully clothed, swam to their rescue and got them to land. I need only add that in some places the water was 10 ft. deep, and that you had to break a submerged fence in order to reach the animals, to prove that the work you undertook was both difficult and dangerous. Their owners owe you their gratitude. John Bull.



POOR POPPA!

Straight from the Shoulder

Marshal Foch: "To command is nothing; to understand one another is the secret of life."

Drum that into the heads of your companions in arms before another war wipes out all human life.

* * *

The Bishop of Lichfield:—"A man is not necessarily a fool because he is a bishop."

On the other hand, the gift of a bishopric does not necessarily change a fool into a man.

* * *

Sir Arthur Duckham:—"There are great times coming for our country."

And great effort needed not to damn them by industrial disputes.

* * *

Sir Thomas Beecham:—"The Englishman by disposition is a lazy fellow."

A generalisation which only a lazy thinker would be guilty of uttering.

Without Fear or Favour— —by the Editor

PLAIN WORDS TO PREMIERS

A Breach of Trust

THE paragraph in the report of the British Commercial Secretary at Tokio which deals with Japan's trade with India ought to interest Lancashire particularly, but it ought also to be considered seriously both by the Government and by the Labour Party.

India has for long been the mainstay of Lancashire's export trade, but that trade has steadily diminished, while at the same time Japan has equally steadily strengthened her grip on that vast market, with the result that Japan's cotton exports to India last year were more than double the amount, in value, of her exports in 1922.

One of the reasons the Commercial Secretary advanced for Japan's gain at our expense is that Japan has been placed in an advantageous position by her non-ratification of the Washington Convention regarding hours of labour.

Any country which pursues an enlightened policy with regard to labour conditions risks placing herself at a disadvantage when meeting foreign competition, but Japan was a party to the convention, and the advantage she has gained by non-ratification ought to actively exercise the minds of the leaders of the Labour Party, not merely because it affects adversely a large section of workers, but because the gospel of international brotherhood they preach is directly involved.

Two other reasons the Secretary gives for Japan's success—good organisation and management and relatively efficient labour—are points the cotton county will perhaps study.

If Japan has anything to teach, Lancashire ought to be willing to learn, even from a country which, not very many years ago, was, as a competitor, regarded by many of Lancashire's cotton men as a butt for after-dinner wit.

The Fatal Brand

THOUGH as a nation we have of late come to recognise that the wrongdoer in our midst has a claim to fair and humane treatment, there yet remains a deal of room for improvement in our prison system.

A scheme is at present under consideration to increase good-conduct allowances, and we hope that magistrates and judges will be duly warned that any further concession in this respect must not influence them to the detriment of a convicted person when the sentence is under consideration.

Further, we should like to see the pernicious ticket-of-leave abolished except in the case of the habitual criminal.

When a convict has honestly and fairly earned his remission, he should be as unhampered as the man on whom iron doors have never shut.

A large proportion of those who find themselves behind prison bars are not criminal in the strict meaning of the term. They have slipped up in life owing to environment or the stress of circumstances, and it is only common justice that these should be afforded every opportunity of making good.

A MESSAGE TO THE "CUBS"

A GOLDEN door of opportunity is open before the people of the British Empire. Through it lies the road to a world of hope and promise. Fear and suspicion may close that door unless the people themselves are alert to the danger

THE Imperial Conference has gone on its dignified way. Friendship within the Empire has been strengthened. Plans to bring increase of prosperity, both here and overseas, have been discussed. Quite frankly facts have been faced, and the truth bluntly stated. But not the whole truth.

The grandeur and impregnability of Britain have been demonstrated before the Dominion Premiers. They have been treated to pageants of military power displayed in air, on earth and by sea.

The occasion was inevitable. As members of the British Empire, filling positions of responsibility, they have a right to see what the Empire's defences are and judge of their worth and magnitude.

But there is something in England of more burning moment than armaments, if less thrilling to witness. That something is poverty.

Have the Dominion Premiers been told in plain language what the price of Empire has meant to Great Britain in terms of misery and hunger? Have they seen something of the wreckage in the ranks of labour—a million and a half men without work—which is the legacy of the triumph of our armaments?

Did they make a house-to-house visit of the slums of the East End or of the black areas of the Clyde? We have not heard so.

And if Empire is to mean anything to this country, it must find a solution for this problem, as well as maintain by armed defence the integrity of Australasia, or help in the commercial expansion of Canada.

We know what is the reply. "The Dominions have millions of acres unpopulated. The home country has no work for its unemployed. Emigration is the solution."

WE are having none of it, not, at least, on the lines of existing emigration schemes. Granted that the terrible wastage of human material in our congested cities could be prevented, that men, women and children would be better off in the wide spaces of the Dominions, that fact must not be used as a means of securing cheap labour overseas.

The way toward abiding prosperity lies elsewhere. The British Empire is a great confederacy of free peoples, but it is a scattered one. It can only forge for itself a permanent bond if it breaks down the walls which build it off from other nations.

It must set its face against the trade antagonisms which are the mainspring of international distrust and jealousy and which are the sole cause and excuse for armaments.

The British Empire is feared and armed against. Why? It is not that we thirst for more territory, or that we wish to conquer any people. It is because the policy of the "Empire within itself" is a menace to the industrial expansion of other Powers, who, in turn, we fear and arm against.

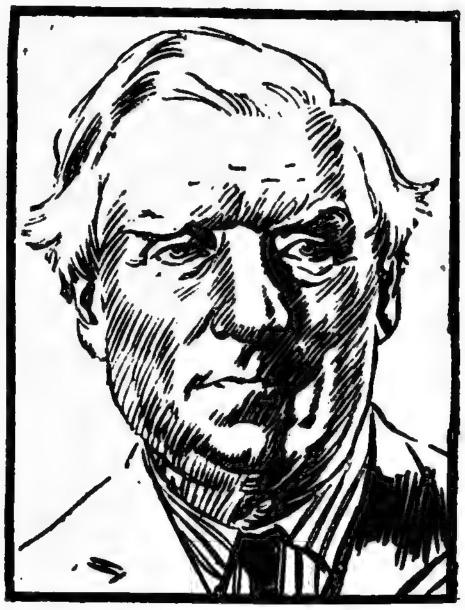
THE moment is ripe for a definite lead in the process of world disarmament. Why should not the Imperial Conference be the first great body to give that lead?

"The world is waiting!" declared Lord Oxford in the House of Lords, "waiting impatiently—not with illegitimate or unwarranted curiosity—waiting now, seven years after the conclusion of peace, for some serious, comprehensive, definite and generally agreed solution of this problem in which the whole of its future is bound up."

Let the Imperial Conference give that lead. The British Empire is great enough to do it. Nay, more, it is doubtful if it does not do it that it ever will be done.

Scrap the cause of armaments and the armaments will scrap themselves. That insular feeling must go. Boundary lines and tariff walls are everywhere proving their futility.

The new age calls for wider vision, more generous impulses, frank and open dealing. And the world is waiting on the British Empire.



The Right Hon. the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, K.G. In the Lords debate on the League of Nations, last week, Lord Oxford gave an inspiring lead to those eager to hasten disarmament. We trust the Empire Premiers, after their round of military pageantry, weighed well his words. Long heads are better than broadsides

The Child's Lead

FOR two minutes on Armistice Day the whole nation bowed its head in silence to the memory of its dead. For many those two minutes were fraught with more than grief and reverence; they were instinct with resolution that never again shall humanity be racked and riven with the horrors of war.

Hardly had the solemn silence of those pregnant minutes been broken before we were again plunged into fresh exhibitions of military frightfulness.

With the Armistice celebrations still echoing in their minds, the public have been treated to newspaper pictures of the latest thing in armoured tanks. Light tanks, heavy tanks, mystery and "hush hush" tanks were displayed before them.

Simultaneously arrive pictures of Poland's latest triumph, the tank with funnels from which poison-gas may be generated as it moves. Without break or pause the devil's merry-go-round of competition in armaments goes on.

Is there, then, no hope for the world? Yes, there is one.

At Birmingham a little orphan girl has laid a wreath on the grave of German soldiers who died in that city during the war. The wreath was provided by Birmingham's ex-Service men.

"Here," ran the inscription, "on the resting-place of those who sleep, far from the fatherland for which they died, this wreath is laid in gentle homage by an English child."

Let war-mad men stand still, ashamed. The orphan children who for the eighth time have made their annual pilgrimage to graves of father and foe alike rebuke them. They are growing up in innocence of men's insane hatreds. It is for the children that war must vanish and the world learn peace.

The Poisoned Plum

by A. G. GARDINER

MORE money is being spent to-day on preparations for war than was being spent on the eve of the Great War. Our expenditure is nearly double that of 1913, that of France is more than double!

President Coolidge, who has dropped a bombshell in Europe by refusing America's support to the World Court of Justice

MR. COOLIDGE has slammed the door against Europe. That is the meaning of his speech at Kansas, and it is necessary to take our bearings in the light of this momentous fact. Mr. Coolidge will say that the refusal of America to have anything to do with the World Court of Justice at The Hague is due to the conditions which the American Senate laid down not being accepted.

That is doubtless so. But the conditions were of a kind that could not be accepted, and it is reasonable to suppose that they were laid down in order to be refused and to give America an excuse for finally cutting the painter.

The plain fact is that America, after the war, had had enough of Europe and decided to get home across the Atlantic and stay there.

The golden vision

When she joined in the war she had a vision of delivering the world from the mess it had got into, and establishing it on a new foundation of perpetual happiness and good will.

Through her President she set up the goal of a League of Nations which would substitute arbitration for war, lift the burden of armaments and make this world a world " fit for democracy."

It was a fine ideal, and even in its present form it is the most hopeful issue of the war. It has been of priceless service to Europe, has saved it from disruption and, as M. Briand has said, contains the seed of the United States of Europe.

If it has not done all that we hoped it is because America which sowed the seed fled from the harvest-field. Having begotten the League of Nations, she left her offspring on the European doorstep, drew up her skirts, went home, and denied all responsibility for her child.

And Mr. Coolidge's speech at Kansas is the final act of repudiation. He not only washes his hands of the League of Nations. He washes his hands of the World Court of Justice, which even the opponents of President Wilson enthusiastically advocated, and which President Coolidge himself endorsed.

The other side of the picture

It is not a pretty story, and it will not make heroic reading in the pages of history. But there is another side to it. Without any attempt to justify American actions, we are bound to admit that the spectacle which Europe presents is not one which would tempt the outsider to take a hand in it.

Whatever depression exists in other industries the trade in militarism is booming. The hoardings scream with appeals to men to join the military establishments as though Europe was in imminent danger of another convulsion.

While the Washington Conference brought about a decline in the rates of big ships the only result has been to stimulate the production of cruisers, and France in concentrating on the multiplication of submarines gives the impression that fears of another Power at sea have taken the place of her old fear of Germany ashore.

An entirely new arm has come into existence in the shape of the aeroplane, and to-day we are spending on that arm alone nearly as much as the entire cost of the British Army before the war. And even so we are hopelessly behind France.

The new countries which have come into being since the peace of Versailles are seething with militarism, much of which has been financed from France, which has aimed at converting the Little Entente into a system of military blockhouses in Central Europe. Italy, under Mussolini, is afflicted with a delirium of Imperialism which keeps Europe in incessant alarms.

An ominous tension

Mussolini has offered his apologies to France for the disgraceful incidents on the frontier ; but the tension between the two countries is most ominous, and the old struggle between Russia and Austria in the Balkans has given place to a new rivalry between France and Italy.

Behind this fever of military preparation, a tariff war rages all over the Continent, destroying industry, increasing the cost of living and creating bad blood everywhere.

Nor do we give any lead to the world out of the maelstrom. There is rejoicing on Tyneside at the plum which has fallen to it from the Admiralty ; but, except in the sense that any diminution of unemployment there is to be welcomed, we cannot regard the plum with enthusiasm.

The building of a floating dock for the Singapore naval base is the latest step in this most serious and sinister development of British policy. It means a revolution in our whole naval system which will involve us in incalculable millions and in unforeseen liabilities and complications.

It is a challenge to the domination of the Pacific, which is an unprecedented extension of our conception of British sea power.

No one with any imagination can fail to see what the effect of that challenge must be upon the mind of Japan or to conceive what vast consequences must flow from so momentous a development.

A dangerous impression

The argument that the security of Australasia requires this great adventure seems wholly inadequate for such a departure. Australasia shares in the security which British sea power provides for all the outlying parts of the Empire.

The cost of that guarantee falls almost exclusively on the British taxpayer, and any additional provision for home defence which Australia may require should be borne by her.

But the establishment of this vast base for dominating the Pacific will fall almost entirely on the people of these islands, who already stagger under the weight of Imperial armaments.

But the chief gravity of this enterprise is not the financial burden it involves. It is the impression it gives that war is still the main preoccupation of the Old World, and that with the German menace removed from European waters the British Empire is setting out to find and create new perils of war in the Pacific.

With this vision of the Old World travelling the old rut and making new trouble for itself, it is not remarkable that the United States is shy of having any political connection with it. I am not sure that if I were an American I should not be shy, too.

But I hope I should have the decency to feel that I had not played a very heroic part in repudiating my own scheme for " making the world fit for democracy."

The Noble

To pretend that spirit-crushing toil is desirable and noble is hypocritical. Man was destined for something better than this

WHEN professors get up on their legs and begin to talk about things out of their own line, you will generally find me installed in the seat of the scornful. Wherefore, I venture to question the wisdom of the erudite gentleman who recently claimed that labour—hard, stern-faced labour—is poetic and ennobling, a desirable thing in itself.

Mr. H. K. Pickering

For the life of me I cannot see that the monotonous grind of the average labourer's life is anything but depressing and deleterious in its general effect.

It is so easy to talk—it's so damned hard to move ten ton of coal! To be logical, our learned friends should oppose the introduction of every labour-saving device on the grounds that it lessens the scope for individual toil.

The fact of the matter is that man was blessed with a pre-eminent brain in order that he might extract from Nature all the necessaries of life at the least possible cost to himself. He was given the divine attribute of laughter so that he might live like a god, and the nearer he approaches to the lower animals, in thought or in action, the further is he wandering from his way.

MAN was never fashioned to be a beast of burden. He was never intended to work himself into a premature old age solely that he might fill his own belly or the bellies of those dependent upon him.

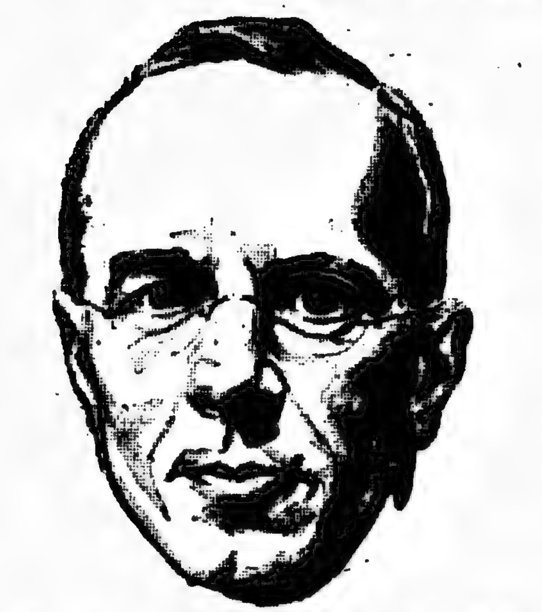
Honestly, now, is there anything less dignified than a dustman ? Less poetical than a perspiring puddler ? I grant that these are essential parts of modern life as it is at present constituted, but I contend that the genius who invents machinery to do their jobs for them will be a public benefactor, and will exercise a greater uplift upon the world than nine out of ten short-sighted professors.

I reassert that hard, stern-faced labour, the calling upon man to do the work of a beast and to toil till brain and muscle weary, is a curse and not a blessing, a foul thing not a fine.

If Christ Came Back!

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

WHEN the Prince of Wales saw the Southwark slums he said they were "damnable." We have all been damning the slums for years and years, but we have not abolished them—yet!



The Rev. C. B. Roach, who has raised a storm of protest by daring to tell the truth about the Southwark slums

TRUTH is an awful thing that is apt to lash and sear the uneasy conscience and rouse the stupidly complacent to unreasoning anger. Which is why, I suppose, there was such an outcry when the Rev. C. B. Roach took the opportunity of telling a little wholesome truth to the members of the Southwark Borough Council when he had them assembled in front of him in Southwark Cathedral.

Here was a parson who behaved for once like a real follower of the Master Whose gospel he preached. He did not prattle vaguely about mansions in the sky, but rubbed the noses of his audience in the economic facts of hell holes and hovels on this earth, and in Southwark in particular.

The result was a sensation—a preacher who had dared to tell the truth—and bright young men from the newspapers were sent down to discover and describe these slums, to write about them in tones of hushed horror, hinting that, bad as was the picture they drew, they could not do more than hint at the awful reality of their discoveries.

And it was all such arrant humbug, for had one of these bright young men come back and included in his copy the perfectly reasonable suggestion that people are herded together in slums because the land of England is in the hands of a few men, such a piece of sanity would at once have been deleted and the writer would have been very lucky if he had retained his job.

The hidden truth

And the newspapers that reported with such gusto this piece of truth-telling on the part of the Southwark parson would have turned round and rent him had he dared to suggest, which, fortunately for him, he did not, that the remedy for the Southwark slums, as for the slums in every city in the country, is large doses of dynamite, together with the restoration to the people of the land which throughout the centuries has gradually been stolen from them.

Yet I wonder what the effect would be if from every pulpit in the land, week in and week out, such courageous denunciations of the rotten state of affairs we call society were thundered forth without ceasing.

I wonder what would happen if the Church of England as a united body embarked on a holy war against slums and poverty and the grinding down of men and women and little children into the mere semblance of brute beasts?

What would the effect be if the Church forgot politics and got back to Christianity, pursuing in season and out those elementary principles of human kindness which consist in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked?

Scourging the parsons

I often think if Christ came back and walked the streets of our cities, those in authority would lose no time in committing Him to Broadmoor, there to be detained during His Majesty's pleasure.

They would be quite incapable of believing that any man who put the health and happiness of little children before dreadnoughts and submarines, who would certainly not spend millions of the people's money on a useless base at Singapore while the people themselves were crying for bread, and who would require every politician to be tested by the one simple query whether his actions led to the greater happiness and increased well-being of the people, could be anything but mad, hopelessly and incurably insane.

Besides, there would speedily be a repetition of the scene that took place in the Temple. For if Christ came back His own Church would be the first to receive the scourging that was once the lot of the money-changers.

How could He tolerate the colossal sums drawn in mining royalties by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners? How could He tolerate the endless acres of slum property from which the Church draws what is literally blood money?

What would He say to the astonishing number of parsons who are shareholders in the great industrial assurance companies, drawing as dividends year by year money that has been wrung by fraud and trickery of every description from the pockets of the poorest of the poor?

If the Church cared less for pomp and circumstance and more for the things that make life possible for a human being, it would stop prattling about souls and set about taking care of bodies.

Get down to earth!

It would cease pointing hungry, disillusioned men to hypothetical rewards in the hereafter, and not stop being excessively rude to politicians until these same men got some of the reward to which they are entitled while they are yet on this earth and in a position to enjoy it.

There would be a Rev. C. B. Roach in every parish, and the land would be filled from end to end with such a storm of denunciation that no Government could possibly resist it.

The Southwark slums and the Glasgow hovels are supposed to be in existence because this country, if not the whole world, is overcrowded. Overcrowded!

Why, the whole population of the world could stand without any undue discomfort on the Isle of Wight!

To say that this country is overcrowded is to indulge in the same sort of loose thinking that vitiates politics from end to end.

It is true, only too painfully true, that our cities are overcrowded to a degree that is a disgrace to our civilisation.

Paying the penalty

That is merely because there are millions of acres of empty land which some man or another claims to "own," and because the great majority of us are foolish enough to let him persist in his delusion that he can own the earth. Whereby we give him complete control of our very lives, since he also owns the only real source of production there is.

We pay the penalty for our stupidity in slums and overcrowding, in anæmic and ill-fed men and women, in a nation of machine-ridden industrial serfs, whereas we should be a nation of sturdy peasantry with a complete mastery of the machine.

If the Church were to get off the backs of the people, and become once more the real leaders of the people, we should see things done with a speed and energy that would astonish us.

---

le Dustman

by H. K. PICKERING

Put a scholar to a navvy's work, and if it doesn't kill him in a month it will quite likely transform his mentality and outlook into that of a labourer inside a year. There is nothing that affects the make-up of the individual more quickly than the nature of his work, and the circumstances under which it is performed.

The grandeur of enforced manual labour is a myth invented by those who are desirous of persuading the lower-dog that it is his bounden duty to rest contented with his lot. It is selfishness pure and simple on the part of those who never did a real day's hard work in the whole course of their lives.

I am sick and tired of all this talk about a living wage. A wage which provides a man with nothing above life's essentials is not a living wage. Man cannot live by bread alone.

IF every able-bodied man were to pull his fair weight, and Nature were tapped to the limit of her bounty; if production were kept at its highest level, and goods were retailed at their lowest possible price; if the mercenary manipulation of markets were made a criminal offence, and the profiteer were treated as the rogue he is; if the whole world were to embrace free trade, and nations were content to dwell side by side in amity and brotherliness, then would there be a luxury wage for every man alive.

The greater portion of the world and nine-tenths of its natural resources are absolutely running to waste.

There is enough, and more than enough, for all, and will be for thousands of years to come. All that is needed is that man shall learn wisdom, and wrest from the soil, the tides, the sea and the air the generous gifts they hold.

I IMPLICITLY believe that the world is still in its infancy, and that the most sage of us is but as a puling infant. We shall grow up presently and marvel that we remained for so long content to slave for so little when we could have enjoyed so much at a fractional part of the cost.

There is no need for man to labour to the point of weariness; there is no reason why every man should not possess more than enough for his needs. Let us begin by producing to capacity, and the riddle will gradually solve itself.

All the heavy tomes of political economists boil right down to this. It is the very obviousness of it all that makes it so confoundedly hard to see.

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JB 27/11/26

YOU can go on bleeding the rich up to a point, but it's a point that's very hard to fix. Once you get beyond it, you start to bleed yourself unconsciously

THE DEVIL'S PAY-DAY

by The Rev. G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY, M.C. *("Woodbine Willie")*

ABOUT six years ago the bills began to come in for an insane orgy of wanton waste and destruction in which we indulged from 1914–1918, and they have been coming in ever since.

In a month or two we shall be presented with the account for a seven months' strike. The bill is not properly made out yet, because we have not quite finished making fools of ourselves; but it won't be long.

Now, of course, there are a good many ways of settling an account rendered by the tailor. We can pay it cash down out of income; we can pay it cash down out of capital, if we have any; we can file it for future reference and forget it, or we can put it on the fire, say "Thank God, that's settled," and then go out and buy another suit of clothes.

The brutal truth

All those are well-known and popular ways of dealing with accounts; but in the long run there is only one way. We must pay cash out of income, and the longer we wait, the more we must pay.

At present we dodge it. We think the Government can pay. Well, the Government is stony broke, and over head and ears in debt, and depends entirely upon what it can screw out of me and you.

We think the capitalist can pay it. Well, he could help us a bit by cutting down expenses on luxury, and paying out of personal sacrifice, but if he has to pay out of capital, or what he would save and invest as new capital, he passes it down to me and you.

We think the rates can pay it. Well, the rates are like the taxes—they come out of me and you, because there is nowhere else for them to come from. That is a solid fact that ought to be plastered up on every wall and over every factory door.

Halos for Money-bags

Our minds get bewildered with these enormous figures that decorate the headlines of newspapers and form a halo round the men of great possessions. They kind of make our mouths water, and give us the feeling that there is any God's quantity of money if only we could get hold of it.

But there are two things we want to keep well before us when we start looking at millions and millions of pounds.

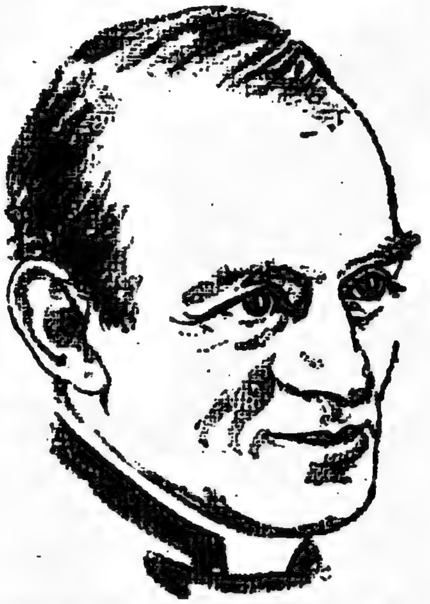
One is that there are millions and millions of people, and the other is that, however much you change the "system," whatever that may mean, you can't take all your capital and turn it into income, unless you want to go bust.

When you see that Mr. William Smith, coal-owner of Durham, has died worth £110,000, and that he was a respected member of the county council and churchwarden of his parish church, you think of your two quid a week and go off the deep end and say to yourself, "The sluttering old hypocrite! It's all right being a Christian on that lot. He ought to add it to the wage bill of the workers."

A big explosion

Well, you might do it with that one fortune or a few others, and it wouldn't make much odds. Four million workers, never mind fifteen, would soon make £140,000 look silly. They would each get four packets of woodbines and a box of matches.

But if you distributed all the great fortunes as wages you would be turning capital into income and you'd blow the whole show sky-high. Of course, that's very obvious, but if I am to judge by the questions fellows ask me, and the way they talk, it is not obvious to everybody.



The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C

These figures hypnotise them, and they do not stop to think; they just feel, and see red. Very often that is just what the chap who reels off great figures wants you to do. He doesn't want you to stop and think.

If you did, you'd see through the conjuring trick by which he is going to meet the bill for the war and the strike without paying for them.

The tub-thumper's trade

A few weeks ago when I was up in Nottinghamshire I heard a tub-thumper in the market-place telling a crowd of colliers not to pay their debt to the board of guardians.

Well, I'm blessed if I see how some of them are going to pay. Every family man seems to be twenty to thirty pounds in debt, what with rent and the guardians and the grocer round the corner.

But there's an £85,000 debt to the board of guardians, and you may whistle till you're blue in the face and you won't whistle it away. And it's the same all over the blessed country, east, west, north and south.

The Lord alone knows what the bill will come to when it's all in. But whatever it comes to, it has got to be paid. It is not a mere matter of book-keeping and figures. In the end it's a matter of boots and shoes and suits of clothes.

If a million men go on living, and stop working for twenty weeks, we are all poorer, not only poorer in figures, but poorer in facts, hard facts, that no orator can talk round or talk through.

The donkey and his carrots

You may talk the hind leg off a donkey provided the donkey isn't there. But it's all up with the orator once you produce the donkey. And that donkey of debts is bound to be produced, and we shall have to give him carrots.

There is an idea abroad that public debts can always be cancelled, and then they are not paid, but that is a fraud, and we should not be fooled.

Unless the people of towns and boroughs realise that when politicians and public men are generous with public money, they are generous with everybody's money but their own, there's going to be misery, unnecessary misery.

The tub-thumper tells you that the guardians of the poor are only guardians of the rates, and that if he were in their place he would be a real friend of the poor. So he might be, up to a point. But if he did not watch the rates as well, and watch them carefully, he would be a fraud, and not a friend, and there are a lot of those frauds about.

Paying for folly

I have many friends who are poor law guardians at this present minute, good men and true, with hearts as kind as any man's, and they are at their wits' end to know what to do.

They are not fools, and they know that somehow, somewhere, sometime debts have got to be paid, and the poor will pay their share of them, and the longer you wait the more you pay.

From the first I have been certain that we had to feed the children, and I'm certain still, and wish we had done it better in some places. But there is this danger in it—it covers up the facts.

We cannot manage public affairs on a cash basis, but no citizen must ever forget that there must be cash behind credit, and goods behind cash.

It is all barter in the end, and sooner or later, for every folly and every sin, the bill comes in, and when it comes in, it has got to be paid. God Himself cannot alter that, never mind a Government or a board of guardians.

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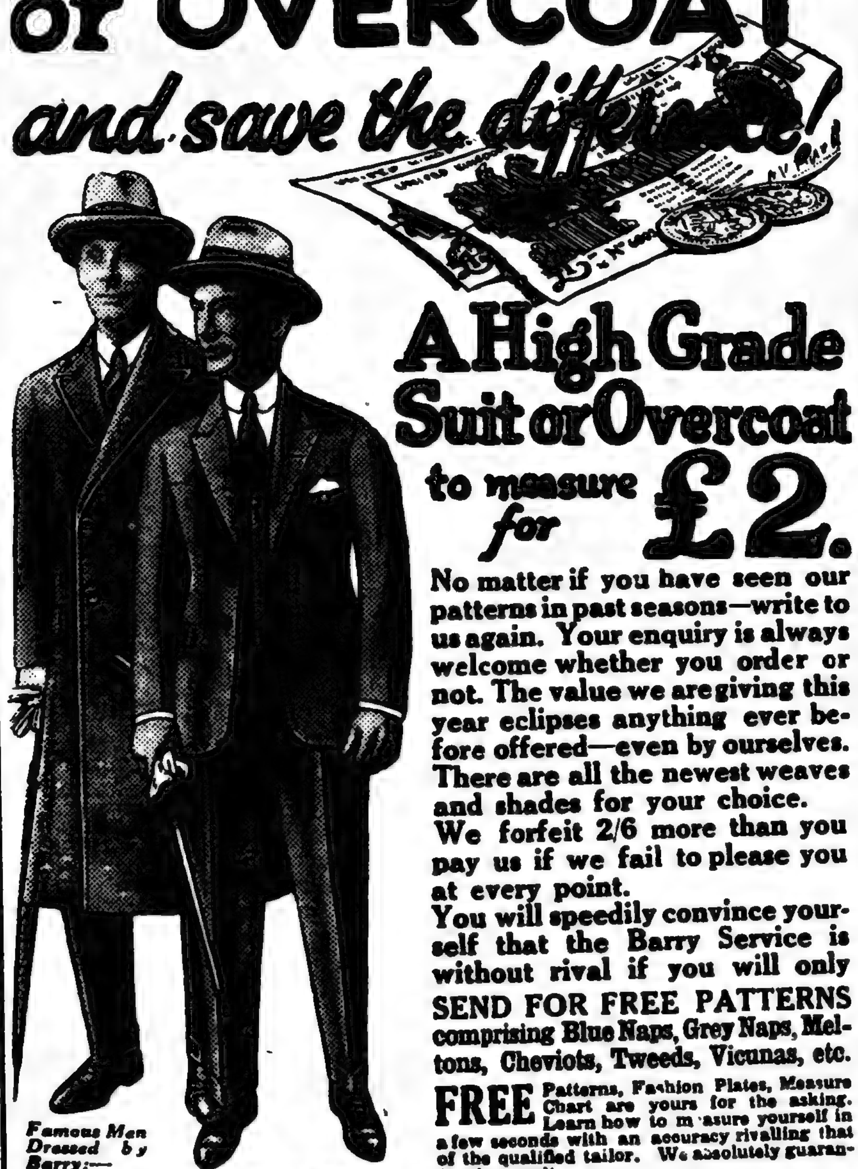

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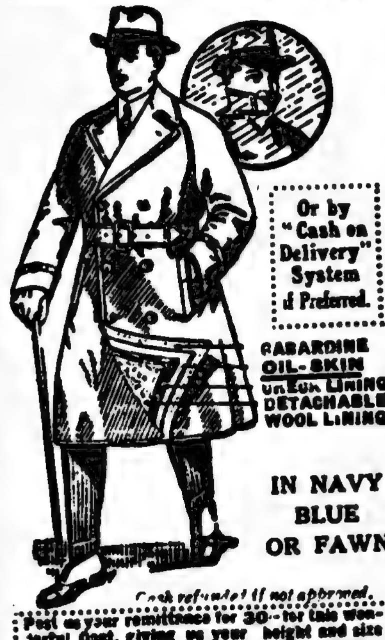

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CALLOUS CAPTAIN'S CAREER

WICKED SWINDLES ON THE UNEMPLOYED

Sequel to "John Bull" Exposure

THE ambitious career of the gentleman who is the central character of this story should be at once interesting and instructive, since it points an excellent moral.

Had Harold Hosking been less ambitious he might have been free to-day and well on the road to success and controlling the destinies of men.

But he did not realise this truth. His excessive ambition led him to stray from the path of honesty. He figured with discredit in our columns, and, the other day, at the Old Bailey, was sentenced to twelve months in the second division.

What is his history? He was born in 1874, and his parents were of good class. When his education was finished young Hosking took his place in the world as an estate-agent, trading as Hosking & Son, at Twickenham.

An ambitious scheme

After a time, however, he abandoned this business venture and sailed away to South Africa, where he gave himself up to the quiet dignity of a schoolmaster's life.

For three years he bestowed the gifts of his learning upon others; then he returned to his native land and dabbled in journalism.

As a writer Hosking did not achieve fame, and he eventually branched out in yet another direction. This time he stepped into the field as a company promoter.

One of his companies was formed with the intention of carrying out ambitious dredging schemes. Armed with certain remarkable patents, Hosking set out to fulfil some dredging operations around a famous harbour. The operations finished with the company on the rocks and a horde of clamouring creditors.

It was not long before he formed another company, but this, too, was a dismal failure, and Hosking drifted into the Army. He rose, in due course, to the rank of captain, and served his country faithfully and well.

After demobilisation, the ambitious captain set out once more to establish companies of the kind in which he had excelled prior to his military service.

It was in this connection, and at this stage of his career, that the captain first swam into our ken. He called upon us one day in a state of great agitation.

A timely warning

Immaculately attired, and talking in the convincing and grandiose strains which always stood him in good stead in his various ventures, he warned us to be very careful in connection with certain enquiries we were then making about him.

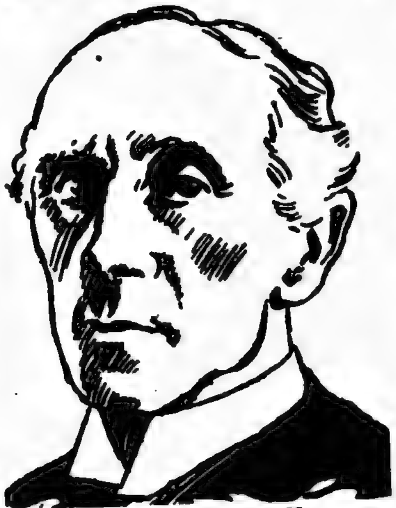
It appeared that we had, just prior to his gracious visit, subjected a concern with which he was associated to a series of grave criticisms.

The ostensible object of his visit was to impress upon us the fact that he was in no way to blame for the financial disaster which had overwhelmed several investors of the company in question.

He also wished to give us timely warning of the fact that any accusation we dared to make against him would be immediately followed by a writ for libel.

Second thoughts

We told Captain Hosking plainly that we were invariably guided in such matters by the facts before us, and that if we felt it necessary to make any comment in the public interest, we should certainly do so.



Sir Henry Dickens, K.C.

In parting the captain expressed his intention of consulting a very eminent firm of London solicitors. If he did, he was evidently advised to do nothing in the matter, for we heard nothing more from the captain.

Very shortly after his visit we began to receive enquiries from unemployed people in various parts of the country about a concern called the "Service Match Industry."

Upon investigation we found that the captain was using this high-sounding title as an alias for himself, and we promptly advised our readers to leave the project severely alone.

Out-of-work dupes

At the time the bogus "Service Match Industry" came into being Hosking hadn't a penny in the world. Yet he had the impudence to advertise for employés to assist him in his business, which he landed to the skies. And when applicants came forward, they were offered "splendid positions" in return for monetary deposits.

Hosking duped a large number of out-of-work people in this bogus scheme by taking their money and then promising them remunerative engagements to go about the country selling matches manufactured by maimed soldiers.

It was not very long before the wretched employés were without salaries; but the captain was undaunted. He brazenly continued to advertise for employés with capital, and in this way got fresh victims.

Then he fell into the hands of moneylenders, was turned out of his office in Harewood Place, W., and the "Industry," like the dredging business, headed on to the rocks.

Victims' helpless plight

Hosking was surrounded with debts. In all his liabilities totalled something like £12,000! His poor creditors could do nothing. They could not even seize his furniture, because it was held by his wife under a hire-purchase agreement.

Letters from disillusioned victims eventually reached us telling of the sufferings which some of them were forced to endure.

Happily we had saved a great many people from sinking their savings in this venture; but what could we do for those who came to us *after* instead of *before* the event?

We could only endeavour to get this impudent rogue prosecuted and sent to prison for his callous conduct, and in July last we set out to do so.

Our public protest was not in vain. A few weeks later Captain Hosking was arrested, and a few days ago he stood in the dock at the Old Bailey to answer several charges of obtaining varying sums of money by false pretences.

A pathetic case

He had, for instance, received £150 from a Mr. D. A. Greenyer; £200 from a Mr. John McClellan; £200 from a Mr. F. Clegg and £150 from a Mr. A. H. Baker. From duped employés alone he had obtained over £4,000 by fraudulent means!

Perhaps the most pathetic case is that of Mr. Baker. Placing implicit trust in Captain Hosking, he threw up a good job to join the "Service Match Industry," with the result that he has been out of work ever since he handed his money to Hosking.

Mr. Baker is a married man, with children, and he is now penniless.

Hosking pleaded guilty to the charges, and, as we have previously remarked, was sentenced to twelve months in the second division.

Detective-Sergeant Wiltshire, who was in charge of the case, told the judge and jury that, in his opinion, the frauds of Hosking were most heartless and, in many cases, the money he had obtained from ex-soldiers represented their life savings.

We are glad that Hosking's career has been interrupted, and that the publicity we thought fit to direct against him in these columns has been instrumental in bringing about his well-merited punishment.

THE TRAGEDY OF HUMORIST

In "The People" next Sunday, Charles Morton, the famous trainer, gives the inner history of this famous horse.

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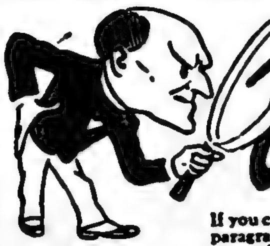

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READ THIS CAREFULLY
and underline the error.

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2. Cut out the advertisement, write your name and address in the margin and post it, *with the red (A) seal from the interior of a Lakerol Pastille Tin*, to Pastilles, Ltd., Competition J.B., 124, High Street, Shoreditch, E. 1.
3. Entries must reach Pastilles, Ltd., not later than Friday, December 10.
4. £10 will be given to the first correct solution opened after the closing date, and 30 prizes of 10/- each to the next 30 correct or nearest correct opened.
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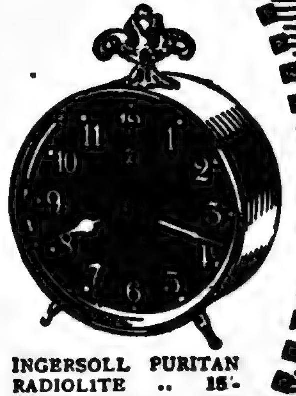

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OPPENHEIMERS

In Sunshine Ward

by PHILIP INMAN

THE depth of human friendship is unfathomable. And it is not confined to blood ties of relationship either. There exists amongst us a bond of friendship that is stronger than any link of kinship, and that endures whilst life remains

SHADOW VALLEY SISTERS

IT was a doctor friend of mine who sent Dorothy Beverley to see me. She brought a note from him which told me a little of her history. She had been ill for six months, but now she had reached that stage "when neither doctor nor medicine can do her any good."

It was some time afterwards that I learnt more about her. She was well-to-do, and her name had become known by her engagement to one of the most eligible bachelors in society.

But a few weeks before the marriage was to have taken place he had died as a result of a hunting accident, and the terrible shock had brought on a serious nervous breakdown.

The doctor had done all he could for her, "but what she needs," he told me, "is something that will lift her entirely out of herself."

I have anticipated my story a little by introducing these details, but I will go back to the day when first I met her. As she came into my room, I could not refrain from uttering an exclamation of surprise.

Sorrow's imprint

I expected to find a young and wistful girl; instead, in the dim light, she looked to be a middle-aged woman. She was plainly, even shabbily dressed. Her face was careworn and pallid, and in her eyes was a tired, haunting expression.

I endeavoured to make her feel at home by talking about the town in which she lived, and which I knew well, but it seemed to leave her cold. Almost abruptly she interrupted me.

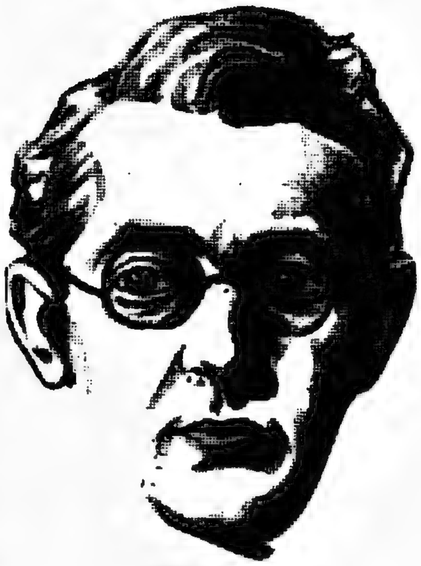
"That is just the place I want to forget," she said; "I loathe it and everybody in it."

Then, in a quieter voice she went on, "I want you to help me by finding me something to do in the hospital."

"Something to do," I queried; "but what?"

Then she smiled, a strangely sweet smile, and her face became transformed. The look of maturity passed completely away, and I saw the charm of the girl who, if Fate had not decided otherwise, ought now to have been a happy wife.

"Don't look so surprised," she said. "I don't want you to pay me a salary. I simply want to find some work—anything you like." And that is how I was introduced to Dorothy Beverley.


Philip Inman

By a strange coincidence, it was the same doctor who brought Mrs. Walters to my notice. "Can you find a bed for one of my patients?" he telephoned me one day. "She is very bad, and she's got nobody to look after her." Then he added, "But, poor soul, she won't need anybody for long."

"A hopeless case?" I queried. "I fear so," he told me. "Her lungs are pretty well riddled with consumption."

Her only jewel

That day we took her in, and that night, for a few minutes, I sat by her bedside while she chatted away about the things she was going to do when she returned home. Little did she realise that—but perhaps it was better so.

She had an only child, a little girl of three, and her eyes grew dim as she tenderly whispered her name. "Margaret," she said, "she's all the world to me."

When one works in a hospital it becomes easy to pick out those who have passed through life's great tribulations. I had not talked with this woman for long before I realised that she had endured sufferings which were probably worse to bear than any physical infirmity.

She had lost her father, her mother and her husband within twelve months. She had had three children, two of whom had died, one at birth and one at six months, leaving only Margaret remaining to her. Yet her heart had grown strangely tender, just because it had been so sorely stricken.

The binding link

One morning, when I went into her ward, I missed her customary greeting. She was looking into space, and it was easy to see her thoughts were far away.

When I spoke to her she did not answer, but slowly the tears trickled down her cheeks. "What is it?" I asked her kindly. "I know now," she sobbed, "that I shall never get better."

Then a minute later this cry of anguish rent the air: "Margaret! what will become of her?"

It was two or three days later that Dorothy Beverley and Mrs. Walters were brought together. Each had graduated in the school of suffering, and both had an open wound which bled sorely.

Almost from the first, these two recognised the kinship between them, and I thank God for what Dorothy Beverley meant to that woman in the last days of her life. Never once, day or night, did she leave the patient's bedside, and by that service there was forged an attachment which not even death could dissolve.

A few hours before Mrs. Walters passed away, little Margaret had been brought into the ward to see her mother for the last time. Lingeringly and lovingly she gazed at her child, and then quietly she turned to her newfound friend and said, "I should not mind dying so much if I knew that Margaret would be all right."

"If you give her to me," came the reply, "I'll swear to look after her as though she were my own."

And that is how Mrs. Walters braved the Unknown with a smile, and how Dorothy Beverley is to find solace for her hunger and her heart-ache in the companionship of a little child.

The Sentence of the Court

THE ASS OF CLUBS

Inquisitors in Plus-fours

HAVING first satisfied himself of the impeccable correctness of his stance, James C. Montgomerie, secretary of the Mid-Surrey Golf Club, pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of impertinent behaviour.

"If I wished to emulate the inquisitorial methods of the august institution of which the accused is secretary," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "I would question Mr. Montgomerie regarding his religious beliefs, birth-marks and moles (if any) and the sizes he takes in boots.

• • •

"Not satisfied with the mythical Colonel Bogey who haunts all golf clubs, this one has been at pains to create a major bogey, so that when a woman golfer proposed a friend for membership, the accused, instructed by the 'links' eyed heresy-hunters who form the cat-mittee, wrote: 'To enable me to submit your candidate for membership, I should like to have your assurance that she is not of the Jewish race.'

"There is nothing in the rules of the club compelling Seventh Day Adventists, Manxmen, or wandering Mormons to undergo a cross-examination regarding their religious beliefs before proceeding to tear up divots from the club's chaste fairways.

"But, apparently, the *élite* of Mid-Surrey cannot bear the thought of rank outsiders like (say) Lord Reading or Sir Arthur Pinero sitting down to lunch or stooping down to 'tee' with them; hence, the manifestation of medieval intolerance and Surrey 'side' which forms the basis of this charge."

• • •

Mr. Strawsplitter said that if a golf club decided not to admit persons afflicted with red hair or citizens suspected of being secret collectors of postage stamps or inveterate consumers of sponge cakes, it was not for any outside body to interfere.

• • •

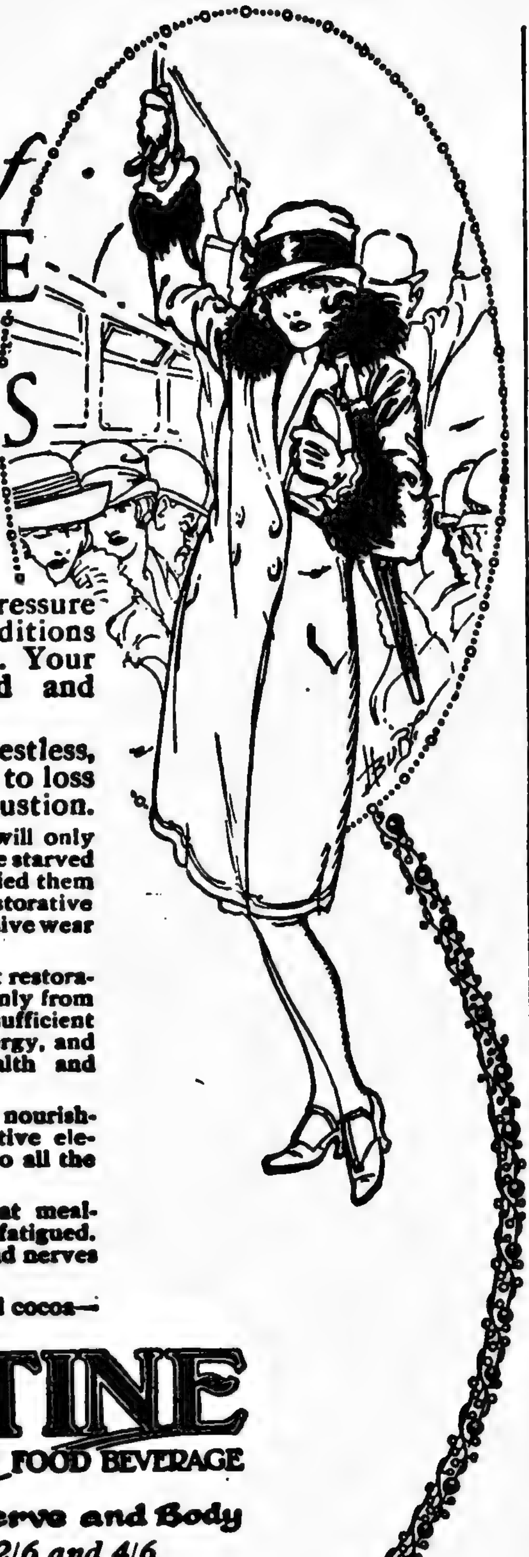
"David Harum has told us that it is only right that a dog should have a certain number of fleas, as they provide it with an occupation and prevent it brooding over the fact that it *is* a dog," said Mr. Justice Bull. "Similarly, a golf club is entitled to harbour a reasonable number of bats in its belfry, as they take the minds of members off the mournful and mysterious rites of the alleged game of which they are the victims.

"When, however, these bats are too numerous, they become a public nuisance, and this is what has now happened.

"While I would not venture to interfere with the solemn ritual of golf, it is my duty to intervene when snobbery wades through a morass of class prejudice and enters the bog of religious intolerance.

"This matter is of small importance to that large section of the community which does not aspire to membership of a middling Surrey golf club, but from such petty incidents serious racial and religious trouble is liable to arise.

"I cannot, therefore, ignore the wider issues involved in this display of Gentile gentility, and must direct that the prisoner be deprived of his plus-fours and sentenced to three hours' detention in a bunker with only a putter for company."



The EFFECTS of FATIGUE and NERVOUS STRAIN

IF you work at high pressure or under worrying conditions you lose tone and vitality. Your nerves become strained and worn.

Nervous strain causes restless, sleepless nights and leads to loss of health and nervous exhaustion.

All this can be avoided if you will only remember that strained nerves are starved nerves; that you have not supplied them with sufficient rebuilding and restorative material to make good the excessive wear and tear of the nervous system.

Only from nourishment can that restorative material be obtained, and only from "Ovaltine" can it be obtained in sufficient quantities for replacing lost energy, and for creating reserves of health and strength.

For "Ovaltine" is concentrated nourishment. It contains all the nutritive elements properly balanced and also all the vitamins in correct proportions.

Drink this delicious beverage at meal-times and whenever you feel fatigued. Enjoy the good health and sound nerves which "Ovaltine" ensures.

Made from malt, milk, eggs and cocoa— Nature's tonic foods.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Sold in tins at 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6.

The larger tins are more economical to purchase.

'OVALTINE' RUSKS.

More appetising, easily digested, and much more nourishing than ordinary rusks or biscuits.

Prices 1/6 and 2/6 per tin

P. 305

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ZONOPHONE

Supreme Value in Magnificent Electrical Recordings—Try them!

2/6 - - 3/6 - - 4/-

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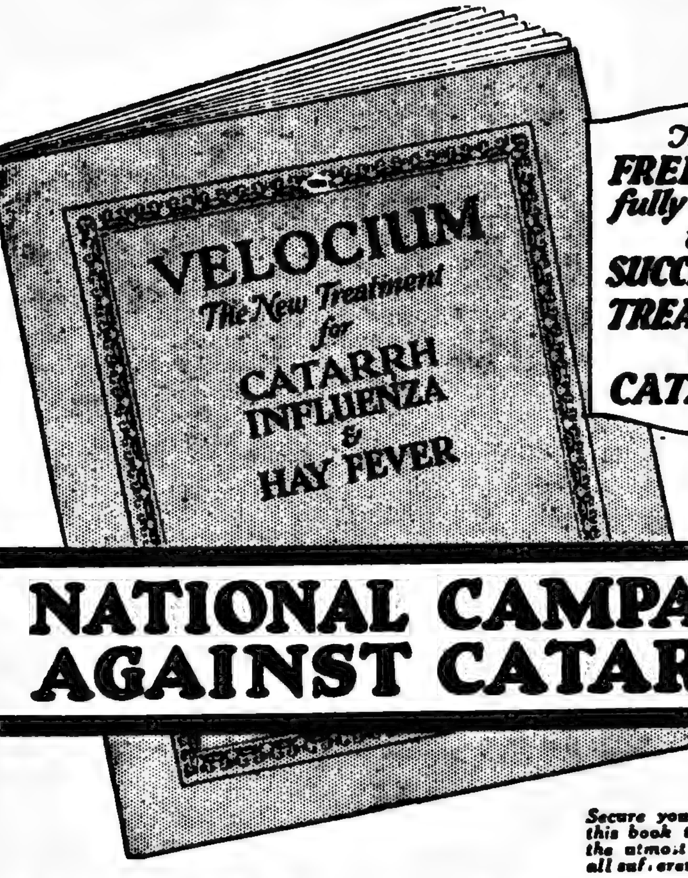
RECORDS



This **FREE BOOK** *fully explains the* **SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT** *of* **CATARRH**

NATIONAL CAMPAIGN AGAINST CATARRH

Secure your free copy of this book to-day. It is of the utmost importance to all sufferers from Catarrh.

So successful has been the Velocium treatment in all cases of Catarrh, whether local or deep-seated, as evidenced by the letters daily received from delighted users, that we offer readers of "John Bull" a free copy of our costly book—"Velocium—The New Treatment for Catarrh." This work should be in every home, since, at this season, no family is immune from some phase of catarrhal trouble, from the common cold to its more serious consequences.

LOCAL TREATMENT USELESS

This has been the bitter experience of tens of thousands of disappointed sufferers. Pastilles, Creams and Vapours at the most can give only a temporary and deceptive relief. Velocium's direct attack on the Catarrhal micro-organism (Staphylococcus Albus) is two-fold. First, it rapidly overcomes the germ in its malignant state; second, it removes from the system the mucus on which the germ feeds.

"VELOCIUM"

Catarrhal Specific

TESTED JB

To rid yourself of Colds and Catarrh start taking Velocium to-day. Full directions accompany every package.

Sold in tablet form in glass tubes 3/- per box of one tube, 5/- per box of two tubes, 12/- per box of six tubes by BOOTS, TAYLOR'S, TIMOTHY WHITE'S, and all good chemists, or post free from the Sole Distributors,

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To Messrs. PENNEY & CO., LTD.,
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Please send me a free copy of the Velocium Book.

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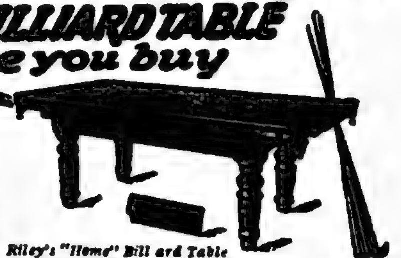

7 days FREE TRIAL
Riley's pay carriage and take all risk in transit

You can see and test a RILEY BILLIARD TABLE before you buy

14/- DOWN

Transform the dull winter evenings into times of great enjoyment for every member of the family—young or old. Instal a Riley "HOME" BILLIARD TABLE. Riley's have made the purchasing terms so easy that everybody can have their own real billiard table. A postal order sent to-night will bring the popular 6 ft. size "Home" Billiard Table (complete and ready for play) to rest securely on your dining table. Seven Days' Free Trial enables you to test before you buy, and Riley's pay all carriage and take all risk in transit. This is the full list of sizes and prices:—

Size		Price			Or in 13 monthly payments of
4 ft. 4 in. x 2 ft. 4 in.	..	£7	0	0	8/6
5 ft. 4 in. x 2 ft. 10 in.	..	£9	0	0	11/-
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7 ft. 4 in. x 3 ft. 10 in.	..	£15	0	0	18/-
8 ft. 4 in. x 4 ft. 4 in.	..	£21	10	0	26/-

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"Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables are also supplied on easy terms. Cash Prices from £22 10 0, or in 13 or 20 monthly payments. Supplied in Oak or Mahogany, any shade.

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"Every Picture tells a Story."

Keep Doan's in the House!

Prompt Treatment averts Serious Kidney Complaint

BACKACHE, urinary disorders, dizziness, rheumatic twinges, swollen ankles and puffiness about the eyes, are early signs of kidney trouble. Never neglect such warnings! Rheumatism, stone, dropsy, or incurable stages of kidney disease may result. Keep a box of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills always in the house. Doan's Pills are not only curative in their effect—they are also a preventive kidney medicine. Even when well, you should take an occasional course of Doan's to fortify the kidneys.

Rid of Backache and Rheumatism

On 25th September, 1909, Mr. S. Adams, 45, Clarence Street, Southall, said:—"For years I have been subject to sharp, stabbing pains in the back. I had crippling rheumatic pains in my limbs, and many a time I have been fixed and helpless with the pains in my arms. Another bad trouble was the water; it was hard to pass, and most painful.

"But Doan's Backache Kidney Pills did me good. By the time I had used two boxes, I was well."

On 18th September, 1926, Mr. Adams said:—"My health is excellent still. Doan's Pills made a new man of me. (Signed) S. Adams."

Do as Mr. Adams did. Ask distinctly for DOAN'S. 3/- per box.

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills
For Kidney and Bladder Ailments only.
Sole Proprietors:
Foster-McClellan Co., London, W.1.

Words Winged to Women

"THE rich man's wealth is his strong city: the destruction of the poor is their poverty" is an ancient saying, but the truth of it may be proved daily in the teeming life of all our modern cities.

THE THIRTEEN GHOSTS

by MABEL HORNER

WHEN the coal dispute was at its worst, a well-known woman of title, moved to pity at the helpless predicament of the miners' wives and bairns, sent out on their behalf a circular letter of appeal. She pointed out the spectre of starvation threatening these hapless sufferers and, signing the letter in her own name, addressed it to prominent people who had the power to help.

In due course this letter reached a certain clergyman. He immediately wrote back in these terms: "Dear Lady ——,—I have received your comic letter. I have sent it where it properly belongs—namely, to the pages of *Punch*."

This man's reasoning was simple. His thoughts ran childishly. He knew nothing of economics, nor of what the coal-miners were fighting for.

We need not condemn such a man; rather we may deplore his dreadful ignorance. Unfortunately, he is not alone in his shallow thinking. Not once, but many times this year, we have heard the emphatic declaration, "It is utterly impossible for any human being to starve to death in this country."

Would the assertion were true. But it is not. Last year thirteen persons died from want and exposure in London alone. These are the official figures contained in the report on inquests presented to the London County Council.

It takes no account of those unnumbered deaths of persons whose passing called for no inquest, because they died either at home or in some institution from pulmonary or tubercular illnesses.

Starvation does not always take a man or woman by the throat and leave them dead in the street. It is responsible for a long, sad trail of more lingering disease induced and precipitated by lack of food and warmth and proper clothing.

And that is why we must resist reduction of the standard of living to starvation rates. Disease is a question that affects the whole of society.

That is what renders such a case as that of William Worley of more than passing interest. He was an auxiliary postman, employed morning and evening delivering letters in the City of London. He was fifty-nine years of age, and his wages totalled £1 15s. 7d. a week. In addition, he managed to earn another 4s.

Awful temptation

But Worley had to pay 9s. 5d. a week rent and his railway fares to and from work came to 5s. Out of the balance he had himself, his wife, and two young children to keep.

Is it any wonder that when he found himself constantly handling postal orders for small amounts he yielded to the awful temptation and fell? He confessed that in three months he had stolen three hundred such orders, because he "found it difficult to live."

There was bound to be a conviction. At the Old Bailey he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in the second division, but the decision of the court was given amidst extreme uneasiness.

"Is it possible," asked Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., "for a man and his wife and two children to live on less than £2 a week?" And the police-sergeant giving evidence answered quietly, "I think it impossible."

A judicial wish

It is impossible. And in the case of servants of the Crown, for such are even auxiliary postmen, it is a crying shame that they are expected to.

"I wish," commented Sir Ernest Wild, feelingly, in sentencing Worley, "that something could be done about these auxiliary postmen. *They come before me session by session.*"

Something must be done. Postmen of every grade are public servants of the utmost value to the community, and the community should insist that a decent, living wage be given to them.

The Right. Hon., Sir. William Mitchell-Thomson, K.B.E., M.P., Postmaster-General, whose attention is called to the crying scandal of the inadequate payment of auxiliary postmen

Night by night the down-and-outs of the great city huddle under archways or shiver on the Embankment. Occasionally one dies from want and exposure and the inquest is held, and decent people living in comfort are shocked at the verdict.

But even more appalling is it to sit quiescent while the workers are ground under by wages that are an insult and a mockery, that keep themselves and their families in a state of semi-starvation, ready to be morally destroyed by the first temptation that comes along.

At least in the case of the auxiliary postman we may make a beginning to right this wrong.

A Mother's Paradise

by MRS. BEATRICE COLBY, M.A. (Cantab), *Chairman of the Woman's South African Party*

THE position of women and children is much better in South Africa than in England. The teachers and nurses are better paid and do not have such long hours; the white maids have kafirs to do the rough work.

Mrs. Colby

The married woman comes under the Roman Dutch law whereby on the death of the husband one half of his property must go to his wife. He can leave the rest to his wife if he wishes, but in any case he cannot leave more than one half to any person or persons.

Divorce, too, is easier for the South African woman. She need not proclaim to the world that a rival has superseded her in her husband's affections. She can refuse to live with him, and he can sue her for restitution of conjugal rights—failing which, divorce.

Then, if a man seduces a girl, he is responsible for the expenses of her confinement, and furthermore must provide for the child in proportion to his means and position, and subsequent marriage of the parents legitimates the child.

The cost of food is so much less—meat 6d. to 1s. a pound, and no frozen meat either; coal is 25s. a ton and income-tax 1s. in the pound, and one can get a hard-working kafir to do the housework for £2 10s. to £4 a month.

In addition, there is free education for children, both in the primary and secondary schools. Moreover, there is a trade school for boys and a domestic science school for girls, both free.

NINE years ago a board was set up in Johannesburg under Government auspices to deal with the affairs of the young person from the time of leaving school (age fifteen or Standard V.) to eighteen.

This was such a success that others were started in all the chief towns of the Union, and four years ago they were by Act of Parliament made statutory bodies, with definite powers of dealing with juvenile affairs.

When any child leaves school the head of that school must by law fill up and send to the Juveniles Affairs Board a card giving full particulars and what that child wishes to do in the future.

These cards are filed, and any child can come either for advice as to its career or for help in finding work, for which there are employment officers whose duty is to know the state of the labour market, and the probability of the child's success in any particular trade.

There are also apprenticeship committees which deal with hours, wages, conditions of work, etc., in different trades.

Anyone employing a child under the age of eighteen must send to the board particulars as to age, wages, hours of employment and time allowed for continuation classes. Failure to do this is punished by prosecution and fines. It will easily be seen what safeguard this is for a girl under eighteen.

There is also a Welfare Committee to keep track of the child who has got work through the board.

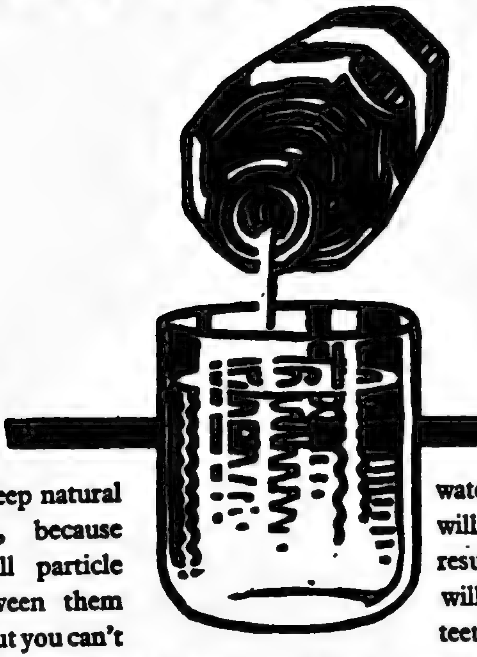
These boards are in all the large towns, and there are three along the Reef of the Witwatersrand.

On each board, the organising secretary, employment officers and clerical staff are paid, but the members of the boards are voluntary workers representing employers, employees, educationists and social workers.

THE work of the boards represents a serious organised attempt to do away with unemployment of the future by training the young on the lines best fitted for each individual case.

Most children have leanings towards some kind of work into which they will throw themselves heart and soul, and the Juveniles Affairs Boards try their best to find it, and make our youngsters fit to take up the white man's burden.

LET MILTON CLEAN YOUR FALSE TEETH WHILE YOU DRESS



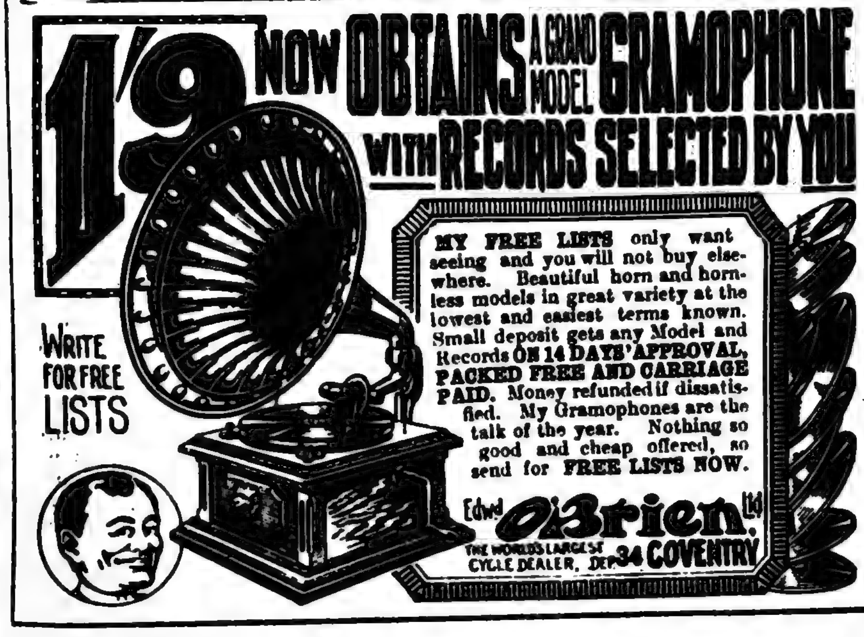
It's easy to keep natural teeth clean, because even a small particle lodged between them *can be felt*. But you can't feel with false teeth, they haven't any nerves. The cleanliness of false teeth depends entirely on the way they are cleaned. Only by getting your plate absolutely clean every morning can you be sure it will remain clean throughout the day.

THE MILTON MORNING METHOD is the safest way. On rising, put your plate in a glass containing equal parts of tepid water and Milton. When you are dressed, rinse the plate in running water and wipe it. You will be amazed at the result. The whole plate will be as clean as new, teeth spotless, gold parts shining, not a particle of anything left in the crevices; every germ has been killed. Milton has made the whole plate *medically* clean. And—most important—a medically clean plate means clean breath. Why not get a bottle of Milton and start this Morning Method to-morrow? Milton costs 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6. Obtainable from all Chemists.

The Overnight Method is equally effective, and is for people who take out their teeth before going to bed.

MILTON

MILTON PROPRIETARY LTD., JOHN MILTON HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.1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WRITE FOR FREE LISTS

MY FREE LISTS only want seeing and you will not buy elsewhere. Beautiful horn and hornless models in great variety at the lowest and easiest terms known. Small deposit gets any Model and Records **ON 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID.** Money refunded if dissatisfied. My Gramophones are the talk of the year. Nothing so good and cheap offered, so send for **FREE LISTS NOW.**

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NERVES?

Look at me now!

I was a nervous wreck—old before my time—irritable—weak—depressed—hopeless.

But now! Not a nerve in my body—happy—healthy—full of the joy of life and ready for anything.

Glax-ovo did it! Where everything else failed, Glax-ovo won. A big, delicious, creamy cup at mid-morning; another at bed-time—health came back in joyous waves.

Glax-ovo, the one food-drink containing that energy spark—the magic Vitamin Concentrate. Glax-ovo, prepared in a minute. No fuss. No sugar. No milk. To give you the joy of life, get Glax-ovo *to-day*.

GLAX-OVO

"Every Drop Sheer Nourishment"

Sold in sealed tins by all chemists at 1/6, 3/3 and 6/-. The 6/- tin contains 5 times the quantity of the 1/6 tin. No milk needed. Try a 3d. cup at any A.B.C., Slater's, at Selfridge's and other restaurants.

SEND FOR THIS BOOK — SEND FOR THIS BOOK

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Every day Scientists are explaining how important are Vitamins to all of us. The Book "Vitamins and What They Mean to You" will tell you how Vitamins work, why they are important to you, and how you can easily get your daily supply.

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SEND FOR THIS BOOK — SEND FOR THIS BOOK

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed

Married to a Monster

A Mother's Degradation—A Brutal Demand—Trust Betrayed

"A RELATIVE of mine, a hard-working and long-suffering woman, is now undergoing a terrible heartbreaking ordeal.

"Up till about a year ago the family, numbering eight, were scattered for various reasons, principally the shortage of housing accommodation and the failure of the husband to carry out his obligations.

"There appeared to be brighter prospects before them when the wife applied for and obtained a local council house. She settled down once more in a home of her own with all her children round her.

"She gave her husband another chance and allowed him to return upon his expressing regret for his past neglect, and promising that he would try to make the home happy.

"For a while it seemed as though she had at last entered into the state of happiness she had longed for. Poor woman, she never dreamed of the terrible tragedy that was awaiting her!

"She discovered that her husband had developed into a monster of moral degeneracy to whom even the innocence of his own children was not sacred.

"THERE was no possibility of concealing his crime, and he was sentenced to six months' hard labour.

"The punishment, however, did not end with the sentence passed upon the husband; there was a worse punishment just beginning for the wife and children.

"The wife applied to the board of guardians for assistance to enable her to support herself and her little ones while her husband was in prison. She was told that they would help her by taking the children into their institution.

"Her first impulse was to refuse the offer and she cannot yet reconcile herself to accepting it.

"Is this fair? The monster of a husband will be well looked after in prison, with regular meals, a clean bed, quietness and a little labour and exercise to keep him physically fit, for committing a crime; the wife will be parted from her bairns with the prospect of losing her home into the bargain for doing her best.

"Is there no way to keep the home and family together and save the children being sent to the workhouse?"

"HUMANIST" says:—*Sin almost invariably entails worse hardship on the innocent than on the sinner. It is to be presumed, however, that the guardians gave full consideration to the welfare of the children in deciding that they could best be helped by institutional care. Unless the mother is able to support herself and look after the children properly while her husband is in prison, she has no alternative but to accept the offer.*

• • •

"I AM very much concerned about my brother, the only son of my mother, the rest being girls. Four of us are married and happily settled.

A Home from Home

"My father is a working man and, except we four daughters, the rest of the family have never been away from home.

"My brother is now seventeen years old, and he is wishing to get into different surroundings owing to the unfortunate addiction of my mother to drink. We have done everything possible to try to break her of this terrible habit. but it all seems of no avail.

"I know that the boy is unhappy at home, and my husband and I would like to do what we can to help him, feeling that if he remains at home much longer he may pick up mother's bad habits.

"We have considered the matter and decided to offer the boy a home with us, feeling that it would be good for him to get away from such an atmosphere. Our mother, however, tells him that if he dare to leave her she will fetch him back.

"I am quite sure that our mother's only interest in him is the money he brings her which she spends in drink, and I should like to know whether it would be possible for her to drag him back.

"As things are at present, the poor boy has not even a decent suit of clothes to his back, mother having taken everything to spend on drink."

"HUMANIST" says:—*If so large a family has done its utmost to wean your mother from her habit without avail, I certainly think it is wise for you to consider the future of the boy and offer him a home where he will have neither the sorrow of witnessing his mother's degradation nor the temptation to follow in her footsteps. At his age he may live where he pleases and possibly his leaving her may make his mother realise how low she has fallen and be the means of bringing her to her senses.*

• • •

"AFTER twelve years of married life, during which I have had three children, all of whom died in their infancy, I was compelled a few years ago to submit to a serious operation in order that my life might be saved.

Husband's Shame

"When I left the hospital my husband told me that he had been informed by the doctors that it would endanger my life to have another baby. That was agony to me, for I know that my husband is very fond of children.

"My husband assured me, however, that there need be no difference in our lives or in his love for me, and I still looked upon him as my sweetheart.

"Now I find that he has become entangled with a widow who is expecting to become a mother through being with him, and I am put all in a whirl by his telling me that, unless I will take the baby and bring it up as our own, he wishes to have his freedom.

"God knows I love children, but I feel I cannot take this child of sin to my heart as if it were one of my own. Please tell me what to do?"

"HUMANIST" says:—*I think it is disgraceful that a man should ask his wife to rear a child that is the living evidence of his unfaithfulness, and I think the best thing you can do is to take action for divorce and ask for permanent alimony. If you have not the means to employ a solicitor in the ordinary way, you can take action as a "poor person."*

Starving!

MANY poor souls without relatives or friends to help them seek "Humanist's" advice when they are in dire distress. In many cases advice is of little value without practical help. Those who have been relieved of their woes by consulting him, may show their gratitude by giving practical aid to others through "The Greatest of These——" Fund. (See p. 38.)

"I AM an old man who has worked very hard to bring his children up respectably, but, instead of being rewarded in my old age, I am left heartbroken and, except for a few shillings a week, almost penniless.

Heartless Sons

"A year ago my wife and I had a nest-egg put aside for the evening of our lives, and my two grown-up sons borrowed it, promising to return it with interest soon.

"Having absolute trust in them, we lent the money without asking for security, but now that we need it, instead of returning it, they declare that they never received it, and refuse to give us a penny piece.

"What would you advise me to do with two such ungrateful sons?

"Pleading with them seems useless, and the worry of it all is making our lives a burden to us. They are in a position to repay us—indeed, they are living most extravagantly—yet they will not allow us a few shillings weekly to enable us to live in comfort."

"HUMANIST" says:—*Such ungrateful sons are not deserving of the slightest consideration, and even though you have no documentary evidence of the debt, I should advise you to consult a solicitor with the view of taking action to recover the money you lent them.*

• • •

The Price a Man Pays

"My brother years ago was condemned to pay maintenance for an illegitimate child of which he became the father. His circumstances have lately changed and he has offered to provide a home for the child as an alternative to weekly payments, but his offer has been refused. Can payment still be enforced against him?"

"Humanist" says:—*Yes. It may seem hard to many that this should be so, but it should be remembered that money is at best but poor compensation for the price the woman pays in such a case.*

Keeping a Promise

"My husband has been unfaithful, involving my own younger sister whom I promised my dying mother I would look after. Do you think I should keep my promise after such a terrible thing has happened, and what about me and my husband?"

"Humanist" says:—*I think such treachery on the part of your sister and your husband jointly absolves you from any obligation under your promise to your dead mother. If you have done everything possible to safeguard your sister's morals and the guilty couple remain unrepentant the best thing you can do is to divorce such a worthless husband.*

Why Worry?

"I am about to be married to a man whom I dearly love, but I have discovered that, although I have always borne my parents' name, they married after my birth, and I was registered in my mother's maiden name. Will my marriage be proper and legal in the name I have always used?"

"Humanist" says:—*A marriage is always proper and legal in the names by which the contracting parties are generally known. Why worry? What's in a name, seeing that you will soon have your husband's?*

GIVE HIM CURRANTS
—He likes them!

And he needs them too. They help his growing body and give him strength. One pound of Currants have a food value equal to 3½lbs. of grapes and very much more nutriment than best beef. All the family should have plenty of Currants in some form or other.

Currant Bread
IS GOOD TO EAT

Central Currant Office (London), Advt. Dept., 10-13, New Bridge Street, E.C 4.

THE PRESCRIPTION YOUR PHYSICIAN WRITES

℞ for Nasal Catarrh

If you suffer from catarrh, Glyco-Thymoline will give relief.
19,567 doctors have successfully used this soothing and healing antiseptic. Follow their lead; a nasal spray of Glyco-Thymoline twice daily will banish all discomfort.
At all chemists, 1/10, 3/8, 7/6.
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GLYCO-THYMOLINE
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NOT SOMETHING NAMED TO SOUND LIKE IT

Sip it-Drink it-Drain it

-and fill up again

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GINGER WINE
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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

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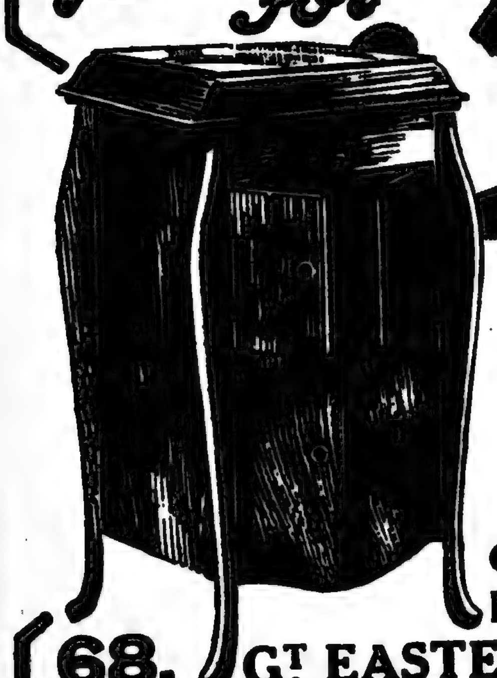

Handsome Model, finished Mahogany or Oak, fitted with our famous Double Spring, 3-Record Motor, and every Mechanical Refinement.

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Giving complete Range of our models.

or call at our new Showroom,

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68, Gt EASTERN ST., E.C.2.

HEALTH!

Happiness—Hopefulness

LIFE that's worth living centres around one thing—health. For health is happiness and happiness is hopefulness as surely as youth is beauty. To this desired condition Wincarnis brings three powerful agents of health—the juice of the grape, the concentrated extract of beef, the vital properties of malt.

The strain of modern life is admittedly severe. At no time in history was health and strength and vigour, physical and mental, more necessary or more valued than it is to-day.

To this courageous "will to health" Wincarnis brings its inestimable service. After nearly 50 years, Wincarnis enjoys a higher reputation than at any time since its inception.

In the hour of lassitude, or temporary exhaustion, when the strain seems a little too great and the road a little too steep, Wincarnis provides both strength and stimulation, buoyancy and animation.

The great reserve forces of Nature respond to the influence of Wincarnis as surely as flowers turn to the light.

Wincarnis cheers, animates and strengthens all who wish for cheerfulness, animation and strength. The three vital forces of Wincarnis—wine, beef and malt—form an irresistible combination, equally suitable for men and women. Wincarnis is for all who will not grow old.

As recently as August 13th last a distinguished physician wrote:—

"I usually prescribe Wincarnis for my "adult patients whenever a tonic is "indicated, and in most cases it has "met with prompt success. Its con"stituents make it the most efficient "strength-reviving agent I have met "in a long course of medical practice. "From my knowledge of the method "of preparing Wincarnis, there is "no possible doubt as to its value in "most of life's every day illnesses."

The doctor's words are comprehensive, they are significant. "THE MOST EFFICIENT "STRENGTH-REVIVING "AGENT I HAVE MET IN "A LONG COURSE OF "MEDICAL PRACTICE." Wincarnis will amply justify these words. Send for *your* sample of Wincarnis and prove for yourself its strengthening, stimulating properties.

Extract from Statutory Declaration: *"The only wines used in the manu"facture of Wincarnis are PORTS, MISTELLAS and other IMPORTED "RED WINES. All such wines are GUARANTEED BY THEIR "RESPECTIVE SHIPPERS to be made from the CHOICEST grapes "grown in the respective districts of manufacture and further to be PURE "GRAPE WINES of EXCELLENT CHARACTER which contain no "anti-ferment or other deleterious matter."*

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From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists.

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I enclose 4d. stamps for postage and packing, for which please send me a FREE Sample Bottle of Wincarnis.
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Town ....
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Sirs,—For years I have suffered with a nasty corn under the big toe. After using Reudel Bath Saltrates the corn came right out. I enclose the corn and you are welcome to it (if it is of any use to you), as I am more than pleased to get rid of it.

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(*Signed*) E. S. DURANT.

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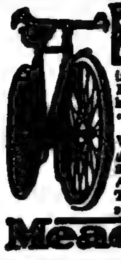

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BEST & PUREST

Our Letter Parliament

A Sinister Sabre-Rattler

Strike Folly—The Churches' Silence—Ramping the Worker

WHAT Mr. A. G. Gardiner says in JOHN BULL, November 13, needs to be brought home to our own British sheep-like followers of Mussolini. It is futile for Messrs. Joynson-Hicks, Winston Churchill, Austen Chamberlain and others, to warn us of the peril of Communism if they are, at the same time, lending encouragement to British Fascists by lauding the antics and methods of Mussolini. The peril of Fascism equals that of Communism. Both are destructive of the liberty of the subject.—*Orange, Londonderry.*

A Grim Prospect

Should there be any war soon, Mussolini is almost certain to be the instigator of it, and the present state of foreign affairs shows that there is every probability of a war in the immediate future. Thus, the same month shows Britain mourning for those who fell in the last war while those who came back are unable to find work; also Britain giving a display of her sea power; Italy flagrantly preparing for war and almost every other country arming as fast as possible.—*Dunedin.*

A Dangerous Spark

If the League of Nations connotes anything more than a name, it must see that it has an immediate duty to perform—to render impotent that dangerous, swashbuckling lunatic, Mussolini. If his autocratic despotism is allowed to dedevelop unchecked, the day will come when a spark will fall from which another European conflagration will result. It is imperative that this crazy dictator be shorn of his power.—*A. C., Manchester.*

Hot Spot for a Hot Lot

We are told that Mussolini "has his eyes on Africa," and that he aspires to make the northern portion of that continent an Italian colony. What I hope he gets is the Sahara Desert. That is about the only place where his sabre-rattling and military parades would be harmless.—*Peaceful Percy, Shelton.*

A Wasted Lesson

Mussolini's sabre-rattling can have but one ending—war. "Let the whole world see this forest of bayonets," he said, and one can, even now, visualise a still larger "forest of bayonets" pointing to Italy. Evidently, the Italian war-graves have taught Mussolini nothing. Perhaps there were too few of them.—*Joseph H. Greenwood, Cheshire.*

A Future Horror

That all the sabre-rattling of Mussolini is gradually leading to another clash of nations, the consequences of which are too horrible to contemplate, is not realised by the mass of people in this country. That we shall be dragged in is undreamt of, but unless Mussolini is checked it will be inevitable.—*M. W. G., Malton.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Cooking Cook's Goose

Mr. Robert Williams has certainly spoken out strongly in JOHN BULL against the folly of strikes. Let him ram home more and more his contention into the hot-heads of Labour who threaten strikes on any and every conceivable occasion. If he and other equally prominent Labour leaders would speak out with the same plainness as he has done in your columns, the days of Cook and Smith and their Communist *confreres* would be numbered.—*W. M. J., Middlesex.*

Mum's the Word

The Rev. F. A. Jarman, in his article "The Cross of Steel," is unduly hard on the Churches. Twice recently I have asked ministers why they did not speak out against glaring evils in our industrial world, and their answer was that to speak out would mean losing members, as the Churches comprised men of all shades of opinion.—*B., Sunderland.*

More Power

Lord Rathcreedan says more rates will be paid in nationalising electric power in certain municipalities because areas will be served which it has not paid to serve hitherto. This overlooks any increase in national prosperity which may be reasonably expected from the increased use of power.—*L. D., Denville.*

◆

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"VIOLET MAGAZINE":—"I've been contemplating giving her notice FOR WEEKS, after the mess she made of that batter-pudding LAST NIGHT."

"DAILY HERALD": — "Practically the whole of East Scotland is coated with snow, and the unexpected wildness of the conditions has given rise to much CORN to farmers."

"SUNDAY STORIES":—"As he raised it after drinking a few sips, the MOONLIGHT choked back a cry of astonishment."

"GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN":—"As a result 13 of the sheep were KILLED outright and were so seriously injured that they had to be SLAUGHTERED."

"BOYS' MAGAZINE":—"Philip Storm jerked his HEAD from his CHIN."

The Other Side

JOHN BULL is usually so fair that I feel you will not hesitate to let the other side be heard regarding the pilloried case of the Boilermakers' Society fining a member who worked overtime after being out of work for eleven months. So many members are unemployed that the society decided to pass the ordinance against overtime, feeling that it was better to let the work be shared than that one man should have too much and others none. —*H. S., London, W.*

Another Insurance Ramp

For an unbroken period of over two years I was a contributor to unemployment insurance, and then for another two years was not insurable. I again came under the Act and deductions have been made from my salary for the past three months. Recently losing my job, I am refused benefit, and although having about £10 to my credit cannot get a refund or even railway fare advanced to go after a likely position.—*A. R. W., Margate.*

Easy Voting

Why cannot voting papers for the election of M.P.s, borough councillors, or any other body be left at the houses of those entitled to vote and called for in a week by an officer with a ballot-box. By this means everyone could vote, invalids and those who dare not, or will not, leave their houses during bad weather. To business persons it would be a saving of valuable time.—*H. C. C., Highbury.*

A Frightful Toll

After the care taken by our excellent Welfare Centres to preserve child life and to ensure that all youngsters get a healthy start, it is saddening to read in the recent London County Council Report on Education that 9,029 children under the age of sixteen were killed or injured by street accidents during 1925. Surely action is necessary if our early efforts are not to be nullified.—*F. B., Ilford.*

A Vicious Practice

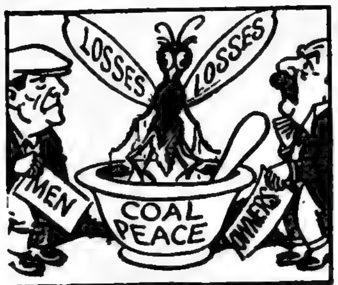
In many high-class restaurants live lobsters are boiled in water until they become red, just to make them look attractive. I have worked in different restaurants for some years and each one has practised this cruelty. Surely no one would think of boiling live cats and yet this is just the same as boiling live lobsters.—*Indignant, Plaistow.*

Thanks to "John Bull"

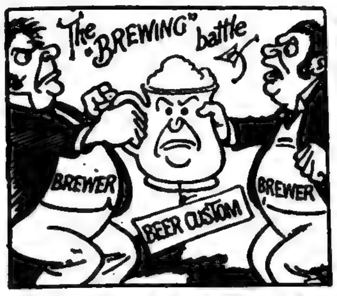
The other day I received a letter containing an offer of £1 shares for 6s. from an "investment trust." I was almost persuaded to invest, when I remembered seeing in JOHN BULL some reference to the gentleman whose name headed the letter. I saved at least £10 by being a regular reader.—*Wm. Davenport, Cheshire.*

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

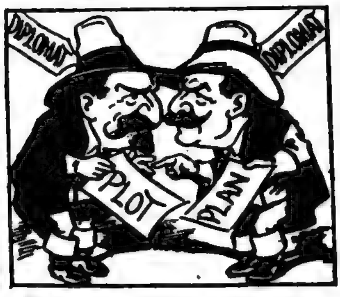
by FRANK HOLLAND



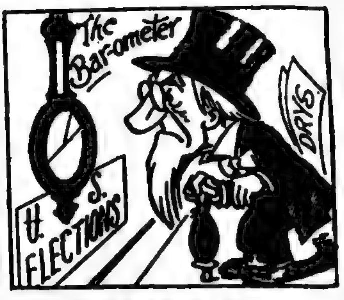
Peace no doubt will come about
But mixed with disappointment.
For both agree the loss will be
A big fly in the ointment.



We've often sung of brother Bung
And often shared his snug.
So we can smile and watch awhile
This struggle for "the mug."



Must this mystic cabalistic,
Diplomatic plotting be!
Can't it wear a somewhat fairer
Aspect than conspiracy!



Sam hasn't put on Pussyfoot
The final lid as yet,
But many eyes among the Drys
Are looking now for "Wet."

WINTER
SKIN
TORMENT

IMMEDIATELY your skin smarts or begins to feel rough, inflamed or chapped apply that ever-ready soothing healer, Zam-Buk. It is wonderfully effective!

Zam-Buk contains valuable herbal extracts which lubricate the tissues, soothe stinging pain, allay itching and inflammation and grow new healthy skin. Zam-Buk also averts the ever present danger of blood poison. ***Cold-sores, "chaps" and chilblains, frost bite, chafing*** and similar troubles are quickly ended by Zam-Buk. It provides the handiest and safest antiseptic dressing for a wide range of injuries and skin troubles.

Zam-Buk is also very effective for ***cold in-the-head*** and ***nasal catarrh*** when inhaled from the palms of the hands.

Zam-Buk

Zam-Buk 1/3 & 3/- (family size) a box. Zam-Buk Soap, 1/- a cake. All Chemists.

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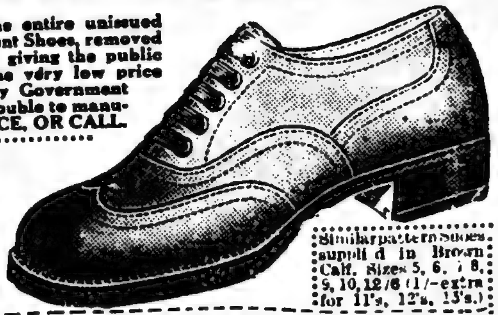

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Post 1/- extra.

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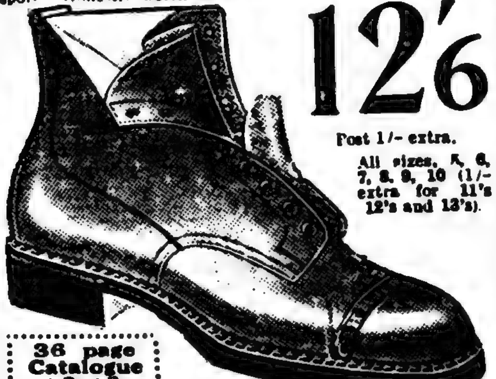

12/6

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All sizes, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 (1/- extra for 11's 12's and 13's).

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2. Stout first all leather sole.
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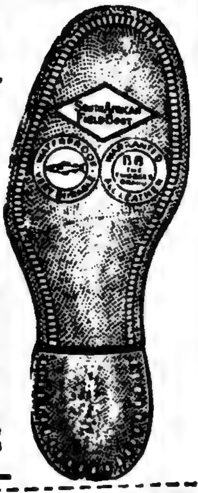
5. Solid leather whole lift heels.

See that the three stamps are on the soles. No others are genuine.



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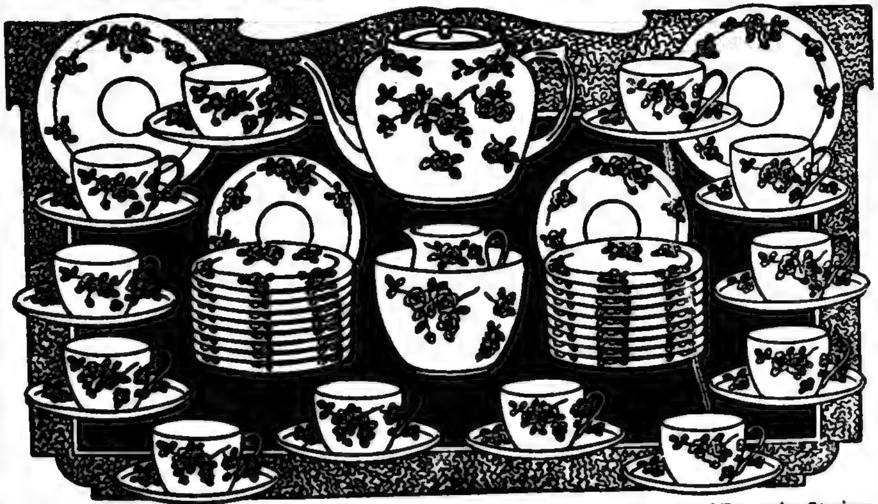

This great China Bargain (41 pieces), including Patent China Teapot, with special inverted Tea-saving Strainer,
safety lid, non-slip handle, and non-drip spout. 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Plates, 2 Bread and Butter Plates,
Sugar Bowl, and Cream Jug, all Fine Crown China, in all newest decorations, will be sent you by return
without any prepayment whatever, and on free home approval for two days, to enable you to examine the
extreme beauty and extraordinary value of these high-class real Crown China Services. Every service sent
well packed in a Case free, and Carriage paid.
So enthusiastic are we about these handsome China Services giving you the greatest pleasure and satisfaction
that we do not ask you to pay a penny piece either before or after delivery, unless you satisfy yourselves
that these China Services are the most wonderful value you have ever had.
More amazing still in addition to sending you this wonderful China Service on free home
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> Over three years ago I bought a Golden Fleece Knitting Machine, and it has proved a wonderful investment. During the past three years I have received from you over £312 in wages, for work sent you under my agreement, and have earned quite a nice sum by selling work locally. Your machine and work guarantee have proved a very great boon. I am able to turn all my spare half-hours into money by having my machine always at hand. I bless the day when I first heard of your offer of employment.
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> Yours faithfully,
> (Sgd.) L. READER,
> Liphook, Hants.

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When you buy the Golden Fleece Knitting Machine we undertake to purchase the whole of the hosiery you knit for three years.

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Mandelieu for Manchester

The Last Big Race of the Season—Mandelieu and Tournesol, the Former Preferred—Will Lambton Retire?—Kitchener's Rival

THOSE of us who find the winner of the Manchester November Handicap will forgive King of Clubs, Myra Gray and Insight. We may even feel tolerant towards Winston and his betting tax. The reason is simple.

Tournesol and Mandelieu

Spotting the ace in the last big race of the season recompenses for any number of losers and inspires confidence for the next campaign. My latest information points to Tournesol and Mandelieu, and I intend to rely on these two. I suggest they be backed each way at starting price.

Lord Derby's Horse Preferred

Tournesol will win easily if he reproduces the form he displayed in the Prince of Wales' Stakes at Newmarket, but there is an "if" about him. He is not over generous. Mandelieu, on the other hand, has been stopped in most of his races by burdens of 9 st. and over. 7 st. 13 lb. will be a feather-weight on the gelding's back. I shall have my major stake on Lord Derby's Mandelieu.

My Bookmaker Days

The Manchester November Handicap always reminds me of the only time I was ever a bookmaker. This occurred nearly twenty years ago. Some of my sporting friends, who had come to the conclusion that purchasing motor-cars de-luxe for layers was a mug's game, invited me to join their little company—"The Never Fail."

Bets against the Bank

I was to make the tenth and last member of the company. Each member had to put down £10 which formed the pool, or bank. I put up my tenner, and was informed that, in common with my fellow-conspirators, I could back my fancies throughout the season up to a pound a wager. When I won the bank would pay me. When I lost, which I did very often, my stake helped to swell the bank's funds. At the end of the season there was to be a division of the spoils, so I gathered that if I were one of the fortunate speculators I might do very well.

Why the Never Fail Failed

The Never Fail caught on, and before very long non-members were having daily flutters. The bank grew ever larger and larger. Towards the end of November there was a vision of a dividend of £30 a member, but I had not reckoned on the Manchester November. For some unearthly reason at least a third of our backers selected Old China for their final flutter. Old China won at 20 to 1, and the Never Fail failed. Not only did the Never Fail fail, but each member had to fork out another £2 before the last backer was paid. Fortunately, that year we did not have to pay a tax on turnover.

Will Lambton Retire?

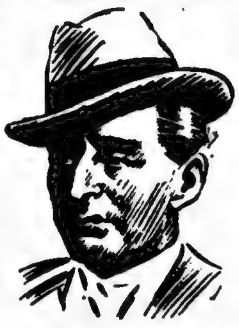
I have heard from several quarters that the Hon. George Lambton, who has been Lord Derby's trainer for many, many years, intends to retire when the curtain falls on 1926, but as the same rumour was widely circulated last year, I think it is advisable to wait and see.

A Jockey's Profession

If Dame Rumour is not a lying jade, once more we may have the pleasure of seeing another volume of the Hon. George's reminiscences at some future date. They are sure to be packed full of interesting stories and gossip. Some time ago I remember seeing an interesting article from his pen entitled "A Jockey's Profession," which appeared in *English Life*. I gathered from it that a jockey's life is not a bed of roses. One story he told related to a colt which "Brownie" Carslake rode for him.

How "Brownie" Carslake Won

The horse had been very backward and was only just beginning to show Mr. Lambton that he was more than useful. He told Carslake that he would win all right, and asked him not to show up the colt too much. "Brownie" — the artist — won by a head, but with 14 lb. in hand of the second, a hot favourite.


The Hon. George Lambton

A Disgusted Owner

The owner of the second was convinced that his horse should have won easily, and was so annoyed that he told his trainer not to let the jockey ride any more of his horses! I do not suppose that many JOHN BULL readers know that the Hon. George is a brother to Lord Durham, whose horses are trained by Percy Peck.

FOR YOUR NOTE-BOOK

RESIDUE, disqualified for second place in the Osmaston Nursery at Derby, would have won but for swerving. The youngster may make amends in the valuable Lancashire Nursery.

SILVER CRAG has not been one of Stanley Wootton's lucky horses this season, but he is useful. He has a decided chance in the Sedgley Three-Year-Old Handicap on Friday.

FRANK BARR.—This one of MacColl's should not be missed if he runs this week. The gelding is doubly engaged.

KWEI is the best of Captain Hogg's entries at Manchester. The Russley trainer usually wins at the meeting.

NALDERA should win the Final Plate. She has been running in much better company throughout the season.

MELRUSH is the best bet of the week. The gelding is engaged at Kempton on Saturday.

Before Tatt.'s

As a result of Tattersall's receiving the verdict in the recent law case when their right to adjudicate in disputes between bookmakers and clients without the consent of both parties, or to adjudicate contrary to the wish of one party, was challenged, several correspondents want to know how much it costs to take a dispute before the committee. The hearing fee is one guinea. Disgruntled backers or bookmakers must go before the Court of Enquiry, which consists of leading patrons of the Turf, to state their case. The defendant is then heard, and the chairman pronounces the Committee's verdict. As a rule, the proceedings are very brief.

Freddie Fox's Best Season

One of the outstanding features of the fast-closing season has been the fine riding of Freddie Fox, who is second in the list of winning jockeys with over seventy successes to his credit. Freddie was born in Shropshire in 1888, and has been in the saddle, on and off, for more than twenty years. He has ridden over 650 winners in England in his long career, and looks good for many more. Up to 1926, his best year was in 1909, when he scored on sixty six occasions.

Kitchener's Rival

I think I have mentioned that Kitchener who rode Red Deer to victory in the Chester Cup many years ago went to scale at 3 st. 4 lb. I thought I had found his equal at Liverpool when F. Payne mounted Lord Astor's Poet in the Westmoreland Apprentice Stakes On enquiry, I learnt that the lad's riding weight was 4 stone.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special.

G K V C I R W T Z F M N U H

X P Q 3 S O E B D Y A L J 2

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. AMLZWNSWJ would read MANDELIEU.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, November 24, to Tuesday, November 30.

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Bury, Huddersfield, Manchester C., Swansea, Celtic, Glasgow Rangers.

5 HOME.—Bury, Sunderland, Portsmouth, Swansea, Celtic.

4 HOME.—Huddersfield, Leicester, Manchester C., Dundee.

3 AWAY.—Hull, Preston, Airdrie.

3 DRAWS.—Tottenham v. Newcastle, Middlesbrough v. Southampton, Falkirk v. Hibernians.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Bury, Huddersfield, Celtic, Preston, Airdrie.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Celtic, Bolton, Wednesday v. Cardiff.

SPECIAL 5 HOME (League I. and II.).—Bury, Huddersfield, Sunderland, Manchester C., Swansea.

FORECASTS FOR DECEMBER 4

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Aston Villa, Bolton, Burnley, Cardiff, Newcastle, Sheffield U.

AWAY WINNERS.—Birmingham, Sunderland.

DRAWS.—Arsenal v. Bury, Leeds v Tottenham, Manchester U. v. Huddersfield.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Chelsea, Hull, Middlesbrough, Notts. Co., Port Vale, Preston, Southampton.

AWAY WINNERS.—Grimsby, Notts. Forest.

DRAWS.—South Shields v. Darlington, Wolverhampton v. Oldham.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Northern).

HOME WINNERS.—Durham, Halifax, Lincoln, Rochdale, Tranmere.

AWAY WINNERS.—Nelson, New Brighton, Stoke.

DRAWS.—Barrow v. Wrexham, Hartlepools v. Ashington, Stockport v. Chesterfield.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Southern).

HOME WINNERS.—Brentford, Brighton, Exeter, Merthyr, Millwall, Norwich, Southend, Swindon.

AWAY WINNER.—Newport.

DRAWS.—Bristol R. v. Watford, Luton v. Bristol C.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Cowdenbeath, Hibernians, Glasgow Rangers, Partick, St. Johnstone.

AWAY WINNERS.—Dundee, Hearts, Queen's Park.

DRAWS.—Airdrie v. Aberdeen, Motherwell v. Celtic.

WATCH THIS SPACE
The
S. L. A. S.
Is Coming.

Do you feel old?

"A man is as old as he feels"

Thousands of hale and hearty people who have reached middle-age owe their splendid health to Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Whenever they begin to *feel old* they feed their nerves with this splendid tonic restorative.

Follow their example! Dr. Cassell's Tablets will rejuvenate your nerves and digestion, induce restful sleep, and give you a sense of general well-being.

Take two to-night, feel fit to-morrow.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

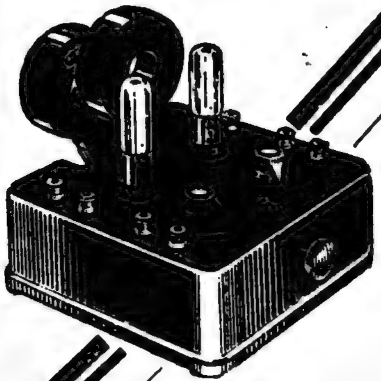
1/3 and 3/- per box,
of all chemists & stores.

YOU CHOOSE GRAMOPHONE AND RECORDS

I guarantee to please you because I supply **QUALITY** instruments only, guaranteed for 5 Years. Any Horn, Hornless, Table Grand, Portable, or the famous **"ROBEYPHONE"** sent on 14 **DAYS' FREE TRIAL, PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID.** First instalment secures immediate delivery. Thousands of testimonials. Money refunded if dissatisfied. **WRITE FOR MY FREE LISTS AND CHOOSE A QUALITY INSTRUMENT AND AS MANY RECORDS AS YOU LIKE.**

GETS DELIVERY NOW

Chas. T. Robey. Ltd
THE WORLD'S PROVIDER DEPT 3 COVENTRY.



You can have this Burndept Ethophone-Duplex Receiver for £5-5-0

Licence 25/- extra.

A wonderfully efficient low-priced Receiver that will operate a Loud Speaker!

SOLD COMPLETE WITH VALVES AND COILS.

WHY dabble with cheap and inefficient wireless outfits when a genuine Burndept Valve Set can be obtained for as little as £5 5s. 0d. The Ethophone-Duplex is a 2-Valve Receiver that operates a 2,000 ohm or Type 750 loud speaker at ordinary room strength without any additional amplifying apparatus, and is the limit of sinplicity. Good results are obtained within 20 miles or so of a normal power station, and within 80 to 100 miles of Daventry. With head-phones considerably greater distances. A wonderful instrument at a wonderful price. Send for full particulars or ask your local Burndept Dealer for a demonstration.

BURNDEPT WIRELESS LIMITED

Head Offices and Factory: Blackheath, London, S.E. 3
London Offices & Showrooms: 15, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2
AGENTS AND BRANCHES EVERYWHERE

PHILLIPS RUBBER HEELS

Perfect fitting . . . . Do not slip.
Ladies'. 1/- pair. . . . . Men's . 1/6 pair.

Wonderful wear from Every Pair!

Sciatica

instant relief—use Sloan's

For more than 40 years Sloan's Liniment has brought relief and comfort to thousands of victims of Sciatica, and Rheumatic Aches and Pains. Many sufferers almost gave up hope of relief until they used Sloan's. Get a bottle to-day. See for yourself how quickly it kills pain. No rubbing required—Sloan's penetrates.

Always keep a bottle handy ready at any time to kill pain.

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURITIS, SPRAINS, CRAMP, BACKACHE, STIFFNESS

"CRIPPLED WITH SCIATICA."—"I was very bad with sciatica and unable to walk without assistance. I am now perfectly cured after taking a friend's advice and using Sloan's Liniment."—Mr. J. McKenna, St. Patrick's House, Kilmainham, Dublin.

Of Chemists 2/- and 4/-

Sloan's LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

JOHN BULL *Replies*

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

ACTS of Parliament are tricky in their construction, apparently framed simply to give trouble. This is painfully evident in the case of those measures dealing with pensions. Many rightly entitled to benefit find themselves in difficulty because of some red-tape hindrance. If you are in this plight send particulars, with stamped, addressed envelope, to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service. In hundreds of cases we have been able to cut the red tape, with immense advantage to the ex-Service men, widows and others who had been pushed aside. Our experts know how to use the knife.

* * *

C. Y. (Hythe).—" I can defy Anno Domini." And also Ananias.

F. G. (Buxton).—" How much space can you give me ? " Just this line and a bit.

N. A. B. (Preston).—" She smiled at me." When we saw your photograph we laughed outright.

M. A. G. (Hammersmith).—" Mistletoe is a parasite.' We notice there's a lot of clinging beneath it.

R. L. (Darlington).—" Christmas comes but once a year." Yet it's always the " present " season.

JESSIE A. (Bradford).—" I detest him—abhor him—hate him ! " Send us a bit of the wedding-cake.

MRS. I. C. (Southborough).—" I intend to do as I like." Hope your husband will like what you do.

B. A. (Chudleigh).—" I was run down, so the doctor recommended walking." Just the way to get run down.

R. S. H. (Kilburn).—" Don't dare to tell your readers my article is no good." If we published it they wouldn't need telling.

MISS L. (Lincoln).—" Whatever other people say I shall certainly wear nothing but a beret this winter." Tut, tut, Godiva !

MRS. D. (Manchester).—" My boy is always playing truant from school to go fishing." He hates his books but baits his hooks.

MRS. V. (Little Marlow).—" It is woman's work to provide for the inner man." And many men's for the outer woman.

T. M. (Caterham).—" I bought the baby an india-rubber soother ; but he wouldn't have it in his mouth.' So it was a suck for you, instead.

D. F. (Brixton).—" This is only the first of a long series of articles on Revolution." Good—we have cancelled our order for fire-lighters.

A. W. (Chard).—" You may lead a horse to water but you cannot make him drink." And send a man to Parliament but fail to make him think !

B. D. (Sittingbourne).—" When a man has a lot of little children he may sing for all the pleasure he gets out of life." Oh, why did I kiss that girl ?

F. F. (Swansea).—" I must confess the girl made me completely lose my head." Then you'll be in danger of offering her your heart and hand in addition.

R. R. (Winchester).—" When I was a boy, I was punished for reading a novel." And don't you find it sometimes brings its own punishment even now ?

B. L. (Cardiff).—" How is a Government department worked." It isn't !

S. G. (Brixton).—" Do you believe in signs ? " Yes, if attached to cheques !

C. O. R. (Hucknall).—" What kind of sermons do you like best ? " Short ones.

S. S. (Leeds).—" The bookmakers' strike was futile." It certainly made no odds.

MAUD (Bath).—" I would like you to come and see me." What ! at your address ?

D. R. (Hitchin).—" My young son has all the makings of a Cabinet Minister." Pessimist !

F. M. (Wardour Street).—" Jackie Coogan is growing up." We all owe a debt to kindly Nature.

V. S. D. (Lightcliffe). —" Hard work brings its own reward." Yes, a swollen income-tax demand.

VOTER (Leeds).—" Can you tell me how to vote at the next election ? " Put a X on the ballot-paper.

L. O. (Euston).—" Our flat is so small one couldn't swing a cat in it." Well, who wants to swing cats ?

H. R. L. (Glossop).—" The truth will leak out." It must have been leaking out of you for a long time.

D. G. (Hanwell).—" What is a good thing to take for a cold when going to bed ? " The answer's a lemon.

BRIDE (Nuneaton).—" I made my first cake yesterday as a surprise for my husband." We note your address.

LASSIE (Glasgow).—" Whatever pleasure can there be in a lot of kissing ? " More or less as the face may be.

P. B. (Sefton).—" I always sing in my bath." Naturally. Nobody can get at you when the door is locked.

N. S. (Ipswich).—" Though a perfect stranger, the man came up to me and claimed relationship." The fellow must be a fool.

E. H. (Leyton).—" There wasn't a potato in the whole sack bigger than a marble." But you should be thankful for even small murphies.

F. H. N. (Hampton Wick).—" You didn't receive me when I called on you. Has old-fashioned courtesy gone out ? " No, but we had.

J. H. F. (Farnborough).—" I am resolute to be master in my own house and my wife knows it." Another home without a cradle !

H. F. C. (Ilford).—" Do you believe that nature ordained that human beings should be unequal ? " Yes—that's the long and the short of it.

F. N. T. (Longport).—" Why do tube conductors seem to find delight in slamming the gates in one's face ? " Perhaps there is something they don't like about your face.

L. W. R. (Clapton).—" Our baker assures me that he comes of quite a good old English family." And he's evidently proud of his connection with the upper crust.

SURPRISED (Clacton).—" When on holiday, I took my fiancée to the Zoo, and she positively refused to go into the monkey-house." Perhaps she was satisfied to be with you.

"JOHN BULL'S"
GREAT XMAS
GIFT TO
YOU !

See page 2.

B. T. (Rugby).—" Women dress to please men." And annoy women.

T. M. (Leicester).—" What follows financial success ? " Income-tax.

MYRA (Hove).—" My visit to the hairdresser only cost 1s." A cheap bob's worth.

J. T. (Waltham).—" I am writing this to amuse myself only." You have succeeded.

E. T. (Penge).—" My friends say I'm a budding genius." Don't be a blooming idiot.

L. L. (Tilbury).—" I enclose my photograph. What do you think of it ? " We try not to.

P. N. (Weymouth).—" A crank will never make much of a success in life." A self-starter will.

MINNIE (Acton).—" I am like both father and mother." Don't speak evil of your own parents, Minnie.

G. G. (Sawdon).—" My next door neighbour is a perfect fool." That accounts for one of you, anyway.

B. P. (Cheam).—" My son is a lad of the right stamp." But requires licking occasionally, we suppose.

P. Y. (London, E.).—" I have mastered the ABC of health." UR2B congratulated on your YZ.

T. N. (Highgate,—" There are some peculiar creatures to be seen at the Zoo." So the animals must think.

G. P. (Coniston).—" Dogs in the road are a fruitful cause of accident." So are birds beside the driver.

MOLLIE (St. Albans).—" Railway food always seems stale." That's because you don't insist on current buns.

W. H. (Macclesfield).—" This is my sister's third fiancé." What an engaging disposition she must have !

L. N. (Norwich).—" I'd like to work as your office-boy." You have original ideas as to what office-boys do.

B. M. (Chelsea).—" I don't pretend to know anything about women." Some people do and know just as much.

MOLLIE (Beeston).—" I won the booby prize three times in succession." And is he now your own for keeps ?

J. J. (Lichfield).—" It isn't everybody that's born good." But most have some sort of a chance to make good.

M. W. (Pinner).—" Why do parsons persist in saying 'lastly' ? " Just to give you fair warning they intend to last.

J. M. (Chepstow).—" I am coming up to London on a flat-hunting expedition." What are you—a company promoter ?

V. E. S. (Clacton).—" You have no experience of surgery, I presume." Well, we have shaved with a safety-razor.

R. T. (Uxbridge).—" Where there's a will there's always a way." And where there's a bill there's something to pay.

J. W. H. (Preston).—" I am an adept at making carved bellows." And what do you do with them ? Blow out the gas fires ?

M. B. C. (Loughborough).—" She gave two farewell concerts and then went on singing." It seems much adieu about nothing.

E. D. I. (Yarmouth).—" My town is still the herring-curing centre." But we have met herrings that even Yarmouth couldn't cure.

MAISIE (Brentford).—" Are there any jewels with actual power to make one gay ? " Yes, nice bright smiles when skies are grey.

MISS G. (Leeds).—" Though he was only a coalman my father managed to amass a little competency." Did he lie in weight for it ?

R. S. (Grantham).—" Christmas is no joke when you have to pay the bills." Win that *Bullets* £1,500 this week and you can laugh at them.

MRS. JONES (Hoxton).—" I sent to the butcher's for a sheep's heart and he sent me a lamb's tongue." And then you gave him a bit of your own ?

J. B. (Sutton).—" A straw will show which way the wind blows." The same experiment is frequently demonstrated with the aid of a bowler.

VICTOR (Mansfield).—" What did you think of the picture I sent you of a prize hen ? " Wonderful. We put it in the waste-paper basket and it laid there.

F. K. (Hammersmith).—" Which is the best way to try and get into touch with departed spirits." Well, if you were an American we should say try a boot-legger.

N. B. G. (Hampstead).—" I find difficulty in getting home from the club at night now that street-lighting is reduced." Why not wait another half-hour and go home by daylight ?

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

SUFFERED WITH BAD IRRITATION

Affected Arms. Little Pimples Broke Out. Cuticura Healed.

"For years I suffered with a very bad irritation which affected my arms. Little pimples broke out that were very red, and the irritation was unbearable. I could not sleep at night.

"I tried everything but could get nothing to help me. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After the first application I got relief so purchased more, and after using two cakes of Soap and one box of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. J. Habbick, 105, Coventry Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow, Scot.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are all you need for all toilet uses. Bathe with Soap, soothe with Ointment, dust with Talcum.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

BEST DIET ADVICE.

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane has demonstrated the vital importance of proper diet in the maintenance of health and as a remedy for illness.

Everyone who would appreciate a little free advice and guidance on this very important subject should write to the great diet expert, Mr. EUSTACE MILES, (Dept. D.B.J.), 40, Chandos Street, London, W.C.2.

Give FULL DETAILS of all foods and drinks at each meal.

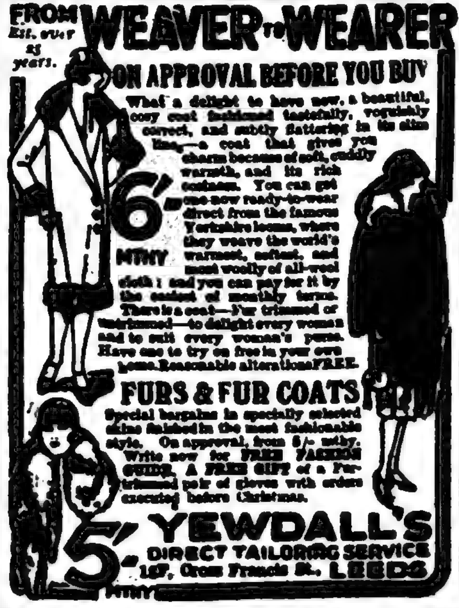
Write name and address in CAPITALS, and enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

Hair-Growing Discovery

Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

A testing box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy St., (53 JR) London, W.1.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER



FROM WEAVER TO WEARER
Est. over 25 years.
ON APPROVAL BEFORE YOU BUY

What a delight to have now, a beautiful, cosy coat fashioned tastefully, voguishly correct, and subtly flattering in its slim lines—a coat that gives you charm because of soft, cuddly warmth, and its rich cosiness. You can get one now ready-to-wear direct from the famous Yorkshire looms, where they weave the world's warmest, softest, and most woolly of all-wool cloth; and you can pay for it by the easiest of monthly terms. There is a coat—Fur trimmed or untrimmed—to delight every woman and to suit every woman's purse. Have one to try on free in your own home. Reasonable alterations FREE.

6/- MTHY

FURS & FUR COATS

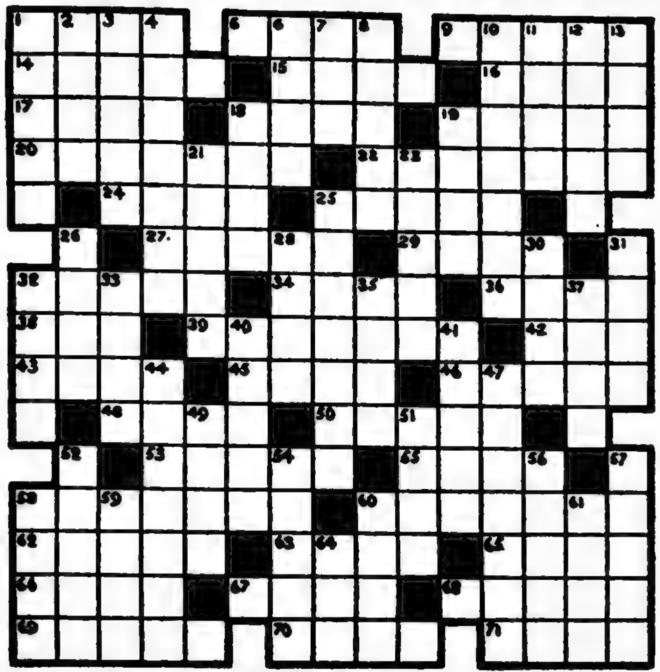
Special bargains in specially selected skins finished in the most fashionable style. On approval, from 5/- mthy. Write now for FREE FASHION GUIDE. A FREE GIFT of a Fur-trimmed pair of gloves with orders executed before Christmas.

5/- MTHY

YEWDALL'S
DIRECT TAILORING SERVICE
187, Cross Francis St., LEEDS

Our Cross-Word Corner

Where's That Dictionary?



CLUES DOWN

- 1. Low note
- 2. Miscellany
- 3. A spoon
- 4. Foot-operated machine
- 6. An ejaculation
- 7. Land measure
- 8. Theatre vestibule
- 10. Desert
- 11. Molten matter
- 12. Indolence
- 13. Otherwise
- 18. Fasting period
- 19. Irish Parliament
- 21. Stop
- 23. A mace-bearer
- 25. A hiding
- 26. Signalling system
- 28. Command
- 30. Kind of shark
- 31. A soft wood
- 32. Hasty
- 33. Composition in verse
- 35. Wither
- 37. A hard wood
- 40. Indian province
- 41. Female relative
- 44. An error
- 47. Trained
- 49. Slender
- 51. To diversify
- 52. Word puzzle
- 54. A darkey
- 56. Day by day
- 57. Tyrannical King of Judea
- 58. Ali's other name
- 59. A hollow
- 60. Top of the head
- 61. Story
- 64. Tear

CLUES ACROSS

- 1. To fasten
- 5. A slave
- 9. Forged
- 14. Fright
- 15. Wholesome
- 16. A globe
- 17. Edge
- 18. A woman of rank
- 19. Swiss health resort
- 20. Comforted
- 22. To issue
- 24. Paradise
- 25. Narrow woven band
- 27. A turning machine
- 29. Soft matter
- 32. Cords
- 34. Comfort
- 36. Distinction
- 38. Fuss
- 39. Oriental
- 42. Vegetable
- 43. To appear
- 45. To agitate
- 46. Perfect
- 48. Unmarried woman
- 50. Not at any time
- 53. Undignified language
- 55. Sour substance
- 58. When you are sleepy
- 60. High ecclesiastic
- 62. Right angles to ship's length
- 63. A neutral colour
- 65. Perverter of the truth
- 66. Sleeping berth
- 67. Stamina
- 68. Stringed instrument
- 69. Kind of flower
- 70. Exert
- 71. Stained

The solution of last week's Cross-Word Puzzle is on page 6.

A WONDERFUL BOOK

for every British Home. New Edition JUST READY.
New features, including Synonyms and Antonyms for Competitors. This book has helped others. It will help You to success.

The man who gets on in the modern world of business is the man who can speak and write good English. Resolve to acquire sound knowledge on the proper meanings and the right uses of words. The King's English Dictionary is the Book for Success.

The NEWEST and the BEST DICTIONARY of REFERENCE.

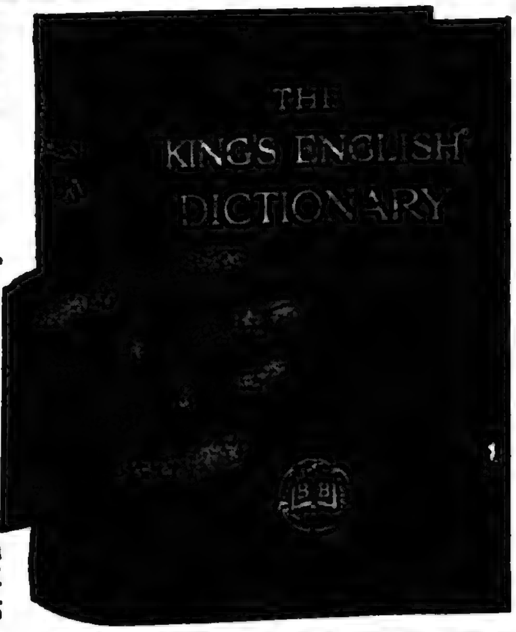
October, 1926.
Rev. W. Cooper, Woodbridge.

Many thanks for the excellent book, the "King's English" Dictionary, safely received. I am greatly pleased with it, and regard it as quite an acquisition. With congratulations upon your splendid work.

Thousands of Buyers have Written to Praise it.

A few of its many advantages:—Compact Size, Light Weight, Open Type, Up-to-date World Maps, Latest Specialist and Technical and Scientific Words, Key to Pronunciation, Biographical, Grammatical and other special sections. Section on How to Speak and Write Correct English.

Over 100,000 Expert Definitions of words.



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Please send me, without charge or obligation to order anything, your Free Book on THE "KING'S ENGLISH" DICTIONARY, New Edition, with particulars of your offer to send the book at once, payment to be made by a few small monthly payments of half-a-crown only.

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ADDRESS ....

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Health from Seaweed
1/- per packet

SEAWEENA

Trade Mark.

The New Vitamin Seaweed Tonic Food.

Wonderful Vitalizer.
Refreshing Rejuvenator.
Powerful Vitamin Tonic.
Makes you brisk and snappy.
Highly Invigorating.
Builds health in a few days.
No medicine, no aperient.
Contains 14 life elements.
A rich Sea Aroma.

FREE Send postcard for Free Sample, also Free Booklet, "Seaweed and its Story," by DR. W. J. MELHUISH, D.Sc., Ph.D.

1/- per pkt., or 1/6 with pocket sprinkler, at Chemists and Grocers, or by post.

OUR GUARANTEE

Obtain a packet of SEAWEENA, use all of it. If you do not feel intensely better in every way, post us the wrapper and we will refund your money immediately.

HYGIENIC FOOD PRODUCTS, LTD., 57a, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.

SEVERE NERVE PAINS CURED.

Queen's Road,
Barnsley.

Dear Sirs,
I have suffered awful pains in my back and head, and have spent a lot on doctors and other advertised medicines, but I had 2 boxes of URACE TABLETS, and I can honestly say I feel a new person, and I only wish I could make others believe me when I say they are indeed a great help to every one suffering pain.
Yours truly,
MRS. GILBERT.

URACE CURES AND CURES QUICKLY.

The cause of Rheumatism lies in the blood, and you cannot coax it out through the skin with plasters or belts. You cannot tease it out with oils or embrocations, or burn it out with impregnated wadding, or wash it out with medicated waters. YOU MUST DISSOLVE AND DRIVE THE URIC ACID—which causes Rheumatism—OUT OF THE BLOOD.

URACE does dissolve and drive Uric Acid from the system. It purifies the blood of all impurities and makes a cure certain. NO other remedy can do this. That is why URACE has succeeded when scores of so-called cure-alls, spas, appliances, belts, and treatments have failed. That is why URACE is freely prescribed and supported by the medical profession.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per Box.

From Boots, Timothy White & Co., Taylor's, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the URACE Laboratories, 82, St. Thomas Street, London, S.E.1.

URACE TABLETS
THE ACKNOWLEDGED REMEDY FOR
NEURALGIA, CRAMP, NERVE PAINS, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY TROUBLE, GOUT, BACKACHE, SCIATICA, &c.

RHEUMATISM'S RETURN

Every winter one hears the familiar grumble about the English climate from victims of rheumatism who are more or less disabled by stiffness and cruel pains in the muscles and joints. Rheumatism is one of the penalties of living in this country. But, although damp or wintry weather sets rheumatism raging through the system, the trouble in most cases arises in the blood, which has become impoverished. What is needed is a change of blood.

The most valuable help for men and women afflicted by rheumatism is derived from Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills make new, good blood that refreshes pain-laden, jaded muscles and stiff, aching joints, and puts ease and power into weak, tortured backs.

The tremendous influence exercised by introducing new blood into the system is proved by the promptness with which Dr. Williams' pink pills banish all troubles due to poor blood, including rheumatism, lumbago, and sciatica.

So begin Dr. Williams' pink pills now; they will strengthen you to withstand the treacherous winter months ahead without fearing illness. Of all chemists, 3s. 0d. box.

FREE. Every victim of rheumatism should read "The Way to be Well," sent free to all who write to C. F. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W. 1.

"*The Greatest of These . . . .*"

A Secret of Success

Helping the Homeless and Hungry by Stealth

AMONG the cases to which we granted assistance last week are the following:

An ex-Service man, who returned to this country from South Africa at the commencement of the year to bid a last farewell to his parents who were both dying. Since then he has had only a few temporary jobs and is now destitute.

For four nights in succession before his case was brought to our notice he had been shivering on the Embankment. He was granted sufficient to maintain himself for a week or two so that he might resume his search for employment.

An ex-Service man whose wife died a few months ago leaving him with two young children. Arrangements were made for the care of the little orphans, but, in the meantime, although his Army discharge-papers gave him a very good character, he has been unable to get work and has been living from hand to mouth and sleeping at night-shelters, his sole income being a pension of 10s. a week.

The clergyman who sent him to us described him as "a steady-living fellow, just exactly the right one to whom to give a fresh start."

A SINGLE man, crippled from birth, nearly fifty years of age, whose only relative, his mother, recently died aged ninety. He has been thrown out of work and his only means of subsistence is a weekly food ticket value 9s.

A suggestion whereby more of such cases can be helped is contained in a letter from an anonymous reader who writes:

"As I have met with slight success recently, I wish to add comfort to other people and therefore ask you to accept the sum of £2 towards your 'Greatest of These—' Fund."

If all our readers upon whom fortune smiles would follow his excellent example, the tears would be wiped from many a sorrowing widow's eyes and fresh hope put into the hearts of many honest men to carry on the struggle for existence in which they have been well-nigh worsted.

Every penny received will be distributed in relieving sufferers, the proprietors of JOHN BULL bearing the entire costs of administration of the fund.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act at the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes o give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Finchley Nurse and Prittlewell, 3s. 3d.; A. T., 6s.; "In Memory of Our Boy," 2s. 6d.; A. E. Dunckley (Bournemouth), 1s.; Jessie (Ayr), 1s.; Mrs. Bushnell (Fishponds, Bristol), 3s.; A Widow's Mite, 9d.; Sandy (Bradford), "My Ninth," 1s.; Mrs. M. A. Stephens (Cornwall), 6d.; Pinkie, 5s.; "Grateful Heart," 2s.; From a Friend, 1s.; F. Lawson, 3s. 9d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C. Cowley, 2s. 6d.; From a Friend, 2s. 6d.; J. N. & E. M., 2s. 6d.; A. J. Holmes (Belfast), 10s.; Mr. Brown (Plumstead), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. Mobbs, £1; Mr. C. Poulton (Warsash), 10s.; Mr. Oswald Gregson, 10s.; Widow (Manchester), 1s.; Folkestone (In Gratitude), £1; A. Butterworth (Hyde), 1s.; S. Dickins (S. Chingford), 1s. 1d.; N. Johnson, 2s. 6d.; Mug, 1s.; 21768, 7½d.; "Also Ran," 2s. 6d.; A. W. (Liss), 10s.; Mr. F. England, 6d.; M. A. Bentley (Barrow), 10s.; Anon. (Bristol), 10s.; N. M. (Birkenhead), 2s. 6d.; "Twopence a Week," 2s. 6d.; H. A., 5s.; "Taurus," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. C. Renis (Cawnpore), 5s.; J. H. (Southend) and parcel of clothes, 1s.; J. R. O. H., 10s.; Mr. R. O. Arscott, 2s.; H. B. (W.2), 1s.; H. E. M., 1s.; H. T. Carforth, 1s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

NEURITIS

Probably no complaint, general to millions of people, is more painful or difficult to cure than Neuritis, and sufferers turn in eagerness from one thing to another in the hope of obtaining relief.

Undernoted we give a copy of a letter received from one who has recently been cured of this distressing malady, as we believe it may be of interest to many of our readers:—

"I feel I must write and tell you of the benefit I have received from the use of 'Esmolin' Embrocation. I had Neuritis in my right hand very badly for 12 months; 10 months I was going to a doctor, and it kept getting worse. I saw 'Esmolin' advertised, and thought I would try it. I was greatly relieved in a fortnight, and quite well in a month. I wish all sufferers would use 'Esmolin' as directed, and I am sure they would be as thankful as I am."

"Esmolin" Embrocation is obtainable at all first-class Chemists or post free for 1s. 3d. or 3s. from the makers.—The Esmolin Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B., 110, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

8 Blankets 21/-

F. HODGSON & SONS LEEDS "GALAXY" BLANKET BALE
21/-

The lot, packed free, and sent on receipt of amount

Money returned in full if not fully satisfied.

- 2 Yorkshire Combed White Twilled Blankets, thick, warm, soft and comfortable, well finished and edged. Extra large size, 60 by 78 ins.
- 2 Yorkshire Combed White Twilled Blankets, thick, warm, soft and comfortable, well-finished and edged, size 51 by 70 ins.
- 2 Homespun Heather-Coloured Blankets, a most durable and useful blanket, size 50 by 70 ins., bordered.
- 2 Superb Quality White Blankets, soft, warm, and comfortable, 52 by 72 ins. Wear guaranteed.

OFFERED BELOW WHOLESALE PRICES.

100,000 Rugs GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull." On receipt of Postal Order for 10/6 we will forward direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Brussellette

Real Seamless Woven

Guaranteed Genuine Bargains

CARPETS

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns & fashionable self shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room.

Carriage 1/- extra

These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 400,000 sold during the past 12 months. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Gigantic Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free, mentioning "John Bull," 27/11/20, when writing. Established over Half-a-Century.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Woodsley Rd., City of Leeds.

SEND 5/- NOW!
FREE GIFT OF RECORDS
ART LISTS FREE!

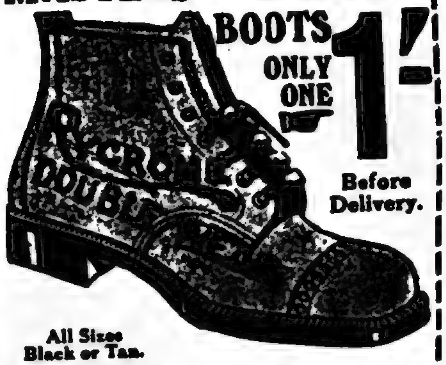
You can have a magnificent Gramophone of handsome appearance and exquisite tone on 7 Days' Free Playing Trial in Your Own Home. We pack FREE, send CARRIAGE PAID and make you a Free Gift of "Winner" or "Homochord" Records to play 6 tunes of your own choice. Small deposit of 5/- secures this Astounding Bargain. No Waiting. Money refunded if dissatisfied. WRITE NOW FOR FREE ART LISTS, and choose your model.

Cente Gramophone Co. (Dept. J.G.1), 266-270, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11

Proprietors: GEO. SMITH (Clapham Junction), Ltd.

MASTERS' 'RYCROME' BOOTS

ONLY ONE 1/- Before Delivery.



All Sizes Black or Tan.

A NEW BOOT THAT GIVES DOUBLE WEAR.

These new Boots are soled with Masters' Famous RYCROME waterproof leather, which wears twice as long as ordinary leather. We offer these RYCROME Soled Double-Wear Boots in Black or Tan, price 25/-, on special easy terms which anybody can afford to pay—1/- with order, 3/- on delivery and 4/- monthly, and you have the Boots to wear while paying your monthly instalments. Give these wonderful RYCROME Boots a trial. Send 1/- P.O. now and say what size we shall send you. Youths' Sizes 21/-, same terms. Irish Orders Full Cash. PRICE LIST FREE.

MASTERS Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, RYE.

MASTERS' SPECIAL OFFER.

Ladies High-class Fur Trimmed

WINTER COAT

2/- Deposit and balance in convenient payments.

A rich-looking Coat, quite the latest style, in good quality Velour cloth with strap and boxpleat side effect, Kolinsky Coney Fur Collar, shoulder lined, etc. Price 50/-, or 2/- with order, 4/- on delivery, and 6/- monthly. Send 2/- and say which colour we shall send you—Helio, Tan, Rust, Wine, Beaver, Blue, Brown or Navy.

RUSSIAN

LADIES' WINTER BOOTS.

Made of beautifully finished soft Tan Willow Leather, 14½ in. high. Draw-lace round top prevents sagging and ensures perfect fit. Price 39/-. Easy terms—1/6 with order, 2/6 on delivery, and 4/- monthly. Send 1/6 and say size we shall send you.

1/6 Deposit

PRICE LIST FREE.

MASTERS LTD., RYE.

The easiest way to cure a Cold is to take GALLOWAY'S

When you are sitting martyr-like with your feet in a mustard bath, un omtiʍqqk ch pleasanter it is just to take a dose of Galloway's. You will find Galloway's not only the most pleasant but by far the quickest way to drive away any cough or cold. Safe for children and sure for everybody.

Mrs. EASTHEAD, of 115, Thanet House, Thanet Street, King's Cross, W.C.1, writes:—"I feel bound to say a few words in praise of your wonderful Cough Syrup. My little girl contracted a very bad cough, and I thought she was in for a bad illness. A bottle of Galloway's relieved her at once, and in a week she was quite herself again. I shall recommend this splendid remedy whenever I can."

With Galloway's in the home there's no room for coughs or colds.

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

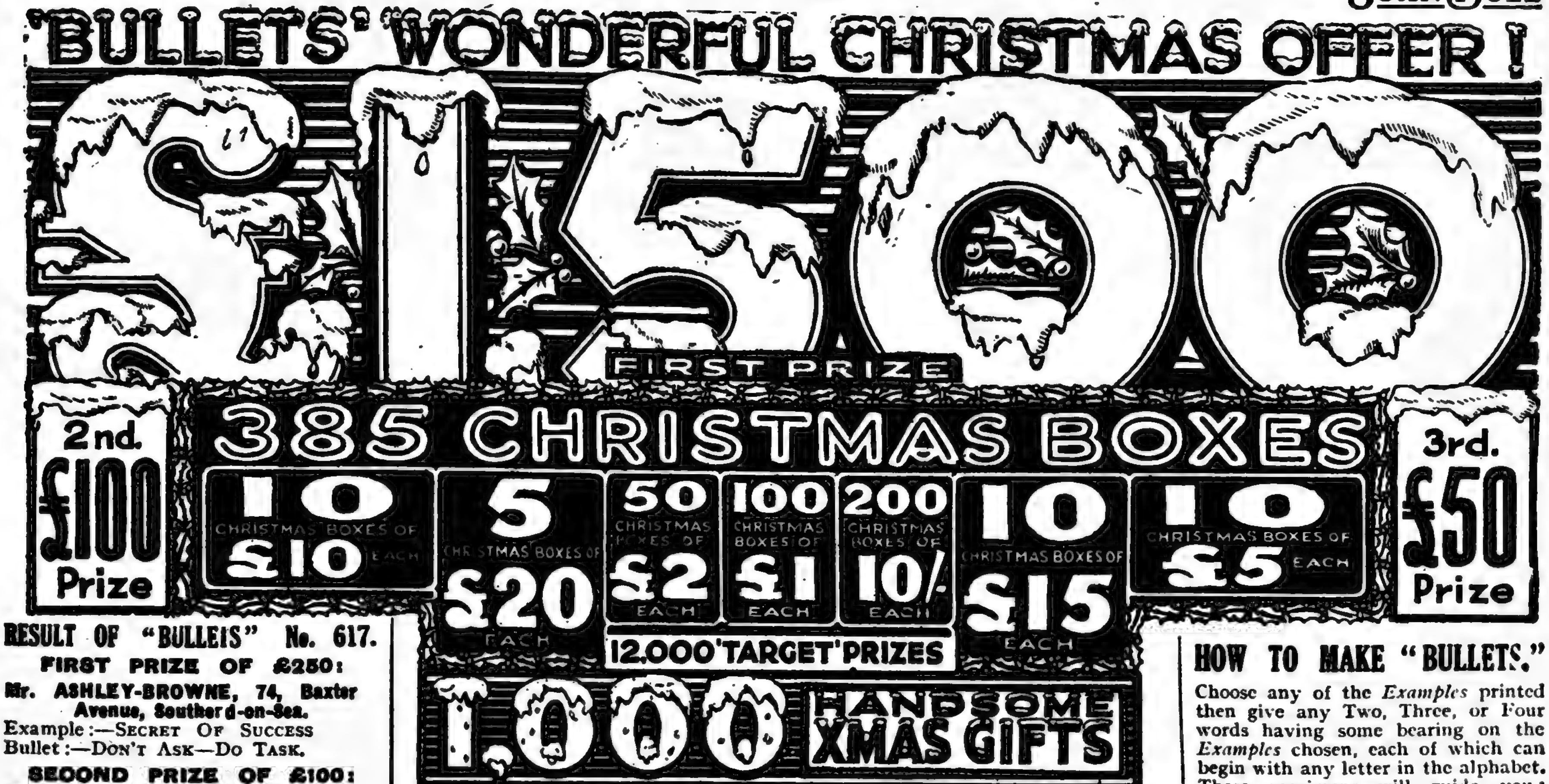
Sold by Chemists everywhere, 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle, or direct from F. H. GALLOWAY, Ltd., Chemists, London, S.E. 17. Price 1/9 & 3/3 post free.

Pool's A.S.

From Weaver to Wearer 7/- FROM MONTHLY

Gent's Suits & Overcoats, in latest West End style and cut by our own Cutter, from 7/- monthly. MADE TO MEASURE and to fit. Your individual needs are studied and you pay as you wear. Est. 25 years. Our pure wool material direct from the World-famous Yorkshire looms, keeps its shape and appearance after long hard wear. LADIES' TAILOR-MADE WINTER COATS, in latest fashionable designs. Splendid range of patterns. Write now for Free Patterns and Easy Self-measurement form.

YEWDALL'S DIRECT TAILORING SERVICE [illegible] CROSS FRANCIS ST. LEEDS


"BULLETS" WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS OFFER!
£1,500
FIRST PRIZE
385 CHRISTMAS BOXES
2nd. £100 Prize
3rd. £50 Prize
10 CHRISTMAS BOXES OF £10 EACH
5 CHRISTMAS BOXES OF £20 EACH
50 CHRISTMAS BOXES OF £2 EACH
100 CHRISTMAS BOXES OF £1 EACH
200 CHRISTMAS BOXES OF 10/- EACH
10 CHRISTMAS BOXES OF £15 EACH
10 CHRISTMAS BOXES OF £5 EACH
12,000 "TARGET" PRIZES
1,000 HANDSOME XMAS GIFTS

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 617.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. ASHLEY-BROWNE, 74, Baxter Avenue, Southend-on-Sea.
Example:—Secret Of Success
Bullet:—Don't Ask—Do Task.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. E. H. LEES, 29, High Street, Ilfracombe
Example:—If She's Up-to-date
Bullet:—"Doing Well" *Without* Baby.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. G. E. RAPPE, 97, Landguard Road, Portsmouth.
Example:—More Than One
Bullet:—Need Homes—Home Needs.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. ELLISON, Moor Road Dairy, Chorley, Lancs.
Example:—If Wages Were Doubled
Bullet:—More Vows—Fewer Oaths.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. J. GREEN, Tower Lodge, Flagstaff, Colwyn Bay.
Example:—Future Soldier
Bullet:—Drill-Sergeant Doubts It.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Miss E. Biddle, 19, Haringey Grove, Hornsey, N.
A Traveller—Makes "Connection," *Cutting* Lines.
B. Bonar, 69, Foyle Road, Londonderry.
When Sandy Pays—Blackmailer, He's Murdered Somebody.
W. Bower, 10, Churston Avenue, Upton Manor, E.
What Is A Film?—America's Silent "Big Noise."
Miss I. Boxall, 71, Southview Road, Southwick, Sussex.
Enterprising—Photographer Made *Fortune* Smile.
E. A. Bridge, 22, Nelson Square, London, S.E.
Automatic Machine—Penny Returned—Sandy Electrocuted.
D. Connolly, Green Street, Dingle, Co. Kerry.
More Than One—Servant—So Mistress Busier.
E. Harris, 1, Parkinson Terrace, Archer Street, Nottingham.
Her Car—That *Does* "Reach Forty."
W. H. Howchin, 24, Gladstone Road, Colchester.
The Boss's Wife—Went In—On—Off.
J. Nelson, 2, Osborne Avenue, South Shields.
Thoughtlessly—Dispenser Drowned His Whiskey.
H. Thomas, 16a, Lancaster Road, West Norwood, S.E.
If She's Up-to-Date—Faithful To The *Latest*.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

H. E. Bennett, 32, Cecil Avenue, Lipson, Plymouth.
Children's Hour—Only Child Feels Lonelier.
Mrs. R. E. Dutton, "Greystones," Vicars Cross, Chester.
Should Be Realised—Backers Often Welshers Too.
G. Hill, 20, North Ham Road, Littlehampton.
The Boss's Wife—His Last Lady Typist.
H. C. V. Hitchens, 63, The Greenway, Uxbridge.
A Traveller—Shown Door—Sells Hinges.
Mrs. M. Jewson, 164, Sirdar Road, Wood Green, N.
If She's Up-to-date—*Next* Husband's Virtues Extolled.
H. King, 14, Selby Road, Anerley.
If Wages Were Doubled—Because Output Was—Splendid.
J. McCormack, 123, Beckett Street, Leeds.
Future Soldier—On "Short Rations" Already.
A. [illegible] Timms, 21, Church Road, Barnes, S.W.
Makes Her Sit Up—Cat Hearing About Mussolini.
S. [illegible] Turner, c/o Crown & Sceptre, St. Mary Church.
[illegible]ate Home—One *Full* Wakes Many.
[illegible] Whitelock, 32, William Street, Ravensthorpe, Dewsbury.
Her Car—Crying Wouldn't "Move" *That*.

(Continued on page 6.)

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 620, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Example ________ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 9.
Bullet ________
Example ________
Bullet ________
(620) P.O. No. ________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 6. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ________
Address ________

Example ________ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 9.
Bullet ________
Example ________
Bullet ________
(620) P.O. No. ________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 6. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ________
Address ________

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example ________ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 9.
Bullet ________
Example ________
Bullet ________
(620) P.O. No. ________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 6. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ________
Address ________

Example ________ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 9.
Bullet ________
Example ________
Bullet ________
(620) P.O. No. ________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 6. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ________
Address ________

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

IMPORTANT **THURSDAY, DEC. 9, is the closing date,** but by posting a few days earlier you can assist us without affecting your opportunity of success.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

Choose any of the *Examples* printed then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the *Examples* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—True Love *Bullet*:—Takes Lifetime To "Tell." *Example*:—Too Many *Bullet*:—Neglect Chance—Blame Luck. *Example*:—Britain's Business *Bullet*:—"Poached" While We "Scramble."

Send postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used—see Rules on page 6.

Examples for "Bullets" No. 620

FATHER CHRISTMAS
WHAT HE TOLD HER
BEST IN THE WORLD
AFTER A KISS
WHEN FUNDS ARE LOW
IN FAIRYLAND
WHAT WE CAN DO
THE NEXT MORNING
LESSON OF THE STRIKE
TIME TO SHUT UP
FOR TWO
WHAT MOTHER WANTS
GUARDING THE EMPIRE
WHY HE FAILED
SONNY'S STOCKING
DOING CROSS-WORDS
SAID TO THE MAID
LITTLE SANDY
CHEERFULLY
MAKES HER START
WHAT TOMMY SAID
CLEVER
FOOLISH HUSBAND
ROAD TO RUIN
HER BUSINESS
TREAT FOR ME
TO-DAY
BUYING BRITISH
FUTURE WOMAN
HOUSE WE WANT
OFTEN SAID
IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?
CHANGE FOR THE BETTER
FATHER'S PRESENT
PUZZLES ME
BRITAIN'S MISTAKE
LATER ON
A LITTLE
A GOOD CRY
WHAT IS CHRISTMAS?

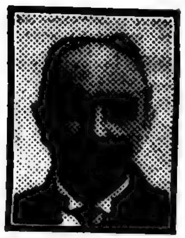
Great Epidemic of Deadly Catarrh

(Chronic Cold in the Head)

10 DAYS' TRIAL OF MARVELLOUS NEW REMEDY

POST FREE COUPON TO-DAY.

4 Years' Chronic Catarrh and Sleeplessness Cured.



Mr. H. McLAREN.

Mr. H. McLaren, 447, Holburn Street, Aberdeen, writes:—"After four years' suffering from Chronic Catarrh, the 'Shirley System' completely cured me in 30 days. I suffered terribly. At night I could not sleep for coughing. This went on for hours. Your wonderful Treatment made a new man of me. I can now sleep soundly; it has restored my appetite and general health, and there has been no trace of Catarrh for over ten months."—November 9th, 1926.

Shirley Treatment Succeeds where Others Failed.

Mrs. A. GREEN.

Mrs. A. Green, 12, Watt Street, Gateshead, writes: "Since I was quite young I suffered from Catarrh I had nasty sick bouts and was troubled very much with bad headaches. I spent huge sums of money on so-called 'remedies,' without result. But the 'Shirley Treatment' succeeded. The Catarrh is quite gone—and lots of other ailments besides."—October 26th.

2 Years' Chronic Catarrh Cured in One Month.

Mr. W. T. W. RUSSELL.

Mr. W. T. W. Russell, Market Square, Rochford, Essex, writes: "After suffering from Chronic Catarrh for 2 years the 'Shirley Treatment' has done me much good. Common colds in quick succession brought about my trouble. Taste, smell, and hearing were all affected. Head noises, cough and throat trouble were all present. Yet a decided improvement set in immediately I commenced your treatment. In a month the cure was complete."—October 14, 1926.

4 Years' Catarrh Deafness, Headnoises Cured to Stay Cured.

Mrs. COX.

Mrs. Cox, 10, Wilson Street, New Cross, London, S.E. 14, writes:—"In 1922 the 'Shirley System' completely cured me of Catarrh, Headnoises, Defective Hearing, Sleeplessness, Depression, Indigestion and Sick Bouts after four years' suffering. The cure was quite permanent and even now 3½ years afterwards, I am keeping quite well and happy. Thanks to your treatment, I have never been in better health in my life."—October 13, 1926.

A veritable epidemic of Catarrh is sweeping the British Isles at present. Our treacherous climate scores again!

Are YOU a victim of this dangerous ailment? If so, don't neglect it, or regard it with indifference, or it may endanger your life. Write to me to-day re a 10 Days' Trial of my well-known "Shirley System," which will give you immediate relief and hasten cure.

I have specialised in the treatment, relief, and cure of this distressing and endangering condition for many years, and I would strongly advise every sufferer to give my system a personal trial just now. The symptoms are easy for anyone to diagnose.

—If phlegm drops into the back of your throat.
—If you are liable to recurring colds.
—If your head feels "stuffy" and confused.
—If you have frontal headaches.
—If you suffer from difficulty of hearing.
—If your nostrils are clogged or "running."
—If you feel tired on rising.
—If you suffer from strange "head noises."
—If your eyes are "watery."
—If "crusts" form in the nose.
—If your mouth and throat are dry and painful.
—If you expectorate often.
—If your sense of smell is impaired.
—If your breath is "bad" and your mouth "dirty."
—If you have pain over the eyes.

or if you have a dry, hot skin, and alternate fits of heat and cold, you are almost certainly suffering from Catarrh.

Doctors now realise that Catarrh is dangerous. It not only causes much suffering and distress, but it has a high rate of mortality, because the slimy and poisonous mucus flows downwards especially during sleep) into the stomach, intestines, and other organs, causing Malnutrition, Debility, and a Catarrhal condition of the whole inner man that lowers resisting power to disease, and leads to such deadly ailments as Gastric Catarrh, Intestinal Catarrh, and even Consumption itself.

10 DAYS' TRIAL OF THE "SHIRLEY SYSTEM."

If YOU are in the grip of Catarrh, don't delay, but write to me to-day and learn how speedily the "Shirley System" will save you from the miseries and risks of Catarrh in all its forms, including Catarrhal Deafness and Gastric Catarrh.

It will bring you relief from the very first. The stuffed-up passages get clear, easy nasal breathing follows, head noises disappear. Headaches, too, become things of the past, and your whole system is completely cleared of the poisonous and slimy mucus. It will lift the Crushing Burden of Catarrh from your shoulders like magic.

No matter how often you have been disappointed before, or how long you have suffered, don't despair until you have tried the wonderful "Shirley System."

This treatment has proved so remarkably successful, even in the worst forms of Chronic Catarrh, Deafness, Head Noises, etc., that I will gladly send it on ten days' trial to any sufferer on the distinct understanding that if no benefit is derived no expense of any kind will be incurred. Simply fill in your name and address on the special Coupon opposite and post immediately to me. The most important point in your own interest is to **act at once and send the Coupon NOW!**

Housework Possible Again after Sixteen Years' Suffering.

Mrs. WARD.

Mrs. Ward, 21, Pleasant Valley, Saffron Walden, writes:—"Mine was a bad case of Catarrh, Deafness and Head Noises of 16 years' standing. When I started the 'Shirley Treatment,' I was unable to do my housework or even to go out. The result of your treatment is wonderful. I can breathe freely again, my throat is clear, my hearing has returned, and I have lost the head noises."—October 8, 1926.

"I was Cured in Twenty Days of Chronic Catarrh."

Mrs. J. HARVEY

Mrs. J. Harvey, 542, Bolton Road, Darwen, writes:—"The 'Shirley Treatment' has done everything you claimed it would do. After 7 years' suffering from Chronic Catarrh I was cured in 20 days! I am now quite free from all symptoms of Catarrh. Nasal and bronchial passages are quite clear. There is no more throat trouble. Other treatments did no good."—October 7, 1926.

Your Wonderful Cure made Life a "Joy for Ever."

Mr. P. PATEMAN.

Mr. P. F. Pateman, 92, Pixmore Avenue, Letchworth, Herts, writes:—"As a result of Catarrh, I went partially deaf and became a victim to head noises, pains in the ears, headaches, and a general run down condition. Your treatment proved a certain cure. After a month I was quite free from head and ear torture; and after 18 months I still find my life 'a joy for ever.' All Catarrh sufferers should get in touch with you; the wonderful healing power of the 'Shirley System' is a blessing to suffering humanity."—October 6, 1926.

FREE COUPON.

To Mr. ELMER SHIRLEY,
52, Gray's Inn Road (O.105),
London, W.C.1.

Dear Sir,—Please send me at once full particulars so that I can avail myself of 10 Days' Trial of the Shirley System as per your "John Bull" Special Offer.

(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

NAME..

ADDRESS..

....

(Personal consultations by appointment, 3 to 4 o'clock daily, except Saturdays.)

(Sanalak Ltd.)

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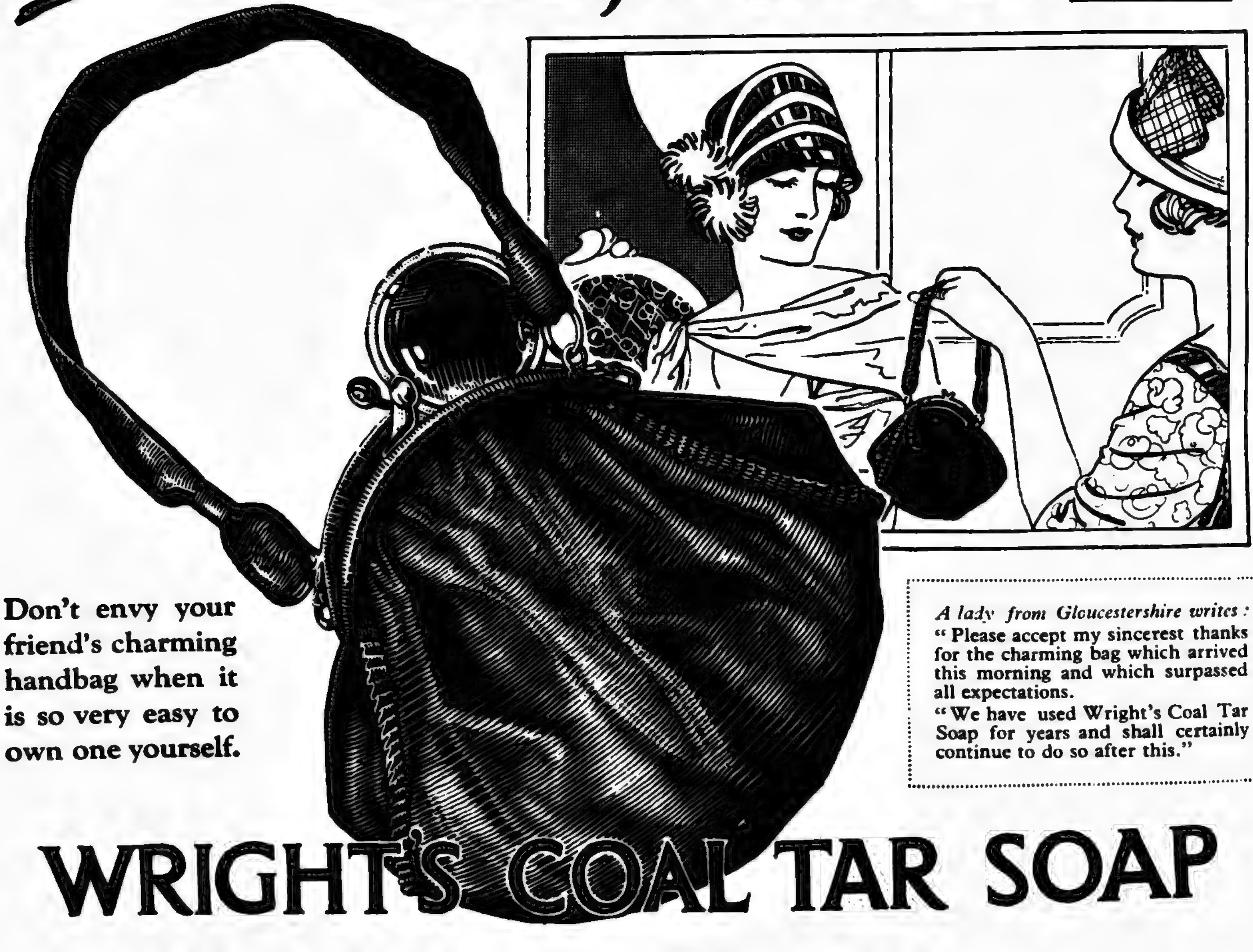
Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son's Bookshops, at 74, Marche-aux-Herbes, Bruxelles, and 248, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

JOHN BULL
XMAS ANNUAL
6D.
A Host of Good Things!

You Can have this beautiful GIFT BAG *FREE*



Don't envy your friend's charming handbag when it is so very easy to own one yourself.

A lady from Gloucestershire writes:
"Please accept my sincerest thanks for the charming bag which arrived this morning and which surpassed all expectations.
"We have used Wright's Coal Tar Soap for years and shall certainly continue to do so after this."

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

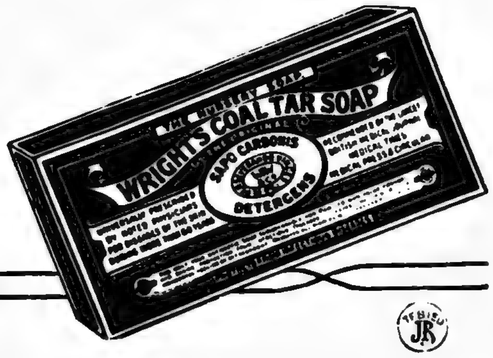
A SPECIAL offer to Ladies! The kiddies have had their *cameras*, the men their *razors*, and now we offer you this beautiful silk handbag. It is a gift worthy of your acceptance, and will assuredly give that exclusive "touch of fashion" to any toilette. Made of finest quality poult-de-soie, ruched, it is lined with silks of contrasting colours. The fastening is a strong nickel-plated one, and the bag is made with an inner division and has a captive mirror.

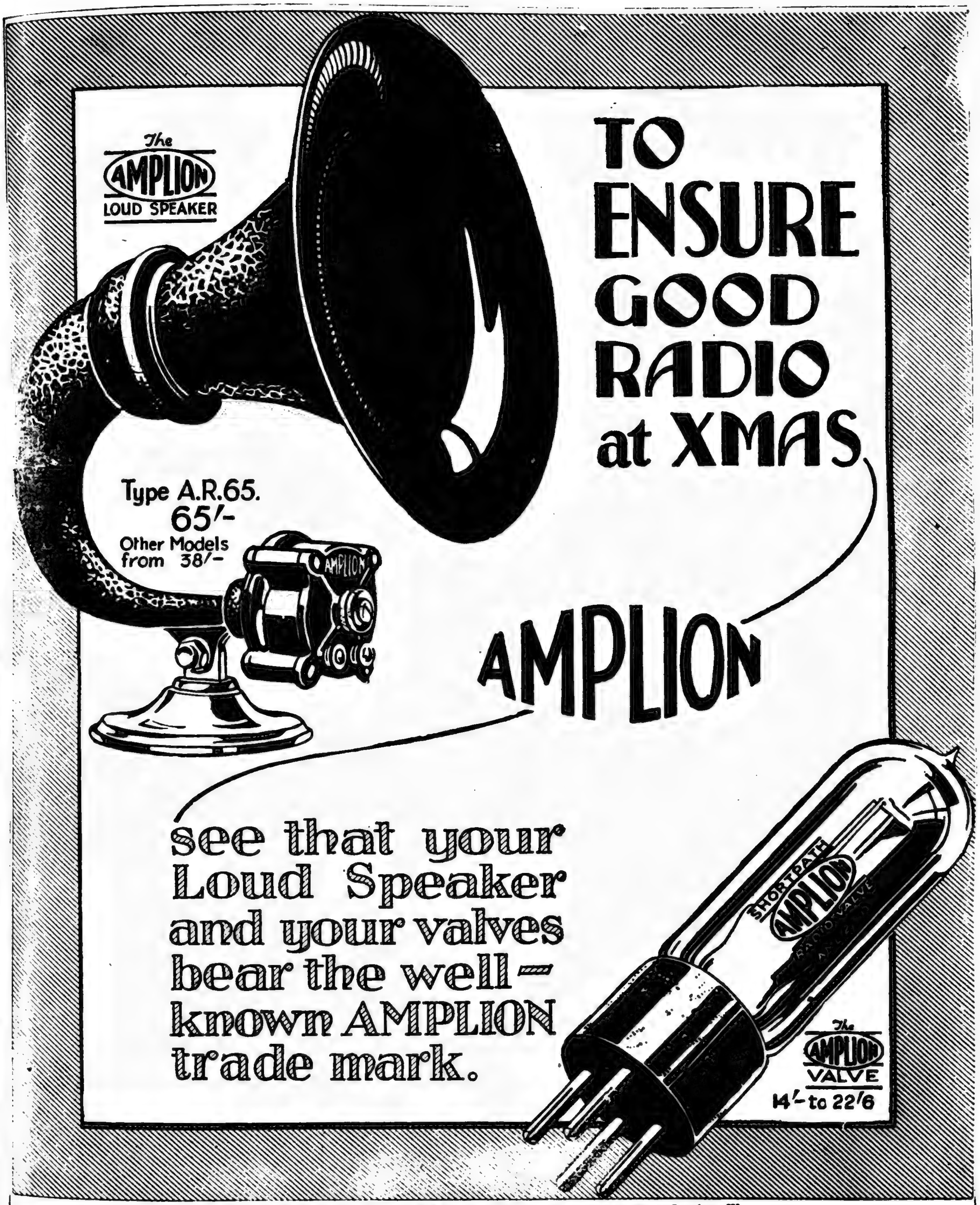
All you have to do is to save the boxes in which Wright's Coal Tar Soap is sold (1/6 per box of 3 tablets), and the printed wrappers round the soap.

When 20 boxes have been collected, cut out the yellow oval pictures of the soap and send with the 60 printed wrappers to** Department 95, **Wright, Layman & Umney, Ltd., Southwark, London, S.E.1.

Owing to the enormous demand only one handbag can be sent to any one applicant

Wright's Coal Tar Soap is sold in boxes of three tablets, each of which is enfolded in two wrappers, one plain, one bearing printed matter.

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Type A.R.65.
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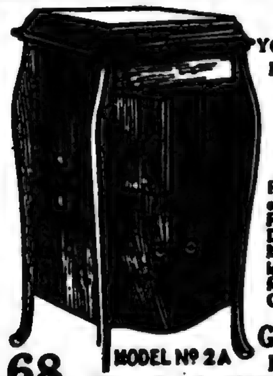

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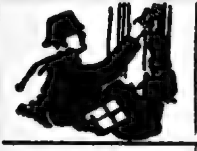

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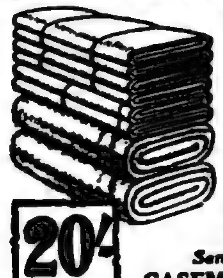

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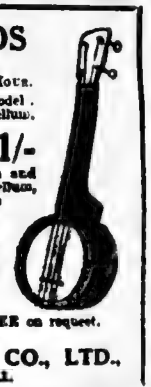

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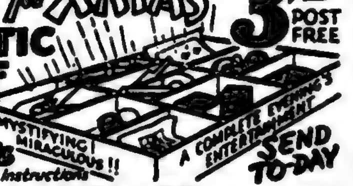

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Write for Complete Musical List.

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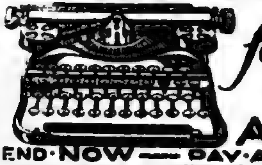

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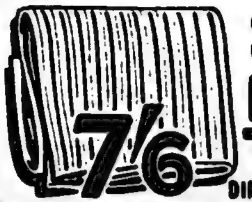

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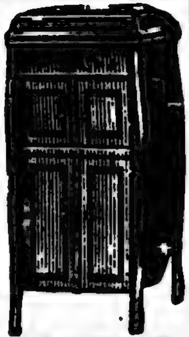
Mechanical Parts of a 1st-class

GRAMOPHONE



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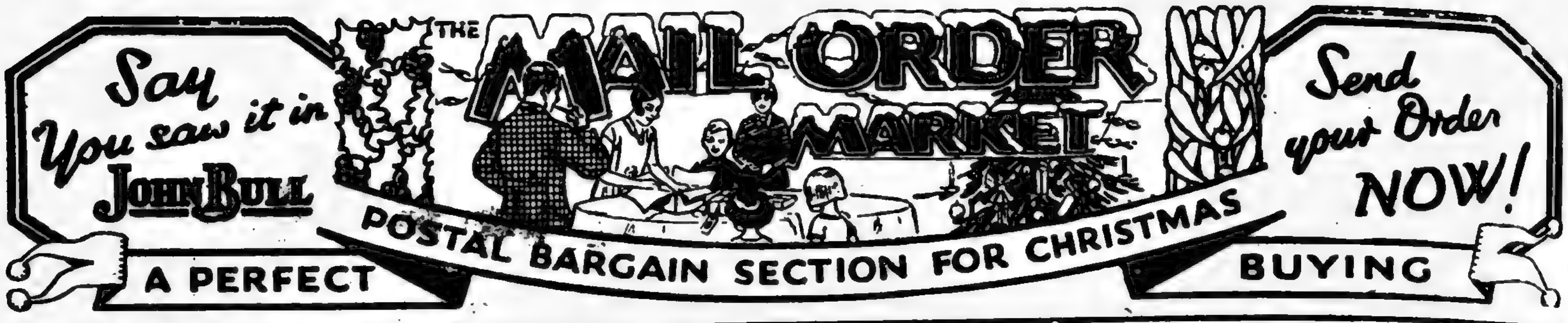
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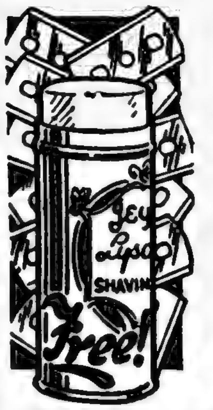

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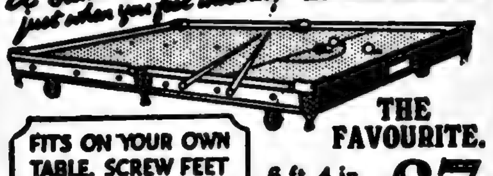

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WORKS LOUD SPEAKER.
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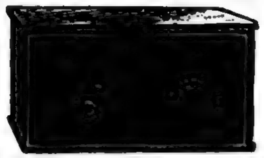

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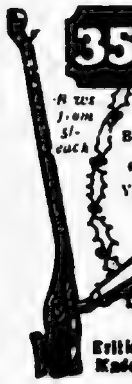

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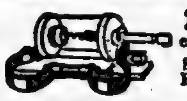

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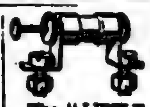

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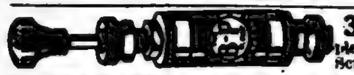

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12/6 Including Marconi Royalty, Coils, Valves, H.T. Battery, Accumulator, Aerial Equipment and *Loud Speaker or 2 Phones*

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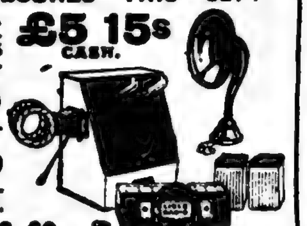

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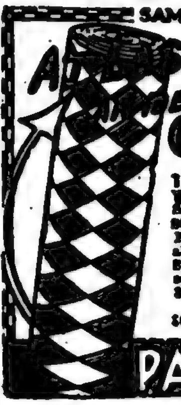

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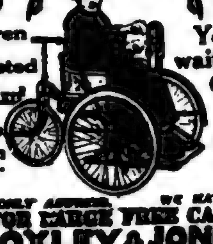

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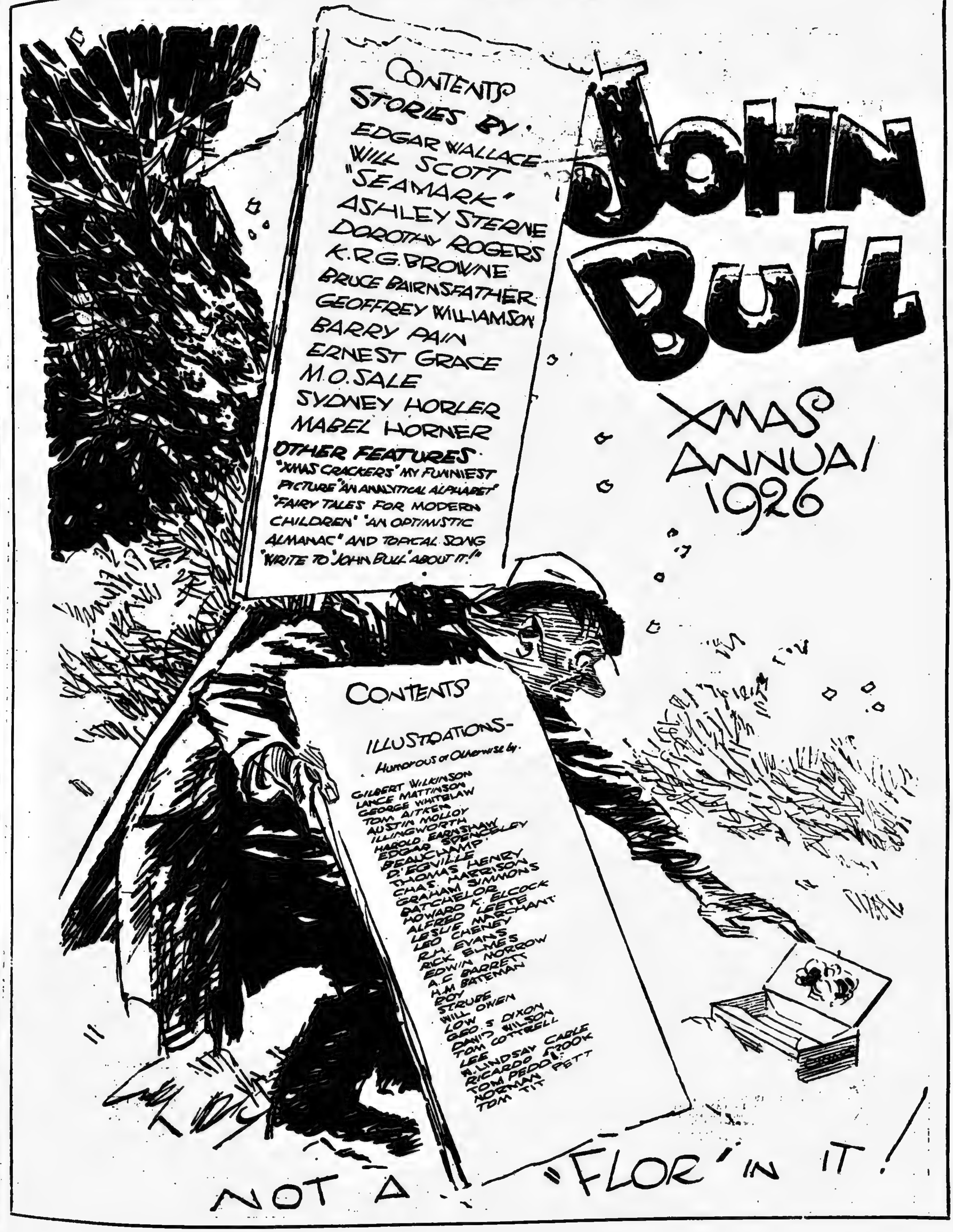

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Xmas
Cracked

SOME cracker mottoes are in verse and others are in prose. This one, you see, though very terse, is both and each of those.

* * *

Father's lament at this time of the year: Noel.

* * *

The ideal Christmas party: Stuff, and a lot of nonsense.

* * *

A plump principal boy makes one understand the pant in pantomine.

* * *

Dear Maid of Fashion, though the prudes
may grieve,
In you we hail our modern Christmas
"Eve"!

* * *

It's still true that Christmas comes but once a year. But in these days it arrives in November for a six weeks' stay.

* * *

When the weather forecasters refer to "a belt of high pressure," this does not refer to the average small boy after his Christmas dinner.

* * *

There is an unkind rumour that just prior to Christmas, parcels could be hired in Aberdeen for street wear.

* * *

The best way to deal with carol-singers is to invite them inside and give them something to eat. They can't sing with their mouths full.

* * *

To make the Christmas spirit live
I'm sending, with regret,
A present I don't want to give
And you don't want to get!

* * *

The best resolve for the coming New Year is to go at a smile a minute.

* * *

When you ask for her hand and her father says "No," don't conclude he doesn't like you. He may be merely adverse to disposing of her in sections.

A bird in the hand is bad Christmas-table manners.

* * *

As dawns this happy Christmas Day
We send our greetings due
To some who now are far away—
(And a jolly good job, too!)

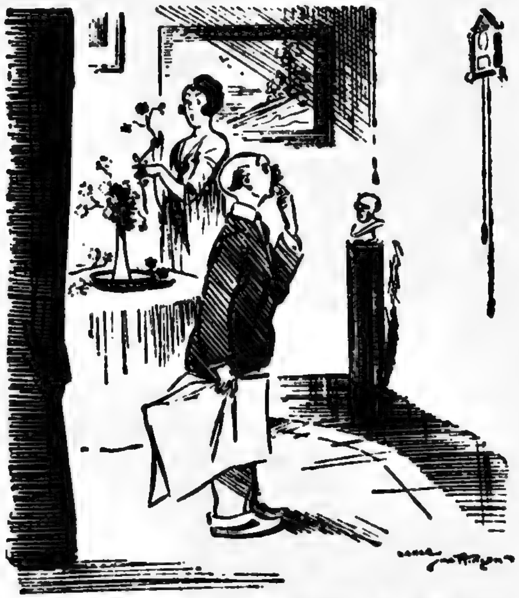
* * *

This is the season of the year when one learns if one's distant relatives are any closer than they were last year.

* * *

A wise guest would rather sit upon a form among the humble than stand upon ceremony alone.

* * *



"Wasn't it nice of mother to give you a cuckoo-clock for your Christmas present?"

"Y-y-yes—but I'm certain to forget to feed the blessed bird!"

"I live but to love thee: what more do you want?"—A ring, then a parson, and—who said a font?

* * *

It has been said that all men over forty are either philosophers or fools. There are not many philosophers in the world.

* * *

Weaklings who dread an early grave
Of Yuletide food beware;
For none except the Christmas brave
Deserve the Christmas fare!

* * *

The man who builds a fortune out of other people's pains and groans may not be a bloated capitalist. He may be merely a clever dentist.

* * *

"In these days of exploded myths and legends," says a cynical writer, "Good King Wenceslas will have to look out." But that's just what he always *has* done.

* * *

May Christmas blessings strew your path—
(How the old message thrills!)
And help you bear the aftermath
Of ills, and pills, and bills!

* * *

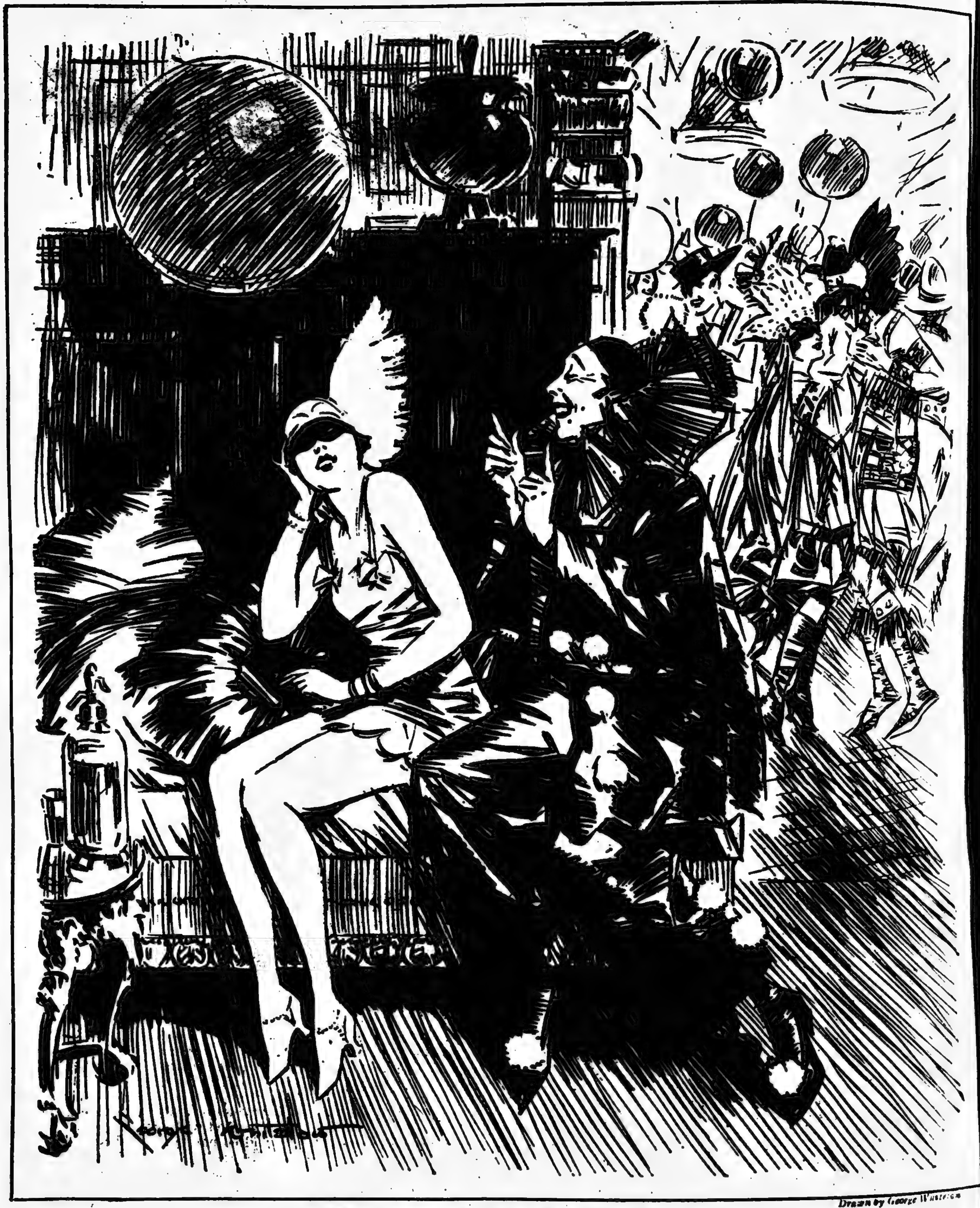
The only way we know to make good resolutions last is to let the rest of the family make theirs first.

* * *

Not without its lesson is the poignant Christmas tragedy of the shingled, monocled young lady at the party. She stood for hours under the mistletoe and, in the dim light, the men thought she was her brother.

* * *

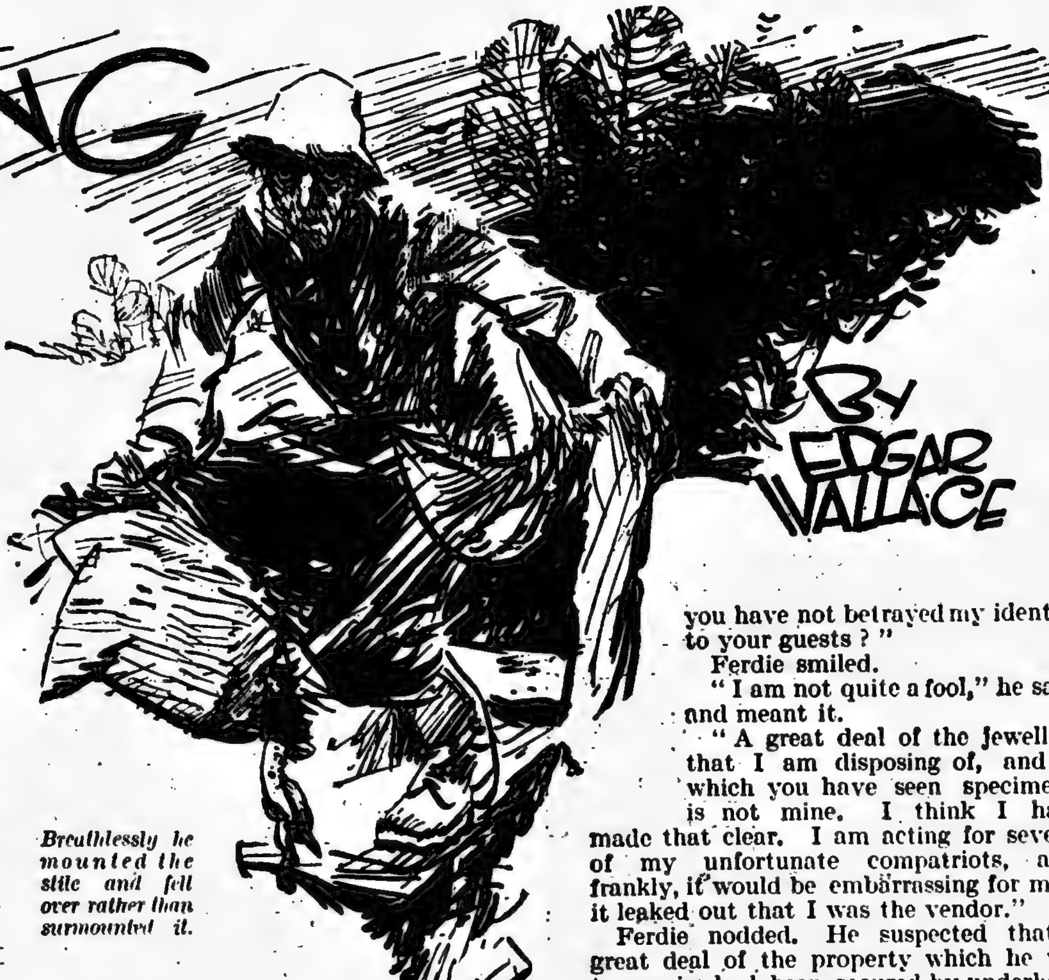
Like America, we have trains in this country which can travel all day without getting out of one county—but we don't boast about them.



Drawn by George Whitelaw

PIERROT: "Why don't you take off your mask?"
PRINCIPAL BOY: "I am afraid I should catch cold!"

STUFFING



BY EDGAR WALLACE

THERE are several people concerned in this story whom it is impossible within a limited space to describe. If you are on friendly terms with the great men of Scotland Yard you may inspect the photographs and finger-prints of two—Harry the Valet and Joe the Runner.

Lord Carfane's picture you can see at intervals in the best of the illustrated weeklies. He was once plain Ferdie Gooberry, before he became a contractor and supplied the army with odds and ends and himself with a fortune and a barony.

In no newspaper, illustrated or otherwise, do the names of John and Angela Willett appear. Their marriage at a small registrar's office had excited no public comment, although he was a B.A. of Cambridge and she was the grand-niece of Peter Elmer, the shipping magnate, who had acknowledged his relationship by dictating to her a very polite letter wishing her every happiness.

They lived in one furnished room in Pimlico, this good-looking couple, and they had the use of the kitchen. He was confident that he would one day be a great engineer. She also believed in miracles.

Three days before Christmas they sat down calmly to consider the problem of the great annual festival and how it might best be spent. Jack Willett scratched his cheek and did a lightning calculation.

"Really, we ought not to spend an unnecessary penny," he said dolefully. "We may be a week in Montreal before I start work, and we shall need a little money for the voyage."

THEY were leaving on Boxing day for Canada; their berths had been taken. In Montreal a job was awaiting Jack in the office of an old college friend: and although twenty-five dollars per did not exactly represent luxury, it was a start.

Angela looked at him thoughtfully

"I am quite sure Uncle Peter is going to do something awfully nice for us," she said stoutly.

Jack's hollow laugh was not encouraging.

There was a tap at the door, and the unpleasant but smiling face of Joe the Runner appeared. He occupied an attic bedroom, and was a source of worry to his landlady. Once he had been in the newspaper business, running evening editions, and the name stuck to him. He had long ceased to be associated with the Press, save as a subject for its crime reporters, but this the Willetts did not know.

"Just thought I'd pop in and see you before I went, miss," he said. "I'm going off into the country to do a bit of work for a gentleman. About that dollar, miss, that you lent me last week."

Angela looked uncomfortable.

"Oh, please don't mention it," she said hastily.

Breathlessly he mounted the stile and fell over rather than surmounted it.

"I haven't forgot it," said Joe, nodding solemnly.

"The minute I come back I'll bring it to you." And with a large and sinister grin he vanished.

"I lent him the money because he couldn't pay his rent," said Angela penitently, but her husband waved her extravagance away.

"Let's talk about Christmas dinner. What about sausages . . . ?"

"If Uncle Peter——" she began.

"Let's talk about sausages," said Jack gently.

FOODSTUFFS were also the topic of conversation between Lord Carfane and Prince Riminoff as they sat at lunch at the Ritz-Carlton. Lord Carfane emphasised his remarks with a very long cigar.

"I always keep up the old English custom of distributing food to the poor," he said. "Every family on my estate on Christmas Eve has a turkey from my farm. All my workers," he corrected himself carefully, "except old Timmins. Old Timmins has been very rude to me, and I have had to sack him. All the tenants assemble in the great hall . . . But you'll see that for yourself, Prince."

Prince Riminoff nodded gravely and tugged at his short beard. That beard had taken Harry the Valet five months to grow, and it was so creditable a production that he had passed Chief Inspector Malling in the vestibule of the Ritz-Carlton and had not been recognised.

Very skilfully he switched the conversation into more profitable channels.

"I do hope, my dear Lord Carfane, that you have not betrayed my identity to your guests?"

Ferdie smiled.

"I am not quite a fool," he said, and meant it.

"A great deal of the jewellery that I am disposing of, and of which you have seen specimens, is not mine. I think I have made that clear. I am acting for several of my unfortunate compatriots, and, frankly, it would be embarrassing for me if it leaked out that I was the vendor."

Ferdie nodded. He suspected that a great deal of the property which he was to acquire had been secured by underhand means. He more than suspected that, for all his princely origin, his companion was not too honest.

"That is why I have asked that the money you pay should be in American currency. By the way, have you made that provision?" Lord Carfane nodded. "And, of course, I shall not ask you to pay a single dollar until you are satisfied that the property is worth what I ask. It is in fact worth three times as much."

Lord Carfane was nothing if not frank.

"Now, I'm going to tell you, my dear chap," he said, "there will only be one person at Carfane Hall who will know anything whatever about this little transaction of ours. He's an expert jeweller. He is an authority, and he will examine every piece and price it before I part with a single bob!"

His Highness heartily, but gravely, approved of this act of precaution.

Lord Carfane had met his companion a few weeks before in a highly respectable night club, the introduction having been effected through the medium of a very beautiful lady who had accidentally spilt a glass of champagne over his lordship's dress trousers. She was so lovely a personage that Lord Carfane did no more than smile graciously, and a few minutes later was introduced to her sedate and imposing presence.

Harry the Valet invariably secured his introductions by this method. Usually he worked with Molly Kien, and paid her a hundred pounds for every introduction.

He spoke no more of jewels smuggled from Russia and offered at ridiculous prices, but talked sorrowfully of the misfortunes of his country; spoke easily of his estates in the Crimea and his mines in the Urals, now, alas! in Bolshevik hands. Lord Carfane was immensely entertained.

On the following evening Harry drove down in Lord Carfane's limousine to Berkshire, and was introduced to the glories of Carfane Hall; to the great banqueting chamber with its high-raftered roof; to the white-tiled larder where petrified turkeys hung in rows, each grisly corpse decorated with a gay rosette . . .

"My tenants come in on Christmas Eve," explained Lord Carfane, "and my butler presents each one with a turkey and a small bag of groceries——"

"An old feudal custom?" suggested the Prince gravely.

Lord Carfane agreed with equal gravity.

The Prince had brought with him a large, heavily locked and strapped handbag, which had been deposited in the safe, which was the most conspicuous feature of Ferdie's library. The expert jeweller was arriving on the morrow, and his lordship looked forward, with a sense of pleasurable anticipation, to a day which would yield him 400 per cent. profit on a considerable outlay.

"Yes," said Ferdie at dinner that night, "I prefer a combination safe. One can lose keys, but not if they're here"—he tapped his narrow forehead and smiled.

Harry the Valet agreed. One of his greatest charms was his complete agreement with anything anybody said or did or thought.

* * *

WHILST he dwelt in luxury in the halls of the great, his unhappy confederate had a more painful task. Joe the Runner had collected from a garage a small, light trolley. It was not beautiful to look upon, but it was fast, and under its covered tilt, beneath sacks and amidst baskets, a man making a swift get-away might lie concealed and be carried to London without exciting attention.

Joe made a leisurely way into Berkshire and came to the rendezvous at the precise minute he had been ordered. It was a narrow lane at the termination of a footpath leading across the Carfane estate to the house. It was a cold, blue-fingered, red-nosed job, and for three hours he sat and shivered. And then, coming across the field in the blue dusk, he saw an old man staggering, carrying a rush basket in one hand and an indescribable something in the other. He was evidently in a hurry, this ancient. From time to time he looked back over his shoulder as though he expected pursuit. Breathlessly, he mounted the stile and fell over rather than surmounted it.

Stumbling to his feet, he saw Joe sitting at the wheel of the van, and gaped at him toothlessly, his eyes wide with horror. Joe the Runner recognised the signs.

"What have you been doin'?" he demanded sternly.

For a few minutes the breathless old man could not speak; blinked fearfully at his interrogator; and then:

"He's fired me," he croaked. "Wouldn't give me no turkey or nothin', so I went up to the 'All and pinched one."

"Oh!" said Joe judiciously.

It was not an unpleasant sensation, sitting in judgment on a fellow creature.

"There was such a bother and a fuss and shouting going on . . . what with the safe bein' found broke open, and that foreign man being caught, that nobody see me," whimpered the elderly Mr. Timmins.

"Eh?" said Joe. "What's that—safe broken open?"

The old man nodded.

"I heered 'em when I was hiding in the pantry. His lordship found that the safe had been opened an' money took. He sent for the constable, and they've got the prince locked up in a room, with the under-gardener and the butler on guard outside the door——"

He looked down at the frozen turkey in his red, numbed hand, and his lips twitched pathetically.

"His lordship promised me a turkey, and his lordship said I shouldn't have——"

Joe the Runner was a quick thinker. "Jump up in the truck," he commanded roughly. "Where do you live?"

"About three miles from here," began Mr. Timmins.

Joe leaned over, and pulled him up, parcel, bag and turkey.

"Get through into the back, and keep quiet."

He leapt down, cranked up the engine with some difficulty, and sent the little trolley lumbering on to the main road. When he passed three officers in a police car speeding towards Carfane Hall, his heart was in his mouth, but he was not challenged. Presently, at the urgent desire of the old man, he stopped at the end of a row of cottages.

"Gawd bless you, mister!" whimpered Mr. Timmins. "I'll never do a thing like this again——"

"Hi!" said Joe sternly. "What do I get out of this?"

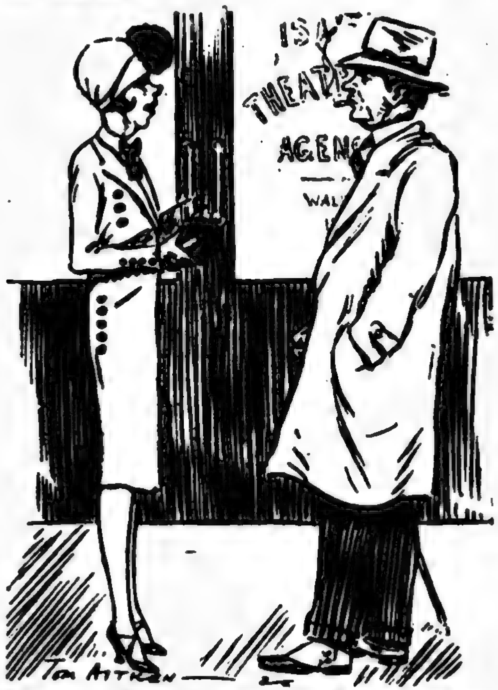
And then, as the recollection of a debt came to him:

"Leave the turkey—and hop!"

Mr. Timmins hopped.

* * *

It was nine o'clock on Christmas morning, and Angela Willett had just finished her packing.



"Got any lines to speak in the new show, Hortense?"

"No, the Manager told me I was too pretty for words!"

Outside the skies were dark and cheerless, snow and rain were falling together, so tha this tiny furnished room had almost a palatial atmosphere in comparison with the drear world outside.

"I suppose it's too early to cook the sausages—by the way, our train leave at ten to-night, so we needn't invent ways of spending the evening—come in."

It was Joe the Runner, rather wet bu smiling. He carried under his arm something wrapped in an old newspaper.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, as he removed the covering, "but a gent I me in the street asked me to give you this."

"A turkey!" gasped Angela. "How wonderful . . . who was it?"

"I don't know, miss—an old gentleman," said Joe vaguely. "He said 'Be sure an give it to the young lady herself—wishin her a happy Christmas.'"

They gazed on the carcase in awe and ecstasy. As the front door slammed, announcing Joe's hasty departure:

"An old gentleman," said Angela slowly. "Uncle Peter!"

"Uncle grandmother!" smiled John. "I believe he stole it!"

"How uncharitable you are!" she reproached him. "It's the sort of thin Uncle Peter would do. He always had tha Haroun al Raschid complex—I wrote and told him we were leaving for Canada to-night. I'm sure it was he."

Half-convinced, John Willett prodded at the bird. It seemed a little tough.

"Anyway, it's turkey," he said. "And, darling, I adore turkey stuffed with chestnuts. I wonder if there are any shop open——"

There was a large cavity at one end o the bird, and as he lifted the turkey up b the neck, the better to examine it, somethin dropped to the table with a flop. It wa a tight roll of paper. He shook the bir again and a second fell from its unoffending body.

"Good God!" gasped John.

With trembling hands he cut the strin that bound the roll——

"It's money!" she whispered.

John nodded.

"Hundred dollar bills . . five hundre of them at least!" he said hollowly.

Their eyes met.

"Uncle Peter!" she breathed. "The darling!"

* * *

MR. PETER ELMER, the eminent shipowner, received the following day a telegram which was entirely meaningless:

"Thank you a thousand times for your thought and generosity. You have given us a wonderful start and we shall be worthy of your splendid kindness."

It was signed "Angela." Mr. Peter Elmer scratched his head.

* * *

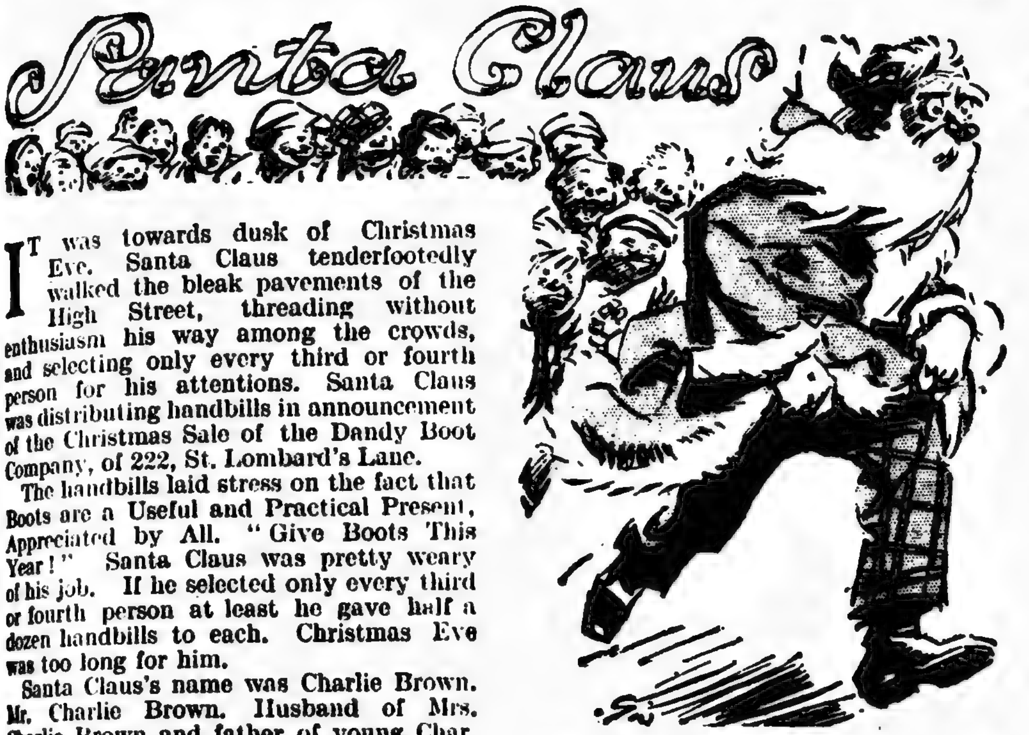
And at that moment Inspector Mailing was interrogating Harry the Valet in the little police station at Carfane.

"Now come across, Harry," he said kindly. "We know you got the money out of the safe. Where did you plant it? You couldn't have taken it far, because the butler saw you leaving the room. Just tell us where the money is, and I'll make it all right for you when you come up in front of the old man."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Harry the Valet, game to the last.

Santa Claus as Father

by WILL SCOTT



It was towards dusk of Christmas Eve. Santa Claus tenderfootedly walked the bleak pavements of the High Street, threading without enthusiasm his way among the crowds, and selecting only every third or fourth person for his attentions. Santa Claus was distributing handbills in announcement of the Christmas Sale of the Dandy Boot Company, of 222, St. Lombard's Lane.

The handbills laid stress on the fact that Boots are a Useful and Practical Present, Appreciated by All. "Give Boots This Year!" Santa Claus was pretty weary of his job. If he selected only every third or fourth person at least he gave half a dozen handbills to each. Christmas Eve was too long for him.

Santa Claus's name was Charlie Brown. Mr. Charlie Brown. Husband of Mrs. Charlie Brown and father of young Char. Santa Claus had no regular employment. Christmas found him fairly busy, but at other seasons he toiled not unduly. Christmas, he had to work a little. There were things to be bought for the kids. And possibly something to be bought for Mrs. Claus. Meaning Brown.

NECESSITY, not enthusiasm, spurred Mr. Brown. His feet, not shod by the Dandy Boot Company, ached more than he had believed human feet could ache. He'd have given anything for a reindeer. Besides which his cotton-wool moustache tickled annoyingly and his red robe had been cut to fit a bigger Santa Claus in other years. Charlie Brown had known some long days, but this Christmas Eve already had become the longest.

Suddenly Mr. Brown blinked. From out the feet of the lazy crowds emerged two small boys of five or six years each, and one of the small boys was none other than young Char, for the benefit of whose tattered stockings Mr. Brown was this moment playing the almost-festive mountebank. Mr. Brown suddenly looked the other way.

Mr. Brown's was not a strong character. It was as weak as yours or mine. It was more than he was capable of, to set in action the wheels of childhood's greatest disillusionment. Santa Claus was still Santa Claus in the Brown household. What young Char thought about fairies Mr. Brown had never troubled to inquire. Probably not much, for young Char was a boy.

But Santa Claus still meant a great deal in the Brown sphere of inactivity, and a stronger mind than Mr. Brown's would have been needed squarely to face the truth. "Soon be Christmuss. Better be good, young Char, or Santa Claus'll be givin' yer a miss." Thus the tale persisted.

When Mr. Brown suddenly looked the other way it was because of his weakness of character and through no reasonable chance of discovery. Disguised, he had looked into a mirror without recognising himself. What chance, then, had young Char of hitting upon the truth. Mr. Brown put yards between his offspring and himself. He not only looked the other way; he went the other way.

"Gaw!" he heard somebody say. "Ol' Farver Chrismuss! 'Ere, Char—look!"

That would be Bill. But the next moment he was aware of young Char's piercing tones.

"Gaw! Yus! Santa Claus!"

Acceleration did not suit either the private character of Mr. Brown or the public character of Mr. Claus. He could not decently hurry. He shuffled along, and before he knew where he was young Char and Bill were in front of him, looking up into his face. He moved on. But they moved on, too.

In a hundred yards they had been joined by 'Erbert and Ernie; and in a quarter of a mile they numbered a couple of dozen. Santa Claus, neé Brown, wanted to swear.

THEY were not impertinent. In fact, they did not speak. They seemed only to want to hang on and stare. If young Char had not been there he would have told them where to go to pretty quick. But young Char was there, and as a consequence Mr. Brown was scared of using his voice. He proceeded forlornly to the end of the High Street, followed by his twenty-four silent and unwitting tormentors, and when he turned they turned as well.

"Lumme!" thought Mr. Brown. "Too much of a blinkin' joke, this is. Got to get rid of 'em somehow . . ."

So long as young Char did not penetrate his disguise and discover the awful truth of Santa Claus's identity Mr. Brown did not mind a great deal, but there would always be an element of suspense while they were around. He gave them a handbill each and put on a little speed. They threw the handbills away and themselves put on a little speed.

"Beats the band!" thought Mr. Brown. "Like blinkin' little winkles stickin' to a rock."

Occasionally they whispered amongst themselves, but they did not directly address the almost sacred figure of Mr. Christmas himself. He did four lengths of the High Street, and so did they, without giving the least sign that they would ever grow tired.

He was so hot behind his whiskers that he wanted to take his whiskers off, but the presence of young Char forbade so drastic a course.

He mopped his brow and in his agitation gave fifty handbills in a bunch to a surprised flapper; then joyously espied the door of a hostelry and fled to sanctuary within.

"Hate for young Char to find out the truth," he said to himself as he climbed on to a high stool and contemplated his pint. "Hate for him to. Wonder 'ow long they're goin' to keep this caper up?"

After ten minutes he bethought himself of his seasonable duties, took up his bundle of handbills and made a move to the door. This he opened an inch and peeped out. Forty-eight very young eyes looked up into his, making him wince. He retreated to his high stool, mopping his brow afresh.

"Might foller me about all night!" he gasped. "Might foller me '*ome*.' Then the beans wouldn't arf be spilt! No use tellin' young Char to go 'ome neither. He wouldn't take no notice o' me wiv these whiskers on. Pretty pass!"

THERE was another door at the far end of the pub, a door he had not hitherto noticed, a door that bucked him up no end when at last he caught sight of it. It fascinated him so much that he omitted to take the due notice of the window at his back, with the disastrous result that he failed to observed a brilliant move on the part of the enemy. Five of the enemy were up on the window-sill, peeping in.

When he crossed the sawdusted floor of the pub to his new means of retreat, five of the enemy saw him and passed on the good news to the rest.

When he pushed open this door nineteen of the enemy were round him like baby waves of a juvenile ocean. He disguised an oath and sprang back and closed the door.

"A bit too thick this," he muttered, "when a bloke can't earn his livin' becos of a lot o' blamed kids. Bit *too* thick!"

"Anything wrong, mister?" inquired the barmaid.

Mr. Brown-Claus blushed for his weakness.

"Which is the way out, miss?" he asked.

"You ought to know. You've only had one," said the barmaid. "Either door."

"Thanks," said Mr. Brown, and he made a dash through the door by which he had entered.

Having made a dash, he kept it up. The enemy was now equally divided—one at the main door and one at the side. When he was actually out on the pavement, a quick whistle from Perce or 'Erbert or Bill brought up the reserves, and the twenty-four were together again. Mr. Brown let out a heavy sigh and hurried up the street. The twenty-four hurried up the street, six in front, six behind, and six on either side of their hero.

"Me, I'll be doin' murder if this keeps on!" thought Mr. Brown.

The crowds were taking notice and laughing. In spite of the crisp frost-laden air, Mr. Brown was hotter than August. He made a last footling attempt to continue the business of handbill distribution; then he swung round and walked quietly up a dark and quiet side street. The twenty-four followed, of course, but now Mr. Brown did not mind so keenly. Here he had space in which to act and time in which to think.

He stopped and looked at the enemy. The enemy stopped and looked at him. He went on. He went on a little quicker. So did the enemy. After fifteen minutes he had traversed half of the alleys and lanes on that side of the High Street, but still the inexhaustible twenty-four were at his heels, silent, watching.

"Wonderin' where I'm goin' to, that's what it is," he groaned. "Tryin' to find out where I live—where Santa Claus lives! All right—got to run for it——".

He ran for it. Suddenly, plucking up the skirt of his long red robe, he bolted—undignified thing for Santa Claus to do, but the only solution of Mr. Brown's problem. He didn't want to bolt. He wanted to be back on the job, back in the High Street, delivering bills.

IF Dandy, of Dandy's Boots, happened to take a stroll down the High Street and find him off the job, there'd be no job for him to get back on to. And he was depending on a shilling out of to-day's pay to provide the filling for young Char's stocking this very night. Bit of a mess! He'd just got to shake these kids and get back to the point of duty; shake 'em without young Char ever finding out the dreadful truth.

He bolted, but they bolted, too. He ran down Pepper Lane, with the yelling boys five yards behind. In Pryde's Alley he had made it into seven yards, and in Dandle Court ten yards.

"Round the next bend," he thought, "I orter beat 'em."

He got round the next bend and tore up a lane. As he reached the top, they reached the bottom, and he was just on the point of telling himself they didn't have an earthly, when he realised that that end of the lane was blocked by a tall factory building, and that the only way out was the way in. He swung round, hesitated, and then they were upon him.

He committed an error of tactics. He reached out and cuffed Perce 'Awkins on the ear. The next moment they were all over him, clinging to his legs and his arms and hanging round his neck. His feet shot out and the sprawling mass went down with a thick plomp on the pavement.

"Ow!" roared Mr. Brown.

Perce 'Awkins appeared to be the spokesman. Perce 'Awkins sat on the chest of Santa Claus and looked down into Santa Claus's eyes.

"Where's your reindeer?" demanded Perce 'Awkins.

Santa Claus, his eye on young Char, guggled in a disguised guggle.

"Do your whiskers come orf?" demanded Perce 'Awkins.

Santa Claus gasped and wriggled and with a thrust of his right foot succeeded in rolling 'Erbert and 'Ernie half-way across the street. But by thus making an end of diplomacy he brought down on himself the vengeance of the heavy artillery. Perce 'Awkins argued no more. He reached over, grabbed the whiskers of Santa Claus and held them aloft. He plucked off the wig and the pointed red hat and tossed them into the gutter. And simultaneously a wild yell arose:

"Mr. Brown!" from twenty-three throats.

"Farver!" from young Char.

FOR the life of him he could not understand why it was twenty-three parts a yell of disappointment. They seemed to have lost interest in him now. They withdrew across the road to confer, whilst he limped to the nearest doorstep and sat down to wonder how he was going to repair his whiskers and mend the tear in his gown.

"Little devils!" he growled. "Shall 'ave to pay for all this damage now, I s'pose, and that means no shillin' for young Char. Perfect little devils. 'Auntin' a man!"

He looked up and saw young Char in front of him. The others, dejectedly, were trooping out of the lane.

"Well?" said Mr. Brown, dully.

"Aunty Jane," said young Char cheerfully, "she told me there wasn't no Santa Claus—it was me farver. And someone tells young Perce 'Awkins that there wasn't no Santa Claus—it was '*is* farver. So we told Bill, an' 'e'd 'eard it was '*is* farver. Arfter a bit there was twenty-four of us, an' they'd all 'eard it was their farver. So we each put a penny into the pool, yer see, an' the one wot's farver it really is gets the lot, an' we drew lots to pull yer whiskers off an' see."

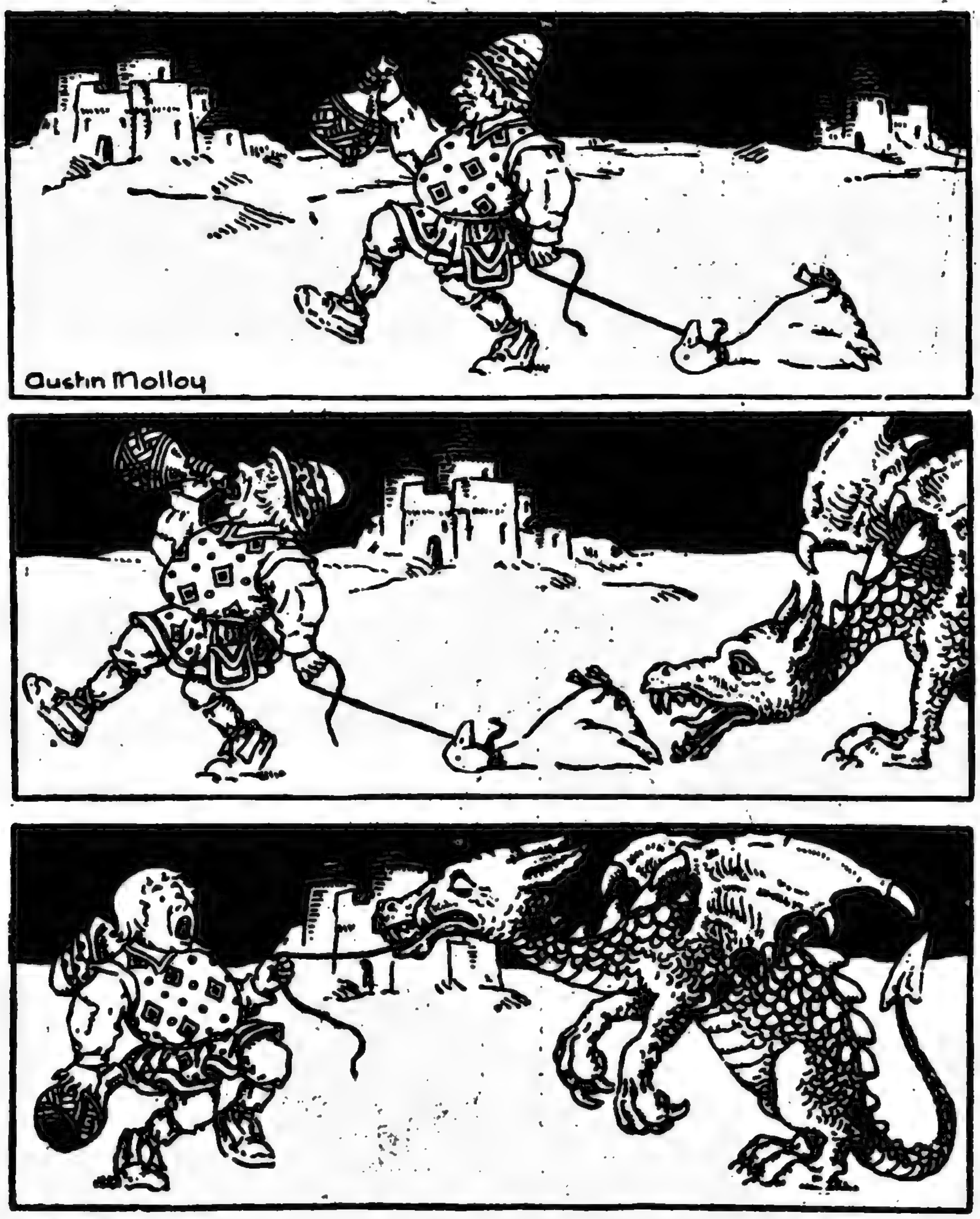
He opend his grubby hand and disclosed twenty-four grubby pennies.

"I ain't arf glad," he said, "that it was my farver all the time."

"Well, I'm da——" gasped Mr. Brown.

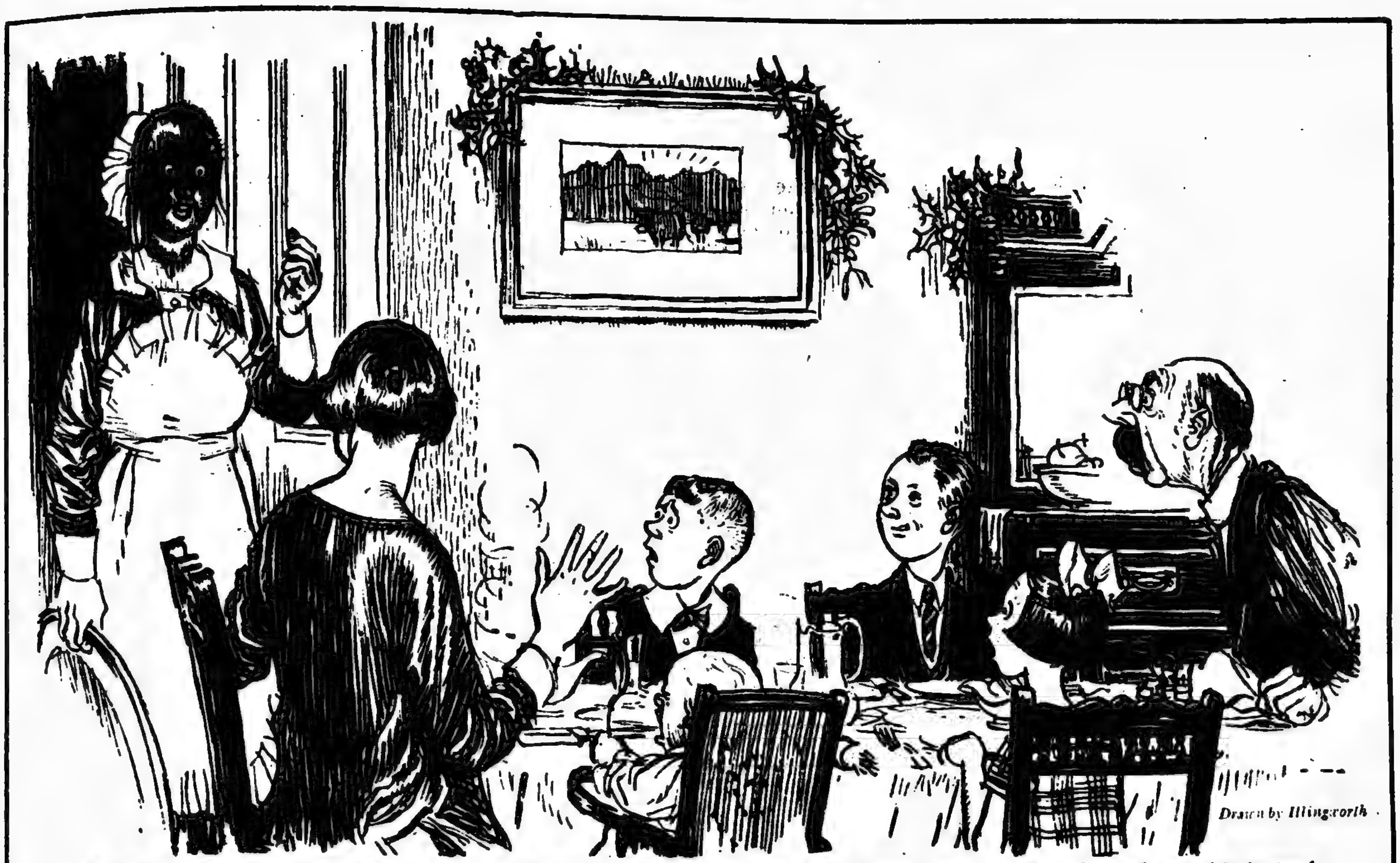
"What?" said young Char.

"Nothin' fer you," said Mr. Brown. "You buzz orf an' get to bed an' let me git on wiv my business."



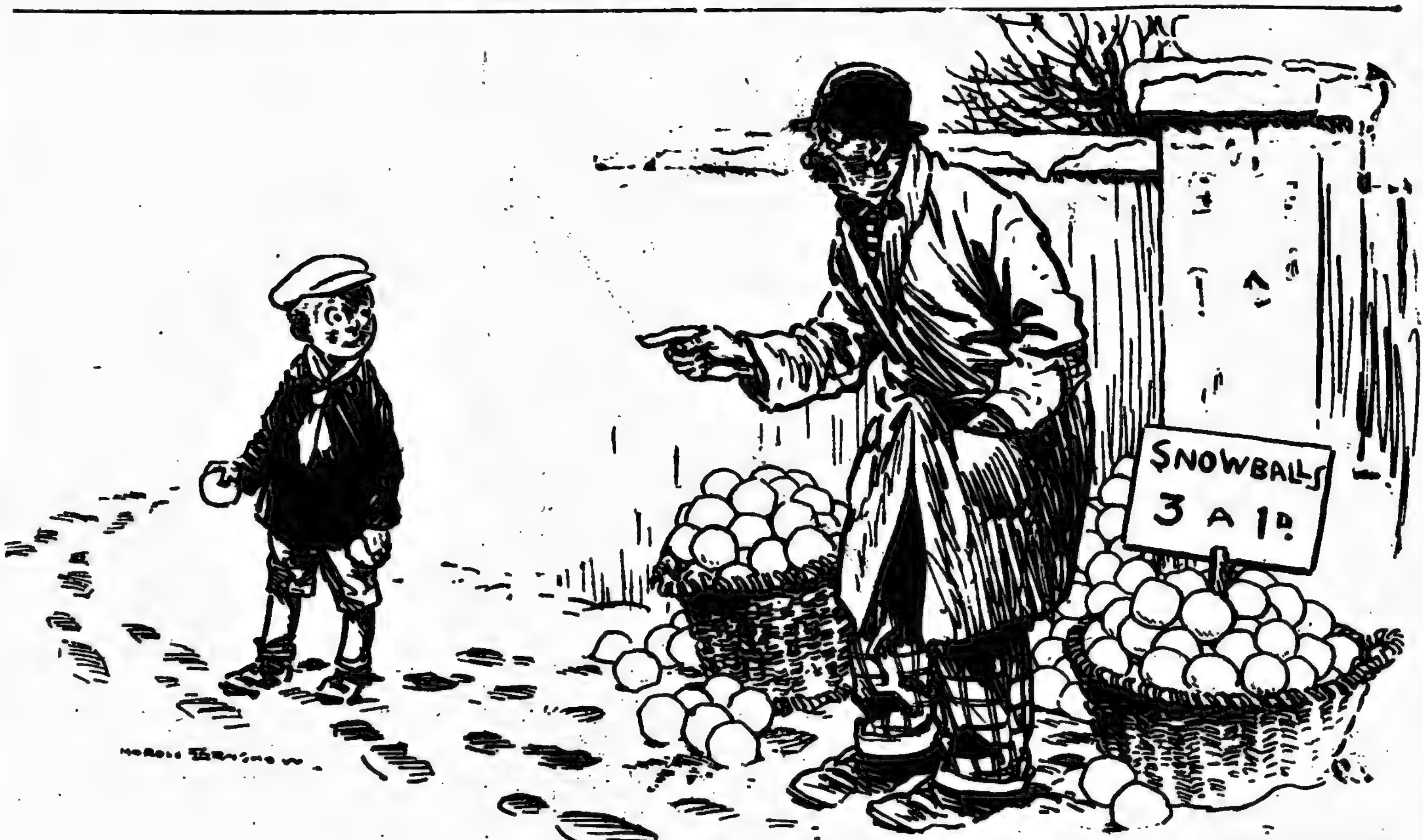
Drawn by Austin Molloy

Bringing home the Christmas goose in mediæval times



Drawn by Illingworth

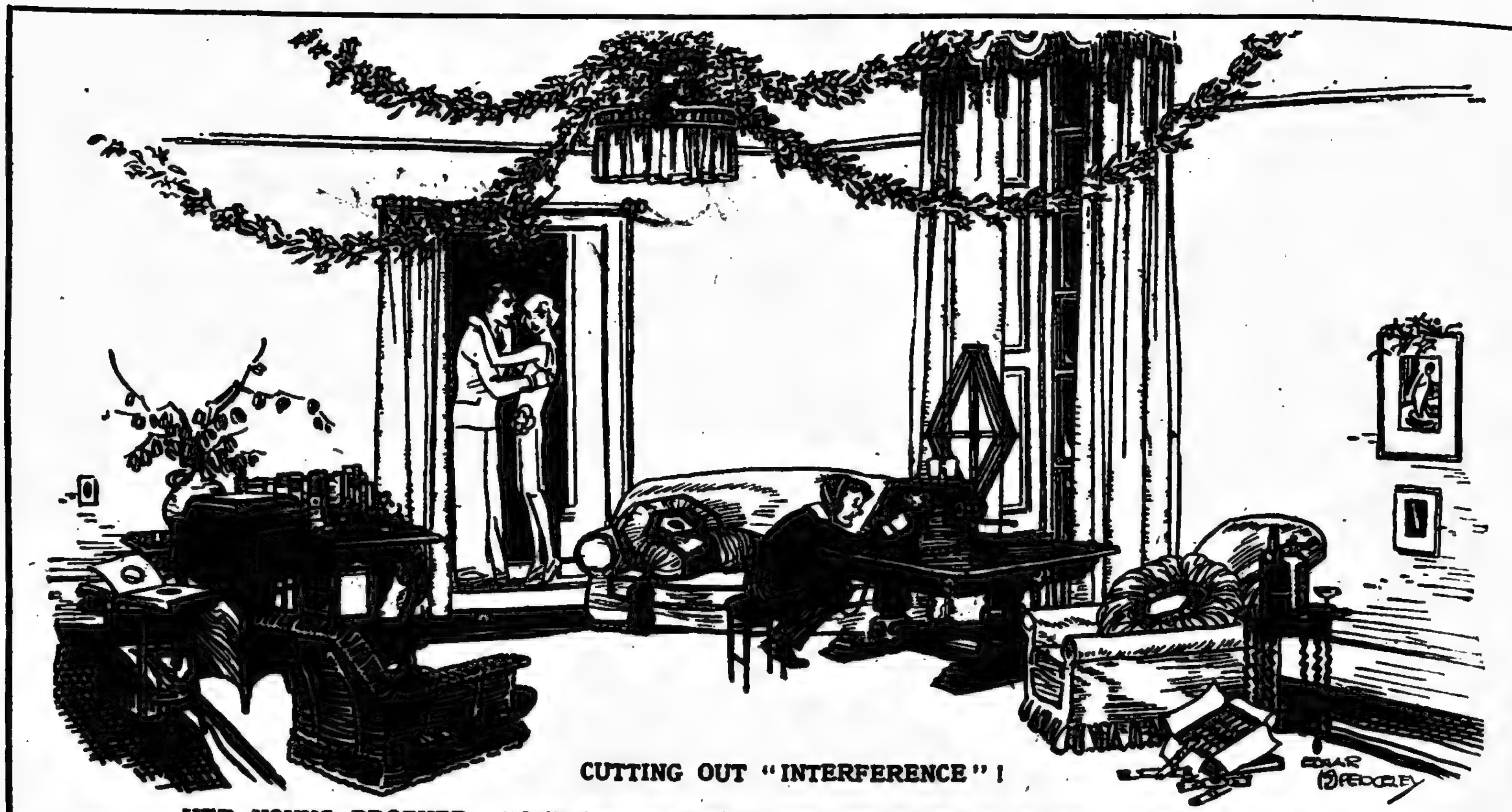
MAID: "Sorry, Mum, but the Christmas pudding 'as blowed to atoms! I must have put that drop of petrol in instead of rum, but I rescued the lucky silver ring!"


SNOWBALLS
3 A 1D.
HAROLD EARNSHAW

Drawn by Harold Earnshaw

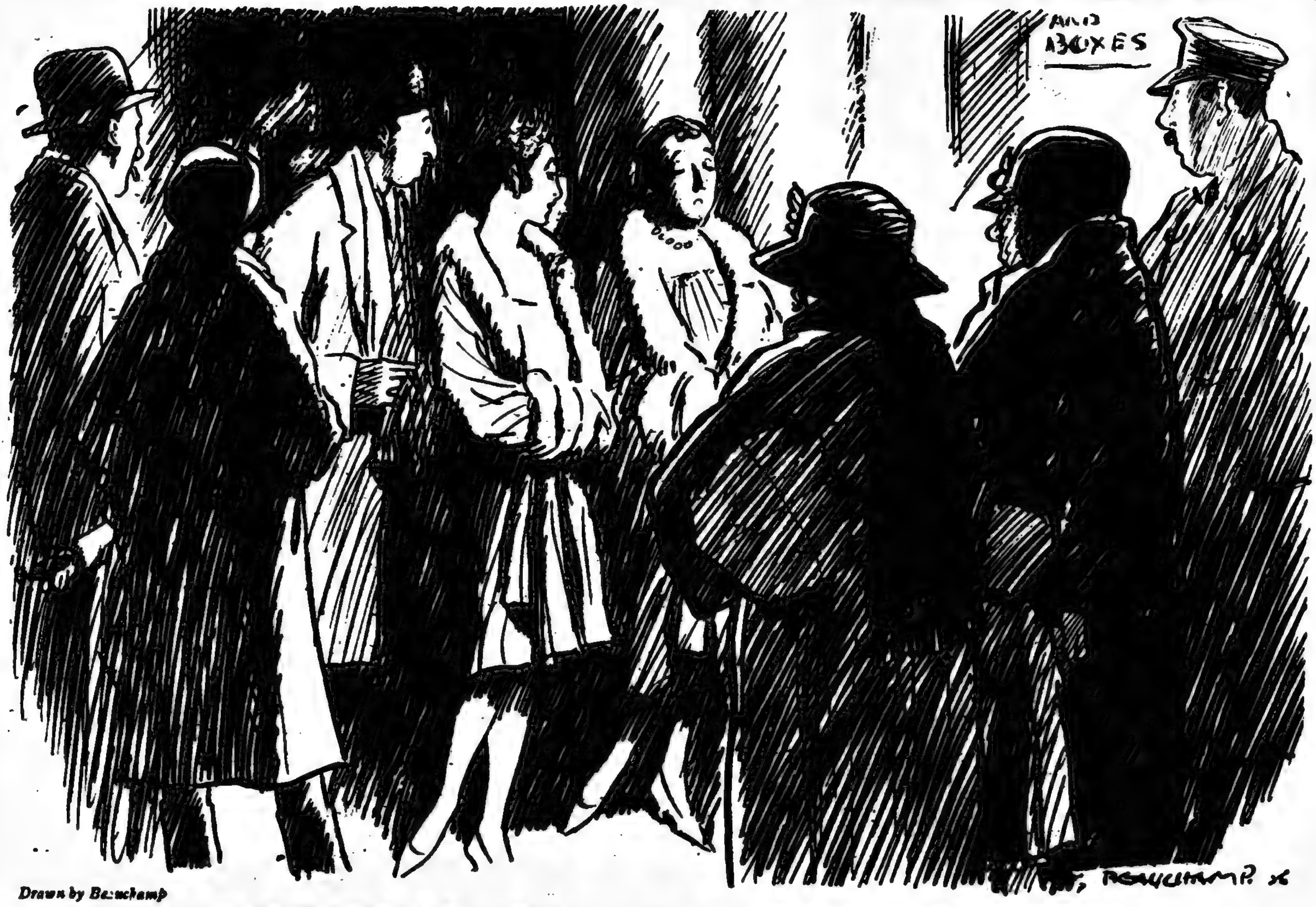
CREATING A DEMAND.

"Now you get over there, an' as people get level with me, shy at 'em!"


EDGAR PEDDLEY

CUTTING OUT "INTERFERENCE"!

HER YOUNG BROTHER: "Jolly decent of Gladys' young man to give me this wireless set for Christmas!"


AND
BOXES
BEAUCHAMP

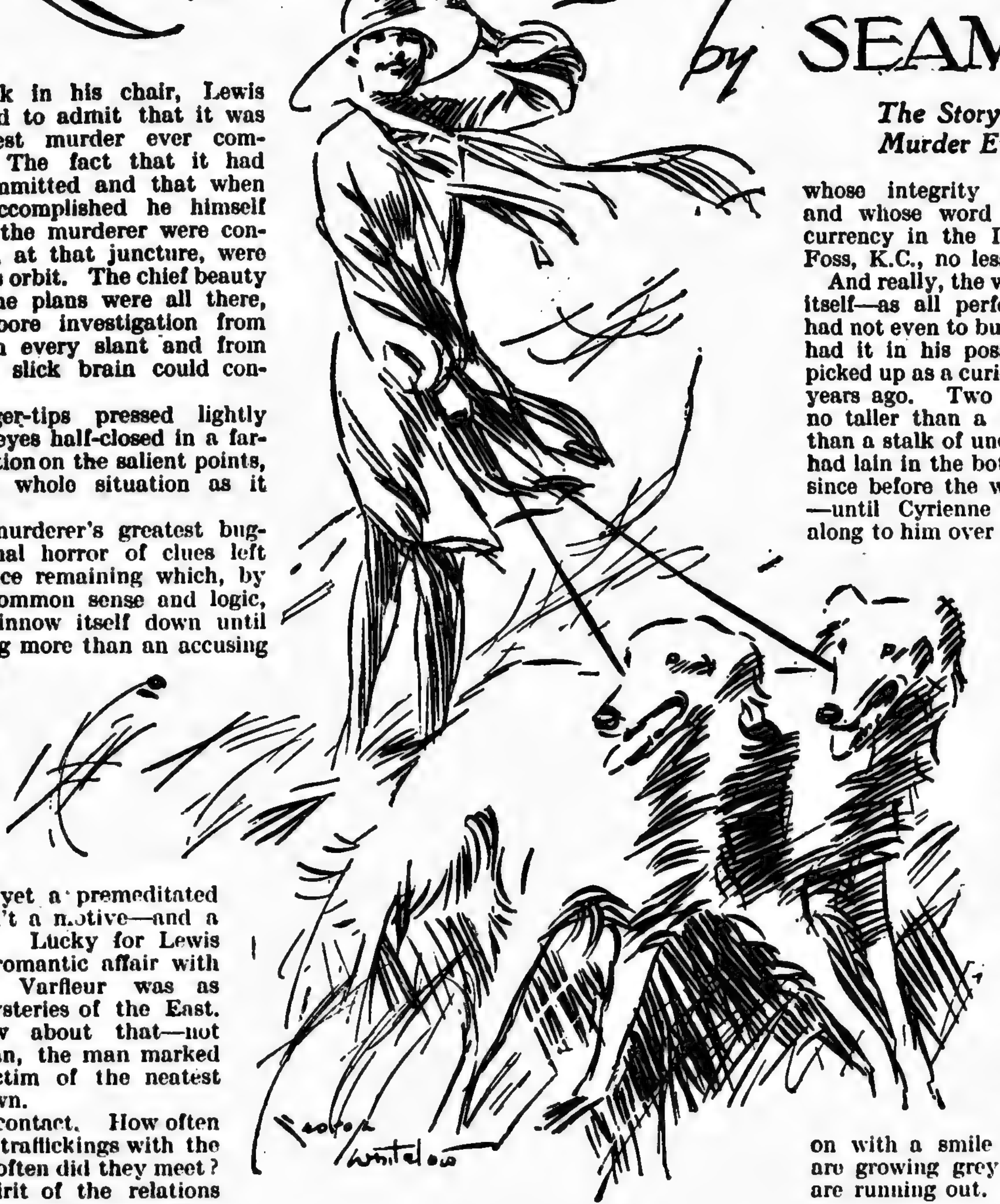
Drawn by Beauchamp

THE LADY WITH THE PARCEL: "You'd never think they was out for a bit of fun, would yer, Flo?"

Reply-Paid

by SEAMARK

The Story of the Neatest Murder Ever Committed.



Cyrienne Varfleur came singing along to him . . . straining over the brow of the knoll in tow of a pair of magnificent Borzois.

LEANING back in his chair, Lewis Rabon had to admit that it was the neatest murder ever committed. The fact that it had not yet been committed and that when it was finally accomplished he himself was going to be the murderer were considerations which, at that juncture, were slightly outside his orbit. The chief beauty of it was that the plans were all there, and that they bore investigation from every angle, from every slant and from every nuance his slick brain could conceive.

With his finger-tips pressed lightly together and his eyes half-closed in a far-sighted concentration on the salient points, he reviewed the whole situation as it presented itself.

The criminal murderer's greatest bugbear is the eternal horror of clues left behind, of evidence remaining which, by all the laws of common sense and logic, will inevitably winnow itself down until it becomes nothing more than an accusing finger pointing undeviatingly in his direction.

First and foremost and always there is that immovable mountain which Scotland Yard has named "Motive." There never was yet a premeditated murder that hadn't a motive—and a mighty big one. Lucky for Lewis Rabon that his romantic affair with dainty Cyrienne Varfleur was as secret as the mysteries of the East. Not a soul knew about that—not even her guardian, the man marked down as the victim of the neatest murder ever known.

Then there is contact. How often had accused had traffickings with the deceased ? How often did they meet ? What was the spirit of the relations between them ? And, above all, when did accused last see him ? Lewis Rabon had never met the man in his life. Over and above which, he hadn't the slightest intention of doing so.

Thirdly, there is the question of the weapon employed, whether it be a knife stab, a faked accident, a mouthful of arsenic, a crack from a sandbag, or a bullet in the back from behind a hedge at night. In all instances of the employment of an actual weapon, the line of contact exists—and, given men who know their job, can be definitely established. Lewis Rabon's method eliminated that stiffest of all jumps so perfectly that it actually brought the evidence back to him to be destroyed at his leisure.

And lastly, there is the always monumental difficulty of the alibi. Obviously, a man who wished to be in one place to murder another, and yet establish the fact that when the murder was committed he was miles away from the spot indicated, must employ third-party evidence—and pay for it. And third-party evidence is expensive, as, under the impolite heading of "blackmail," the payments are liable to extension until such time as the murderer's earthly career peters out in a line of black capitals on a tombstone. Well, in Rabon's case, there would be no need for a spurious alibi. When Sinclair Moxon died Lewis Rabon would be staying with a legal friend in Town—a legal friend whose integrity was above suspicion, and whose word was as good as legal currency in the Inner Temple—Sir John Foss, K.C., no less.

And really, the whole plan was simplicity itself—as all perfection should be. He had not even to buy his poison—he already had it in his possession—a deadly thing picked up as a curiosity in a Chinese bazaar years ago. Two tiny little ivory phials, no taller than a thimble and no thicker than a stalk of uncooked macaroni. They had lain in the bottom of his dispatch box since before the war, unheeded, forgotten—until Cyrienne Varfleur came singing along to him over a blue horizon.

He broke his thoughts off on that image. Cyrienne Varfleur, delicious, delightful, eyes adance with the rhapsody of life, coloured like a charming figment of a Fragonard dream—straining over the brow of the knoll in tow of a pair of magnificent Borzois. She was holding her hat on with one hand, hanging on to the leather lead with the other, hauling back on the dogs till her body was a sheer poem of movement and curves and poise. All in a dainty, charming moment. A picture of youthful loveliness to carry just under one's eyelids for all time—a memory to look back on with a smile and a sigh when hairs are growing grey and the sands of time are running out.

Not until the third thrilling meeting did he discover that she had money. Pots and pots of it; held in trust fund until such time as she married or reached the age of twenty-five.

And then that loathsome old toad Moxon stepped in. Moxon was her uncle and her guardian. Not only did he hold the keys of the trust fund, but he watched over his ward with a cold and vicious eye. Marriage, while he was anywhere on hand, was out of the question. Cyrienne gave him clearly to understand that. And Rabon was in no case to wait these three dramatic years to her twenty-fifth birthday. "There is a destiny which shapes our ends . . ." he pondered, pulling writing paper and envelopes towards him. Well, that magnificent old gentleman the

Devil himself must have guided his footsteps into that Canton bazaar on that stinking hot day in '13.

He wrote a letter.

10, South Audley Place,
Kensington.

DEAR MR. MOXON,—

To the best of my knowledge we have never met; but your name was given to me by a mutual friend as a connoisseur of old Buhl furniture. He mentioned that you have one piece, a cabinet, about which you have some misgivings. From its description I gather that it is a copy of the original here in my house. As to the genuineness of my piece there is no doubt, since I have its history and the originals of all the documents connected with its various sales right on from the year 1743 when it first left Italy. I am not anxious to keep this piece, provided I can find a good copy. Perhaps we could come to terms and effect an exchange satisfactory to us both. I enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

Yours truly,
LEWIS RABON.

He went across to the library and returned with the two tiny phials. One contained snake venom, taken from the fangs of Bushmasters ten days after death. Once a suspicion of that terrible toxin got into the system no power on earth could prevent the slow accession of death. Not even amputation of a limb could save the victim's life.

The other little ivory tube contained diamond dust.

Very carefully Lewis Rabon took the stamped addressed return envelope and painted the gummed edge over with the poison.

Then while it was still wet he powdered it over with the diamond dust.

Moxon, who, of course, had no Buhl furniture and did not pose as a connoisseur of such, would reply politely to that effect. Mr. Rabon must have got the names confused or, more probably, have written to the wrong Moxon. Then he would lick the envelope, his tongue passing once or twice over the deadly strip of gum. The diamond dust, acting on that most delicate member, the tongue tip, would scratch it sufficiently for the venom to attain entry. Moreover the abrasions would be so slight as to be unnoticeable to the victim. In two or three hours the poison would begin to take effect. Meanwhile the fatal envelope would have been posted, or, at the very least, have been put into the post tray for a servant to post.

And next morning the letter would come back to him and he could take it, put it quietly in the fire—and the last and only trace of evidence against him would be gone.

RABON dried the envelope against the radiator, enclosed it in his letter, and went off with a song in his soul to keep his appointment with Sir John Foss. A couple of days golf out at the great K.C.'s place would be a tonic and a perfect alibi all in one. And by to-morrow evening Cyrienne Varfleur would be free to come to him, the guardian ogre would be dead and all life would be one sweet hymn of delight. *And* there could not be one tiny tittle of evidence against him. It was, indeed, the neatest murder ever committed.

On the way to the station he dropped the tiny phials over the Embankment into the dirty old hold-all waters of the Thames.

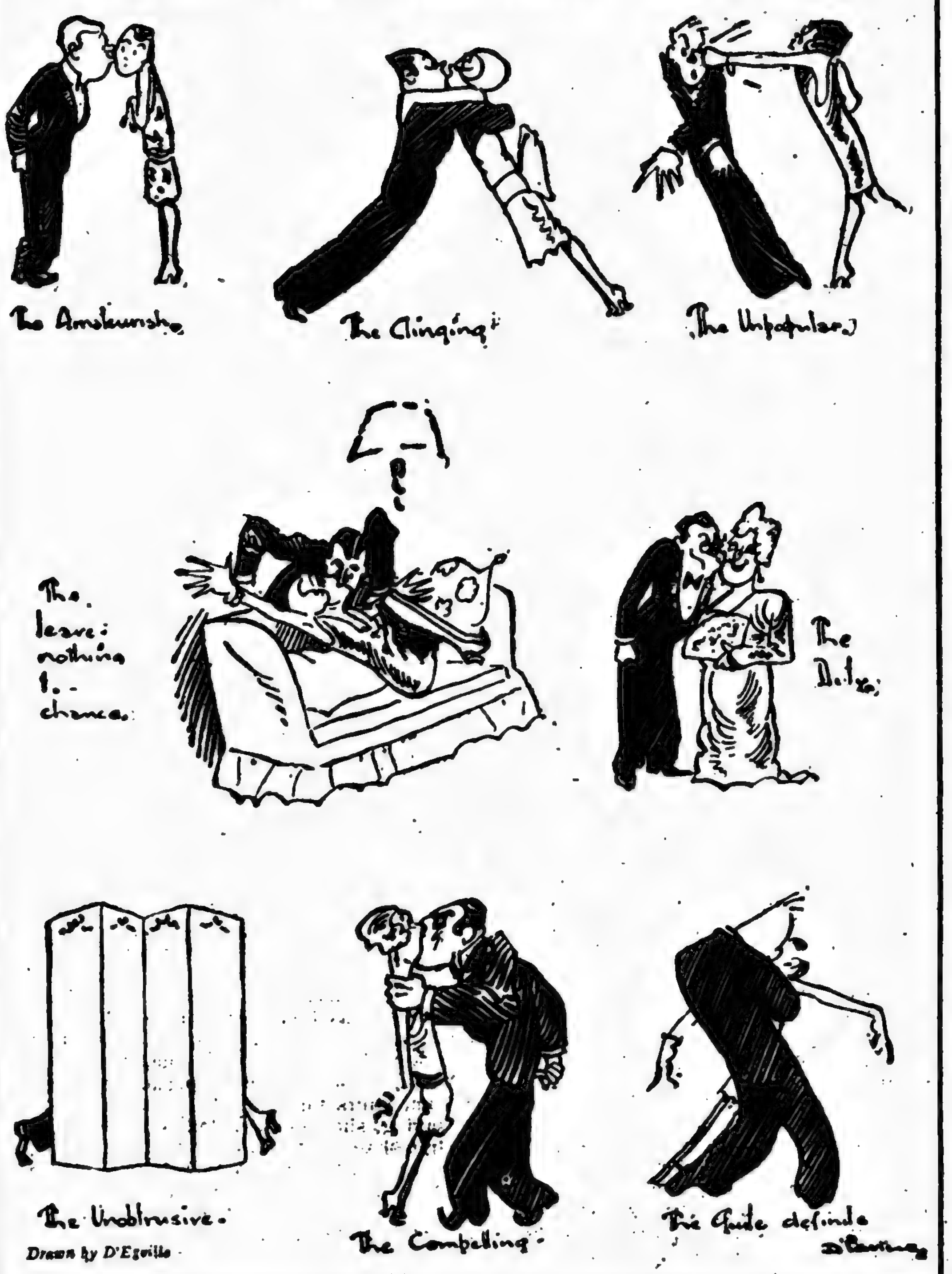
Foss was a perfect host, and his links were perfect too. Rabon spent two delightful days with him, days that were not even spoiled by the thoughts of chances of plans gone awry. The only thing he had to be careful of was his restraint. He had to bottle up his eagerness to get back and burn that letter . . . and he had to act, and act very carefully, a quiet repose and contentment that deceived Sir John completely.

ON the way back in the train he bought a paper. And, islanded away in the corner of a page, he read, amid the thunder of wheels and the song of the metals—

MYSTERIOUS DEATH.

A mysterious tragedy occurred last night at the home of Mr. Sinclair Moxon, the financier. His ward, Miss Cyrienne Varfleur, one of the outstanding beauties at this year's Court, was taken ill and died suddenly, apparently from some infection of the tongue. For the last year she had acted as confidential secretary to her guardian.

KISSES THIS CHRISTMAS WILL BE:

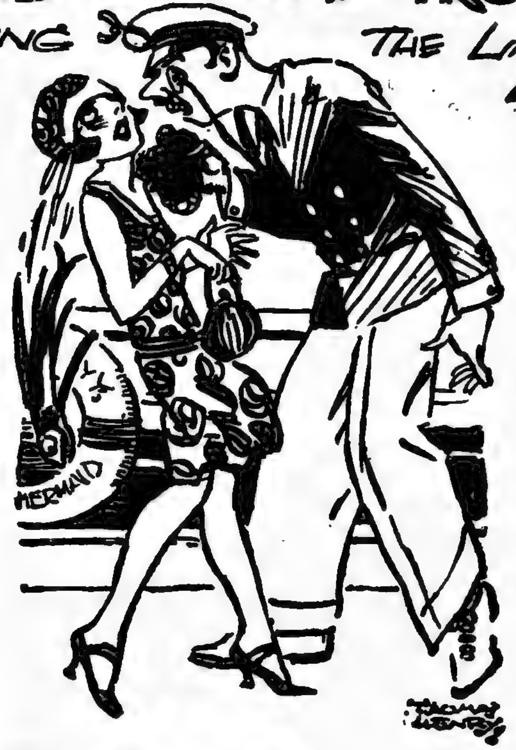


Drawn by D'Egville

TWICE ABOARD the LUGGER

or CROSSWORDING THE LINE

by ASHLEY STERNE



The fish fell out of her eye and nose-dived to the deck.

THE good steam-yacht, *The Soft-Roed Mermaid*, was making easy progress across the Pacific on its journey from Yokohama to San Francisco. For all that it was the month of December, the sea was as flat as an amateur tenor singing "Mona."

From an unfreckled azure sky a warm, bright sun shone continuously (except at night, of course, when a considerably less warm, bright moon kindly deputised). The winds were lulled practically to a standstill, and only the softest of soft zephyrs, laden with aromatic odours of copra, coconuts, coral, croton-oil, caraway seeds, clams, and other perfumed products of the Pacific ventilated the yacht's course. The owner, the young and wealthy Earl of Billericay, and his expensive and distinguished guests were all enjoying the best of spirits—of which, fortunately, there was a large pre-war stock on board.

Yet not alone on account of the genial behaviour of the elements did an air of gaiety pervade the whole vessel from rudder to—to—to that thing which sticks out in front. It was Christmas Eve, and the Earl had designed to make the following day a memorable one for all aboard.

To this end the crew had decorated the masts, funnels, binnacles, barnacles, scuppers, spinnakers, gunwales, and other nautical fittings with holly and mistletoe specially brought for the purpose from Christmas Island, and with real snow procured at considerable cost and difficulty from the summit of Fuji-Yama.

The yacht's *chef*, after a laborious study of the masterpiece of Mrs. Beeton, had at length successfully solved the problem of how best to camouflage an albatross and a family of young sea-cucumbers so that they would pass unsuspected as turkey and sausages, while, with the help of the carpenter's glue-pot, a barrel of tar, and a bag of self-raising Portland cement, he had concocted a Christmas pudding which, at any rate, *looked* like a Christmas pudding even though it might taste like a gasworks.

BUT for none on board was the rapidly approaching festal day likely to prove a more memorable one than for the belted host himself. For he had fallen desperately in love with one of his guests—the lovely, accomplished, and only daughter of the Duke of Wormwood Scrubbs, the Lady Oseda Mopp.

He had always liked the girl, even before she had had her skirts Eton-cropped; but it was not until they were in the Bay of Biscay and he observed her beautiful face with its soft green-and-yellow complexion drooping out of a port-hole that he realised that henceforth she would mean something more to him than just an agreeable dance-partner to trundle backwards night after night round the ball-rooms of Mayfair.

And as the voyage had proceeded his love had grown in intensity. At first its temperature was only tepid, but it went up at least three therms in the Mediterranean. In the Red Sea it reached blood-heat. In the Gulf of Aden it got feverish. Crossing the Indian Ocean it rapidly approached boiling-point, while in the Straits of Formosa he only saved it from being converted into steam by sitting in the ice-chest all among the New Zealand mutton.

THE time, however, had now come when he could endure the heat of it no longer; and so on this eve of Christmas he determined to approach Oseda and lay bare to her his heart, soul, and mind—in fact, his whole interior mechanism, if necessary. Of the final issue he entertained but little doubt, for by subtle signs and tokens he had deduced that his love was reciprocated.

For instance, only the previous evening he had seated her next to him at dinner, greatly to the disgust of the Dowager Marchioness of Stoke-on-Trent, who herself had not only set her cap at the young peer, but practically the entire contents of her wardrobe.

"After you with the pickles," he had murmured to her in a caressing voice; and after he had repeated it three times—

"What?" she had said, and quickly turned away to continue her conversation with the Hon. Gastley Muckupp.

Again, as they were standing on the deck later that night, he had extended his finger to the star-lit heavens and whispered low in her ear—

"That's Arcturus!" and after he had repeated it twice more she had looked up with a lovely blush and said—

"Why?"

But before he could stay her she had hurried below, where later he found her playing the piano in the saloon. He glanced at the music on the splash-board. It was a charming little *morceau de-saloon* by the Czecho-Slavakian composer, Prmztlk, entitled "Bmjvkqtg."

"May I turn over for you?" he had tenderly inquired.

"Thank you, but I don't care for somersaults," she had replied, and pleading a sudden gumboil, quickly left the saloon.

After patent encouragement like that, the young Earl not unnaturally felt that he had only to declare himself to be accepted, and a kindly Fate fairly pitchforked an opportunity at him. As Oseda paced the deck that Christmas Eve afternoon, a flying fish rose from the sea and flew straight into her eye.

The Earl was standing by and saw the catastrophe.

"Don't rub it!" he cried. "You'll only rub it farther in. I'll get it out."

Seizing a piece of cotton-waste from a passing stoker, he ran to the girl.

"Look up!" he said, and Oseda looked up. The fish at once fell out of her eye, nose-dived to the deck, fractured its spine, and died with commendable alacrity.

"How can I ever thank you?" exclaimed Oseda. "If it hadn't been for your prompt aid that disgusting dactylopteroid might have remained with me for life."

"Would you prefer that *I* should remain with you for life, Oseda?"

Over the lovely girl's face there came a blush that would have shamed an over-ripe tomato. She did not pretend to misinterpret his passionate words.

"I—I hardly know," she faltered. "You see, it's like this. Only this morning Mr. Gastley Muckupp extracted another flying fish out of my other eye, and out of gratitude I sort of half-promised to——"

Oseda was silent. The Earl's heart began to sink into his yachting-shoes. It had reached his ankles before he spoke.

"I understand. He touched you first, so to speak."

"And he's *so* handsome," continued Oseda. "You, if I may say so, don't match with me very well, though you still keep that school-Earl complexion."

"I know I'm not very good-looking, Oseda," said the Earl apologetically, "but I have a kind heart, and I'm awfully good at cross-word puzzles."

"You don't say!" cried the girl ecstatically, her whole attitude changing instantly.

"I do," the Earl affirmed. "I was the first man in England to identify the three-toed sloth as the ai, and the Pacific lily as the ti."

"Then," said Oseda, "if you can solve a cross-word puzzle of my own invention before Christmas Day expires I will marry you. I have shown it to Mr. Muckupp, and he declares it to be unsolvable. Prove yourself to possess a brain superior to his, and I am yours for keeps."

So saying, she took a folded paper from her vanity-bag, and handed it to the Earl. On it appeared the following:

Across. 1. Appearance of young oysters.
3. Water-cress.
Down. 2. Hebrew for "going up."

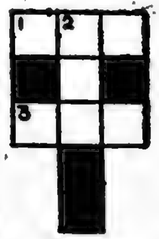
The earl studied it for a while with forehead wrinkled like a scrubbing-board. At last he said—

"Muckupp is right. It is practically unsolvable. Yet to win you, Oseda, I will attempt it, and who knows but that with the help of Providence and Mr. Chambers, my efforts may be crowned with success. You give me until the expiration of Christmas Day?"

"Yes."

"One other thing. What are these two black squares for at the bottom, since they apparently have nothing to do with the puzzle?"

"I inserted them," explained Oseda, "so that if a potential solver got tired of it as a cross-word puzzle, he could use it either as a fan or a shoe-horn."



THE CLUES:
Across: 1. Appearance of young oysters.
3. Water-cress.
Down: 2. Hebrew for "going-up."

II

IT wanted but five minutes to midnight of Christmas Day, and the Earl sat in his luxurious state-room a prey to the profoundest despair. Before his guests at the Christmas dinner-table he had assumed an air of reckless hilarity.

Oseda alone had detected beneath the veneer of effort and alcohol the fierce fire of despair which raged in his bosom with a fury well-nigh sufficient to set alight his immaculate dickey. She had longed to help him—to offer him at least the initial letter of "appearance of young oysters"; for she was now keenly desirous that the Earl should emerge triumphant from the test, since she had learned during the day that the Hon. Gastley Muckupp could (and frequently did) move his ears at will—an accomplishment which to her pure and sensitive nature smacked of the uncanny, not to say satanic.

But once the usual Christmas after-dinner recreations had been disposed of, the Earl had withdrawn on the plea of writing up the Yule-log, and had shut himself in his state-room to make one last desperate effort to solve Oseda's puzzle.

If he could only get *one* word his labours would be materially shingled. But he hadn't even begun to begin, and he had only five minutes left to win the girl he loved.

As a last resort he rang for his valet. "Fitz Pontifex," he said, "you're country-bred, I believe?"

"Yes, my lord. I'm Mr. Housman's original Shropshire lad."

"Then, tell me, what do they call water-cress in the dear old home at Ludlow?"

"Bally muck, my lord!"

"Thank you. You don't perchance happen to know the Hebrew for 'going up,' I suppose? But no matter. I see it has already gone midnight."

Yes, Oseda was lost to him; and yet—yet—somehow he *wouldn't* be beaten by a mere three-letter cross-word puzzle. For the sake of his own self-respect, for the sake of Auld Lang Syne (whoever he might be), he would solve the puzzle.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

A SEALED solution of Lady Oseda Mopp's cross-word puzzle is in the possession of the Editor. He offers a Christmas present of £5 to the sender of the first correct solution scrutinised by him on December 16. Send postcards only, addressed to the Editor, John Bull Xmas Annual, 93, Long Acre, London. W.C.2, to reach him not later than December 15. The winner's name and address and the solution will be published in JOHN BULL, dated December 25, and on sale Wednesday, December 22,

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Eight o'clock the following morning found him taking a pre-prandial stroll along the deck with Lady Oseda Mopp. His face appeared haggard and weary, but in his eye there was the look of the man who had triumphed over fearful odds.

"No, Oseda; it was long past midnight when I at length solved your puzzle," he was saying. "But I couldn't rest till I had solved it, and here is the solution."

He handed her the slip of paper she had given him the day before.

"It is quite correct," she said. "And, oh—let me see, what *is* your name?"

"Basil," said the Earl. (*I am sorry I forgot to mention this sooner.*—A. S.)

"And oh, Basil!" Oseda went on, "why *didn't* you solve it before midnight on Christmas Day?"

AT that moment the skipper came up to the Earl. "Allow me, m'lord, to wish you a very happy Christmas!" he said cordially.

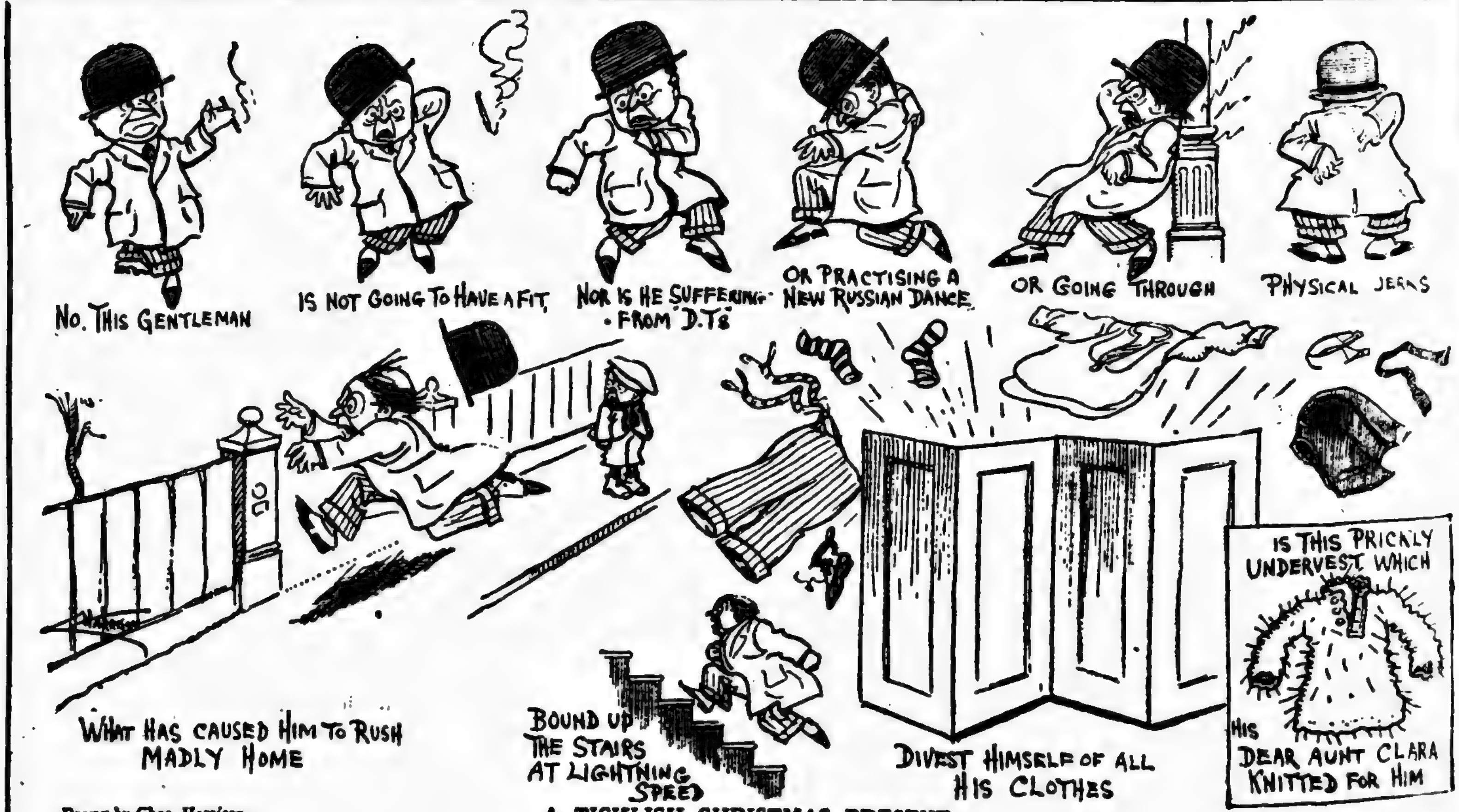
"Thanks," remarked the Earl, "but you wished me that yesterday. Don't you mean a very happy Boxing Day?"

"No," said the skipper, with a 20-candle-power twinkle in his eye. "This, I think, is the first time you've crossed the Pacific? Well, close upon midnight last night we crossed the 180th parallel. We are now west of Greenwich instead of east."

"And that means——?" anxiously broke in the Earl.

"That means," said the skipper, "that the clock goes back twenty-four hours, and *to-day is still Christmas Day!*"

And he discreetly turned away, for the Earl had seized Oseda in a half-nelson, her arms were clasping him round the main-braces, and their lips had met in a seemingly permanent clove-hitch.


No. THIS GENTLEMAN
IS NOT GOING TO HAVE A FIT,
NOR IS HE SUFFERING FROM D.T's
OR PRACTISING A NEW RUSSIAN DANCE,
OR GOING THROUGH
PHYSICAL JERKS
WHAT HAS CAUSED HIM TO RUSH MADLY HOME
BOUND UP THE STAIRS AT LIGHTNING SPEED
DIVEST HIMSELF OF ALL HIS CLOTHES
IS THIS PRICKLY UNDERVEST WHICH HIS DEAR AUNT CLARA KNITTED FOR HIM

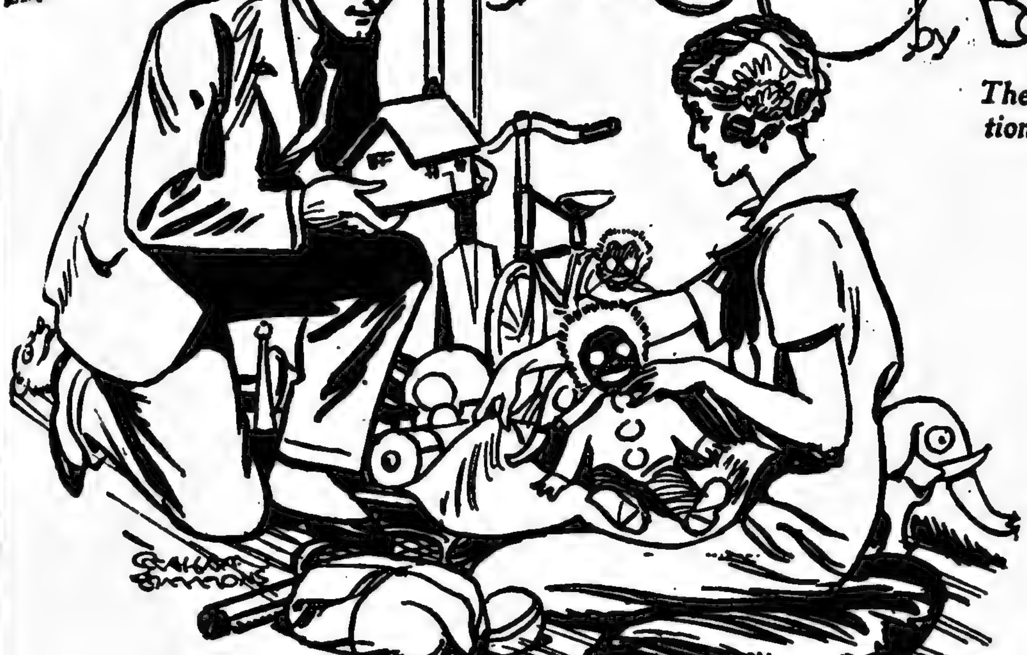
Drawn by Chas. Harrison

A TICKLISH CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

The Christmas Germ

by DOROTHY ROGERS

There is no Need for Inoculation Against this Infection.



In the midst of packages and still scattered toys knelt Cecilia and the stranger.

ON thinking it over afterwards, Cecilia Brimpton put her mental finger on the fact of having lost her way as the first cause of the madness, or, rather, on having found herself by accident in the toy department, and contracting the germ which there lay in wait.

For there is a very virulent germ that spreads abroad just before Christmas. Doctors have not yet recognised it (which is rather obtuse of them, for they have, themselves, suffered from its attacks), but Dickens did, and so does every man and woman who, having made up a wise but wistful mind on the matter of how much they can reasonably afford, falls a victim to the germ and with feverish recklessness buys and buys and buys all those frivolous, delightful things that will gladden the heart of somebody and empty the purse for a month.

CECILIA Brimpton, spinster, aged thirty-nine, with a perpetually well-filled purse and no one of her own in the whole wide world to empty it, lost her way and found it in the toy department amid a crowd of men and women all violently afflicted by the germ, all bright-eyed and feverish, all parcel-laden, and straightway it laid hold on her and afflicted her even more violently than the rest.

In her case the trouble was that, having contracted the fever and the symptoms, there remained the desolating fact that she had no one in the whole wide world for whom to buy and buy—not even a small and distant cousin, not one child among her friends for whom she had any excuse for such an outlay as that for which the germ, working within her, thirsted.

Thus, for the space of quite four minutes she resisted. Unable, by reason of the press of people, to get away, she stood, racked by the fever, watching others relieve their abnormal craving by snatching at this and that.

It was a train that broke her will—a train complete with engine, coal-truck and carriages, running busily on a circular track. At sight of the crank-shaft moving like an awkward arm to and fro, the fever overcame her.

"I must have that!" she muttered.

A man's eye was on it now and this made her afraid. Seizing an assistant by the arm and pointing to the train, she said:

"I want that."

And there was the beginning of it. Cecilia Brimpton, now the germ's most hopeless victim, bought and bought and bought—dolls, balls, teddy-bears, sweet-shops, motor-cars and 'buses, snowballs and pies filled with toys, crackers of every glittering, gorgeous hue.

Once, when the fever allowed her a moment's lucidity, the thought flashed into her brain: "I can send them to the Children's Hospital"; not that that was quite satisfactory, because it was too impersonal to please her, but it was an excuse; and then again she was in the clutches of the germ and adding more and yet more irresistible toys to her pile.

At length, the fever having somewhat abated, she pulled herself up.

"That will do," she said; then once more her eyes glittered: "But I want them at once."

THE assistant, adding up a long bill, murmured something about a terrible rush of business, but that she would do her best.

"I *must* have them!" Cecilia said impatiently. "If you have no one to send, have them carried to a taxi and I will take them myself."

In the end that was done, but as parcel after parcel was lifted in and deposited beside her or on the floor, Cecilia, in whom the fever was now rapidly ebbing, sat very silent, her eyes (and they were pretty eyes) dulling, her lips (and they were very pretty lips) compressed. All the way back to Bayswater, where she had her flat, she sat forward, looking out of the window, but she saw nothing, and her face grew more and more downcast.

In her eager and almost guilty haste to get the things away she had not waited for them to be wrapped up, and an unusually genial taxi-driver followed her to the outer door of the building in which she had her home, bearing in his arms, as she herself did, boxes of toys and crackers, unwrapped and merely tied together with string, displaying their gaily-coloured labels to a world that should have been full of children, sparkling-eyed, to see them.

AS she entered, followed by the laden taxi-driver, Cecilia cannoned into a man who was crossing the hall, and several of her parcels fell with a bang from her over-filled arms.

With a hurried apology he bent to pick them up. She knew the man by sight; he had the ground-floor flat immediately below her own, but they had never exchanged so much as a "Good-morning" until now. As he stooped and rose again she was aware of dark hair brushed with silver over the ears, of blue eyes that smiled and yet were wistful, of a wide mouth that almost twitched into speech and yet stayed wordless. Not until he had gone did she realise that after the first muttered apology he had said nothing; she felt as though they had talked together.

CECILIA Brimpton stood in the middle of her drawing-room and looked at the things that lay spread all about her. Her privileged, elderly maid, who had expressed astonished disapproval of such meaningless prodigality, had gone back to the kitchen, her temper ruffled by the curtness with which Cecilia had cut short her remarks:

"You may be sure that I have my reasons for buying these things!"

But she had not. Standing there by herself and revolving slowly in order to survey the whole of her purchases, she wondered miserably what in the world had made her do it and what reason she could possibly invent.

And then Cecilia discovered that the little train, the forerunner of all her reckless extravagance, was missing. It took some time to search carefully, though vainly, through the boxes. Then it occurred to her that it might have been left downstairs in the hall.

She went down to search. It was there, pushed aside into a corner; probably it had been among the parcels she had dropped, and overlooked by the stranger when he picked them up again.

As she turned back towards the stairs the sound of a gramophone came from his flat. It was playing the Children's Overture; she heard the sweet lilt of the nursery rhymes with a jealous contraction of the heart. He must have children there—nieces and nephews, perhaps, since all she knew of the tenant of the flat below was that he was a bachelor—at any rate, children to amuse, and here was she with all these toys and not a child of her acquaintance to receive them!

CECILIA Brimpton went back into her drawing-room, and there in the midst of an assembled audience of toys she sank down on to a floor cushion and wept. They were not, at first, tears of self-pity but of jealousy and anger. By now she had a mental picture of the party in the flat below, with that man (he looked as though he would be a good comrade to children) enjoying himself in the midst of it. There would be games and noisy revelry and that loud-blaring gramophone drowning the noise with merry Christmas tunes. Cecilia sat up, bitter resentment in her heart, and glared at a vacant-eyed teddy-bear.

"You'll go to the Children's Hospital!" she said aloud, viciously, as though it were an evil threat. Then her voice wavered and she murmured brokenly: "But what is the use of Christmas if you have no one to give things to?"

"I want someone to give something to!" she wailed.

For the first time Cecilia Brimpton realised that she was very lonely. Self-pity came then to wash the bitterness of anger and jealousy out of her tears, so that they flowed softly like autumn rain. At last she raised her head and sat wet-eyed and still. Then she rose weakly.

"I'm going down to—to listen to his party," she whispered on a sob.

Very quietly she stepped out of her room, along the little hall and once more opened her outer door. Then she started violently, drawing a startled breath. Immediately outside stood the man from the flat below. He drew back a step, then stood like a boy covered with the self-conscious guilt of a detected crime.

Cecilia drew back into the doorway so that he might not so easily see her wet eyes, but she said nothing. Confronted unexpectedly by the very man outside whose door she had been about to stand listening, her brain was in confusion. For a long minute they stood silently facing each other. At last she spoke:

"Were you—did you want to see me?" There was a scarcely defined hope in her mind that he had come up to invite her to his party. They did not know each other, of course, still . . . it was Christmas . . it might have occurred to him.

But he shook his head.

"No," he said, "no—at least——"

HE, too, seemed confused; his face reddened and he looked down. Then all at once he looked up again and his eyes were smiling, full of wistful apology.

"I am getting so hopelessly tied up that I had better risk your anger and explain," he said. "You see, I saw you carrying in all these toys this morning and I thought—I thought you might be having a children's party this afternoon, and—and children's parties are such jolly, rowdy affairs—I couldn't hear anything from below and I'm afraid I came up to stand outside your door and hear the fun!"

His confession came out in a rush and then his eyes apologised.

Cecilia gasped.

"But—but you have a party yourself!"

"I?" He looked bewildered.

"I heard your gramophone playing the tunes children like."

"Oh, that!" He laughed in a shamefaced way. "I turned that on just to cheer things up a bit. Christmas is rather stale all by oneself, isn't it? One wants people. Mine are all in Canada. It is extraordinary how one misses one's people at Christmas; at other times one doesn't so particularly notice; I suppose one gets used to being alone."

Cecilia was dumb.

After a moment he moved awkwardly as if to go.

"I must apologise. I do hope you will forgive my coming up; I certainly never intended you to know!"

She held out her hand suddenly.

"No, don't go yet. Come in. I want to show you something."

THERE was an uncommon simplicity about the man, for like a child he took her outstretched hand, and like two children they walked into her drawing-room together and stood silent among all the silent toys. As he looked round slowly his eyes filled with wonder, then at last he turned to her, and for the first time beheld her clearly, and saw that her lashes were wet.

"Tell me," he said simply.

They sat down together on the sofa littered with toys, and Cecilia told him as well as she could.

"I can't think why I did it," she said at length, and again her eyes were wet.

"I can. The bottom drops out of Christmas if you can't make big, queer-shaped surprises for somebody. I have felt that myself."

She nodded, looking away from him, and her chin quivered.

He leant towards her eagerly.

"Let us make them all up into separate parcels and take them to the Hospital ourselves," he said.

There was an intimate simplicity in his manner that seemed to sweep away all barriers of time in their acquaintanceship. There was, too, a suggestion of boyish excitement which struck a responsive flash in her eyes. There was the constant crackling sound of brown paper which, with tangled string, lay spread about among folded packages and still scattered toys, and in the midst of all knelt Cecilia and the stranger, happy and absorbed, each accusing the other of having lost the scissors.

THEY had a belated tea amid their labours and lingered for some time over the companionable meal, appearing so contented with each other's company that it was curious how quickly they parted in the end, more curious that each seemed just a little eager to say good-bye, as though a sudden preoccupation had come between them. Yet neither, absorbed in his or her preoccupation, remarked the unflattering alacrity of the other's farewell.

Within ten minutes of that farewell two people separately left the building, each walking with an ill-disguised air of secrecy and haste.

Within half an hour each, unknown to the other, was in Bond Street.

Cecilia, deeply absorbed, with a latent sparkle in her eyes, was standing before an outspread assortment of gentlemen's large silk handkerchiefs, indulging herself to the full in the felicity of choosing.

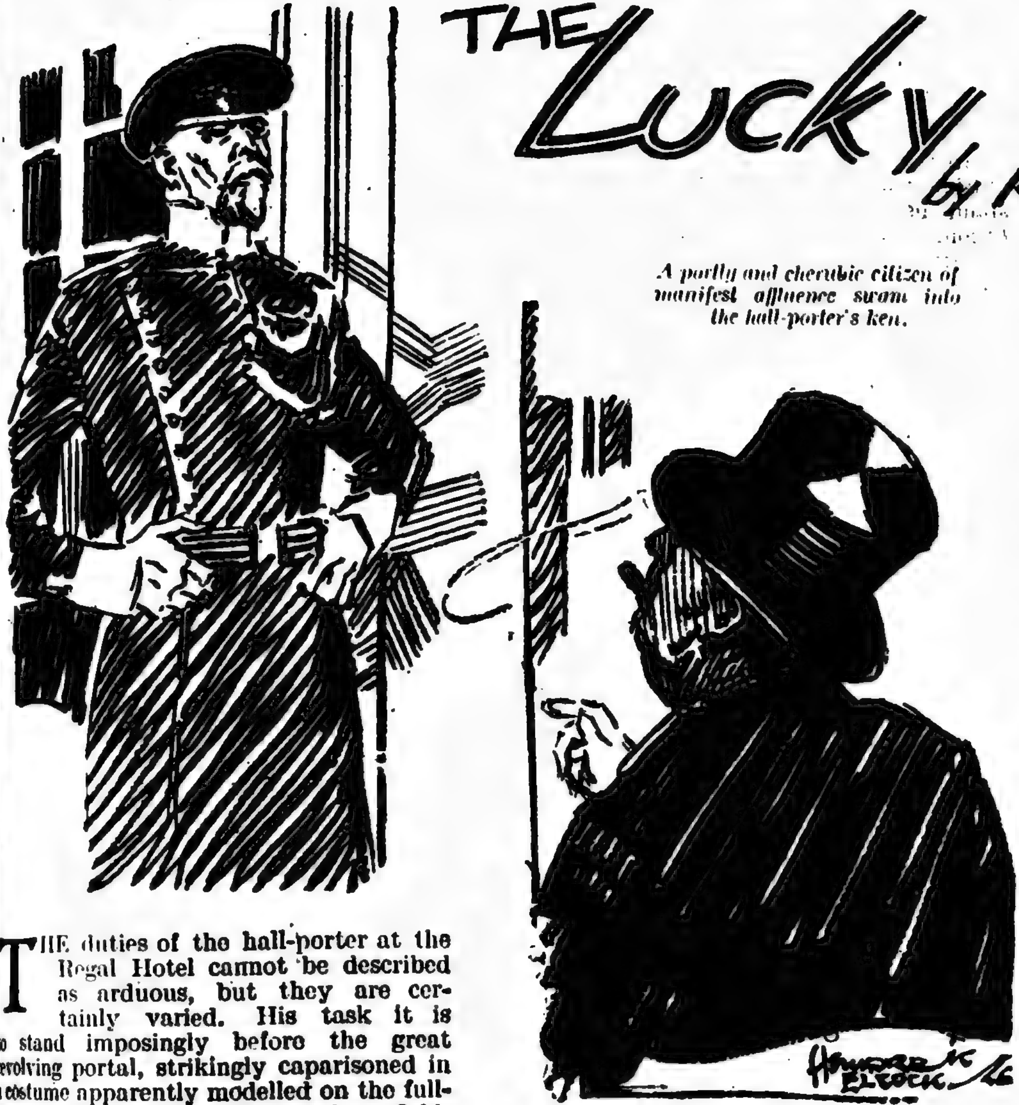
The man from the flat below, his blue eyes also alight and in one arm a balloon-shaped tissue-paper covered parcel from which there came the perfume of carnations, was in another shop not far away, debating the respective merits of two immense boxes of chocolates.

Drawn by Batchelor

"Thanks, very much, Sir Jasper. She's been decidedly standoffish the whole evening."

THE Lucky One

by K. R. G. BROWNE



A portly and cherubic citizen of manifest affluence swam into the hall-porter's ken.

THE duties of the hall-porter at the Regal Hotel cannot be described as arduous, but they are certainly varied. His task it is to stand imposingly before the great revolving portal, strikingly caparisoned in a costume apparently modelled on the full-dress uniform of a Venezuelan field-marshal; to open and close the doors of limousines on behalf of such as are too enfeebled or too opulent to perform that office for themselves; to give instructions in a loud voice concerning the disposal of luggage; to summon taxis and deal summarily with mendicants.

On the evening of December the 24th, in the eighth year of the Uncomfortable Peace, the hall-porter stood as usual at the head of the broad steps. A tall, grave-eyed, heavily-bearded man, he contrived to inhabit his ridiculous uniform without himself appearing ridiculous, which, all things considered, was no mean feat; and there was about him an air of imperturbable efficiency, a vague suggestion that he had seen considerably better days, which was apt to impress the casual visitor no less than the occasional inebriate whom it was his duty, when so commanded by Authority, to eject politely but definitely from the premises.

That which held his attention at the moment was a small crowd assembled in the roadway about the recumbent figure of one who had but lately learned that it is wiser to insult a dyspeptic lioness than to cross a main London thoroughfare without looking in seventeen directions at once. A little way apart stood the motor-omnibus concerned, happily undamaged by the impact.

The hall-porter, for whom such episodes had long lost the charm of novelty, looked on idly until the ambulance had clanged its way to the spot, engulfed its prey and clanged swiftly away again.

IT was then that the portly citizen swam into his ken. A portly and cherubic citizen of manifest affluence, arrayed in a fashion indicating a sound bank-balance and a slightly less sound taste in tailors. Upon his head he wore a silk hat of incredible effulgence, and in his mouth a large cigar; and he came briskly up the wide steps with the air of one hastening to a tryst. Arrived at the summit, he paused, glanced this way and that, and nodded affably to the hall-porter, saying:

"Nice evening."

The hall-porter was understood to admit that such was the case.

"Accident down there?" asked the portly citizen, with a backward jerk of his head. His face was large and round and good-humoured and very slightly flushed—the face of one who had recently dined to some purpose. It could not be said of him that he was in his cups, yet he was undeniably in that mellow frame of mind which has its origin in the juice of the grape.

"Man knocked down by a 'bus, sir," replied the hall-porter briefly.

"Tchk! Tchk!" said the portly citizen. "Death-traps these streets are nowadays—death-traps!" He shifted his cigar to the south-west corner of his countenance and extracted from his person a massive watch of gold, no larger than a saucer. "I'm late, after all. Nobody been asking for me, eh? Hazard, my name is."

"No," said the hall-porter. "But then they wouldn't ask *me*, sir. If you were to inquire in the hotel——"

"Ah," said the man called Hazard, "but he wasn't to meet me in the hotel—my friend, I mean. He was to meet me *here*—on these steps." And that there might be no misunderstanding on the point, he pounded the topmost step emphatically with his gold-mounted umbrella.

The hall-porter nodded non-committally.

"Any why?" pursued Mr. Hazard expansively. "Because it was on these steps that we parted five-and-twenty years ago, Jim Fouraker and me. Christmas Eve, 1901—and I've not laid eyes on him since. A lot can happen in twenty-five years, eh?"

"More than a lot," said the hall-porter.

"That's right," agreed Mr. Hazard heartily. "More than a lot. Why, anything may have happened to old Jim. He may be dead, or ill, or—or—"

"Or married," said the hall-porter, as one suggesting the ghastliest possibility.

"Ha!" said Mr. Hazard, amused. "Or married, eh? Well, why not? A likely-looking lad was Jim—about your size and build." He measured the hall-porter with a genial eye and became even more confidential, in the reminiscent, faintly maudlin fashion of the thoroughly well-fed. "We were boys together, Jim and me. Grew up together—went through school together. And twenty-five years ago we parted on this very spot. Christmas Eve, 1901," said Mr. Hazard emotionally. "Perishing cold it was, I remember . . . . We'd had a little farewell dinner here, because Jim was going to Canada next day, to join his uncle. And we swore we'd meet here again in twenty-five years' time if we both stayed alive. Sentimental young devils we were," explained Mr. Hazard, with an indulgent smile for the follies of his youth.

"And why not?" said the hall-porter.

"Why not, indeed?" echoed Mr. Hazard loudly. "Anyway, here I am! Here I am—and worth a quarter of a million!"

"Dollars?" inquired the hall-porter respectfully.

"Pounds!" said Mr. Hazard, with a touch of hauteur. "Pounds sterling, and don't you forget it! And there's one thing *I'll* never forget—I owe it all to Jim Fouraker."

"Is that so?" said the hall-porter.

"That is so," said Mr. Hazard. "Because at that time I knew a man that was starting a bookmaking business and wanted a partner with a spot of capital. I wanted the job, but I hadn't a bean. So Jim lent me fifty quid, his uncle having sent him the passage-money and a tidy bit over. I could pay him back any old time, he said. And from that day," said Mr. Hazard impressively, "I've never looked back. 'Hector Mulholland, Turf Commissioner'—that's the firm. Heard of us, eh?"

"You've had some of my money, I think," said the hall-porter.

"Ha!" said Mr. Hazard, chuckling. "You're not the only one! Well, I've done it all on old Jim's fifty. And I've never paid it back, because he hasn't sent me a line for fifteen years or more, and I don't know where he is. But if he turns up to-night, he'll get his money back. Fifty quid at five per cent. for twenty-five years—work it out for yourself." Mr. Hazard chuckled again. "I've got it here in my pocket—all in notes. Looks better than a cheque, eh? Maybe old Jim'll be glad of it—we can't all be lucky."

"We can't," said the hall-porter.

"Anyway, it'll show him Joe Hazard don't forget his debts, nor yet his pals . . . Lord, it's half-past nine! He was to be here at nine o'clock." Mr. Hazard sighed as he re-interred his watch. "Maybe he won't come. He might be dead, or—twenty-five years is a longish time," said Mr. Hazard pensively. "I reckon I won't recognise him if he does turn up."

"You haven't," said the hall-porter.

"Eh?" said Mr. Hazard.

"It's this beard, I suppose," said the hall-porter. "I recognised *you* all right, Joe."

Mr. Hazard's jaw dropped; he fell back a step, goggle-eyed.

"What—what—who—you don't mean ——"

"I was here on time, Joe," said the hall-porter.

"You?" said Mr. Hazard dazedly. "*You*? Mean to say *you're* Jim Fouraker?"

"Who else?" said the hall-porter.

For a space Mr. Hazard stood in silent stupefaction. Anon he stepped forward and peered into the hall-porter's face at a range of about an inch.

"Lord!" said Mr. Hazard wonderingly. "If that don't beat everything! I'd never have known you, Jim—you've changed a lot. That beard . . . ." He broke off suddenly to grasp the hall-porter's hand and wring it long and vigorously. "Well, you certainly fooled me, Jim, old son! Letting me stand here and—but what in the world are you doing in that rig-out?"

"Earning my living," said the hall-porter. "We can't all be lucky, Joe. That chap that was knocked down in the street just now—he was luckier than me, I guess . . . . . Queer I should get a job in this hotel, eh?"

"Lord!" said Mr. Hazard, and was silent for a moment. Then: "But why didn't you tell me right away, Jim?"

The hall-porter looked down into the noisy street.

"Why," he said slowly, "I was kind of ashamed, Joe—you being so successful and me a failure. A lot of things can happen in twenty-five years, and most of 'em have happened to me. I was a failure in Canada, and I've been a failure over here. That's why I never wrote—I was ashamed. That's why I didn't mean to say anything to-night, if you didn't recognise me. And I wouldn't have said anything if you hadn't mentioned that money."

"Why?" asked Mr. Hazard, puzzled.

"I need it, Joe," said the hall-porter simply. "My wife's ill, and the pay I get here won't buy her what she needs. That money'll put her right and give me another chance, too."

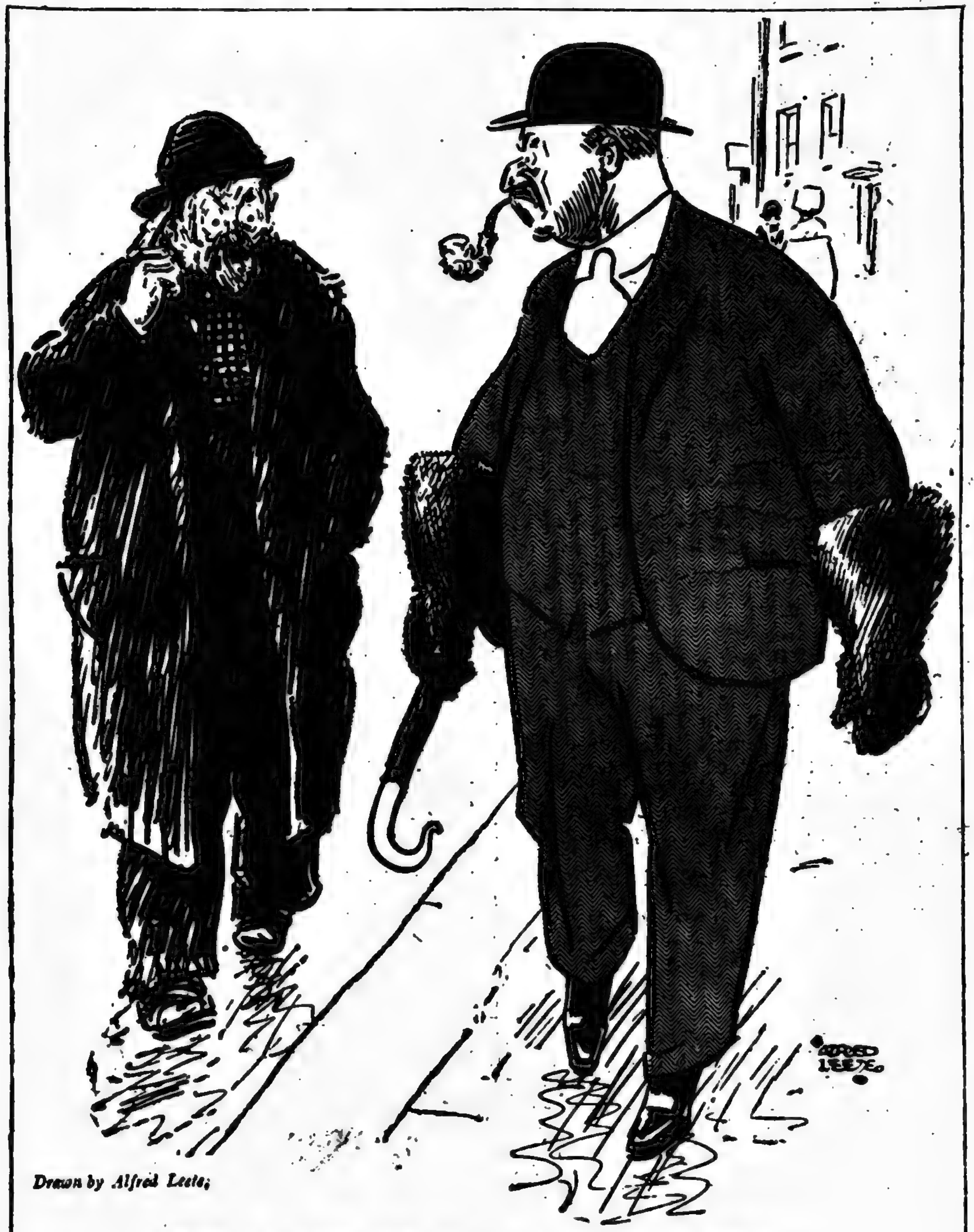
"Lord!" said Mr. Hazard, profoundly stirred. Impulsively he took from his pocket a bloated wallet, and from the wallet a stout wad of notes. "Here you are, old son! Take that home and show it to the missus."

"You're a good fellow, Joe," said the hall-porter gratefully. "You don't know what this means to me." He pocketed the notes and turned to glance through the revolving door into the brilliantly-lighted lounge; then he swung back to Mr. Hazard. "Look here, Joe, I'm liable to get into trouble if I stand here talking to you much longer. Where are you living? I'm free to-morrow, and I'll look you up."

"Right you are," said Mr. Hazard jovially. "Here's my card. Come round bright and early, eh? We'll have a lot to talk about."

"We certainly will," said the hall-porter; and he held out his hand. "Good night, Joe—and thank you."

BUT on the morrow things fell out otherwise. For towards three o'clock in the afternoon—about the time that a Mr. James Fouraker was recovering consciousness in Charing Cross Hospital, where he had lain senseless since colliding with a motor-omnibus early on Christmas Eve—Mr. Hazard was engaged in agitated converse with the management of the Regal Hotel. In reply to his bewildered inquiries, the management regretted (*a*) that no person of the name of Fouraker was known to them, and (*b*) that the hall-porter, one William Huggins, had resigned his position with great suddenness late on the previous night, saying that he had unexpectedly come into money and proposed instantly to emigrate. The management added that, though annoyed by his abrupt defection, they were not surprised, Mr. Huggins having always seemed to them a man of resource and intelligence who, given the opportunity, would go far.



Drawn by Alfred Leete.

"Please 'elp a poor man wot 'as 'ad no Christmas presents."
"You lucky blighter!"

BACK FROM THE LAND

BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

It was that week-end that I spent with dear old Barry Brownlow, at his place near Long Cumbersome, that made me finally decide to leave London for ever and live in the country. I sincerely believe that a week-end spent with Brownlow, if indulged in strictly in rotation by the inhabitants of any city, would be calculated to bring about the overcrowding of our countryside.

You see, Brownlow lives in one of those charming old Elizabethan mansions that are still not yet advertised for sale, and runs it with the precision and comfort of one of our best and most exclusive hotels.

From Paddington to warming yourself by the great log-fire in the old Hall occupies about two hours, and is the Rolls-Royciest of journeys.

In Brownlow's house there is no servant trouble; in Brownlow's garden there is no gardener trouble; in his park there is no parker trouble. Everything is mellow, substantial and comfortable.

The downstairs rooms smell of wood fires. The upstairs rooms of well-ordered lavender. The carpets sink beneath one's feet like shaving lather.

Invisible servants anticipate one's every wish. Housemaids of the kind one sees in musical comedy do magic things to one's bedroom, whilst down below an omnipotent butler of the Mayfair drama brand produces that sense of rest and reliance that one can only get by visiting a high-class nerve specialist.

Nothing ever goes wrong at Brownlow's; the whole thing, from the cellars to the copper hot-water cans in the bedrooms with their tea-cosy covers and monograms, is bathed in grace.

Now I write this several months after my last visit to Brownlow's, and my firm conviction now is that this misleading trap should be unmasked and suppressed at once.

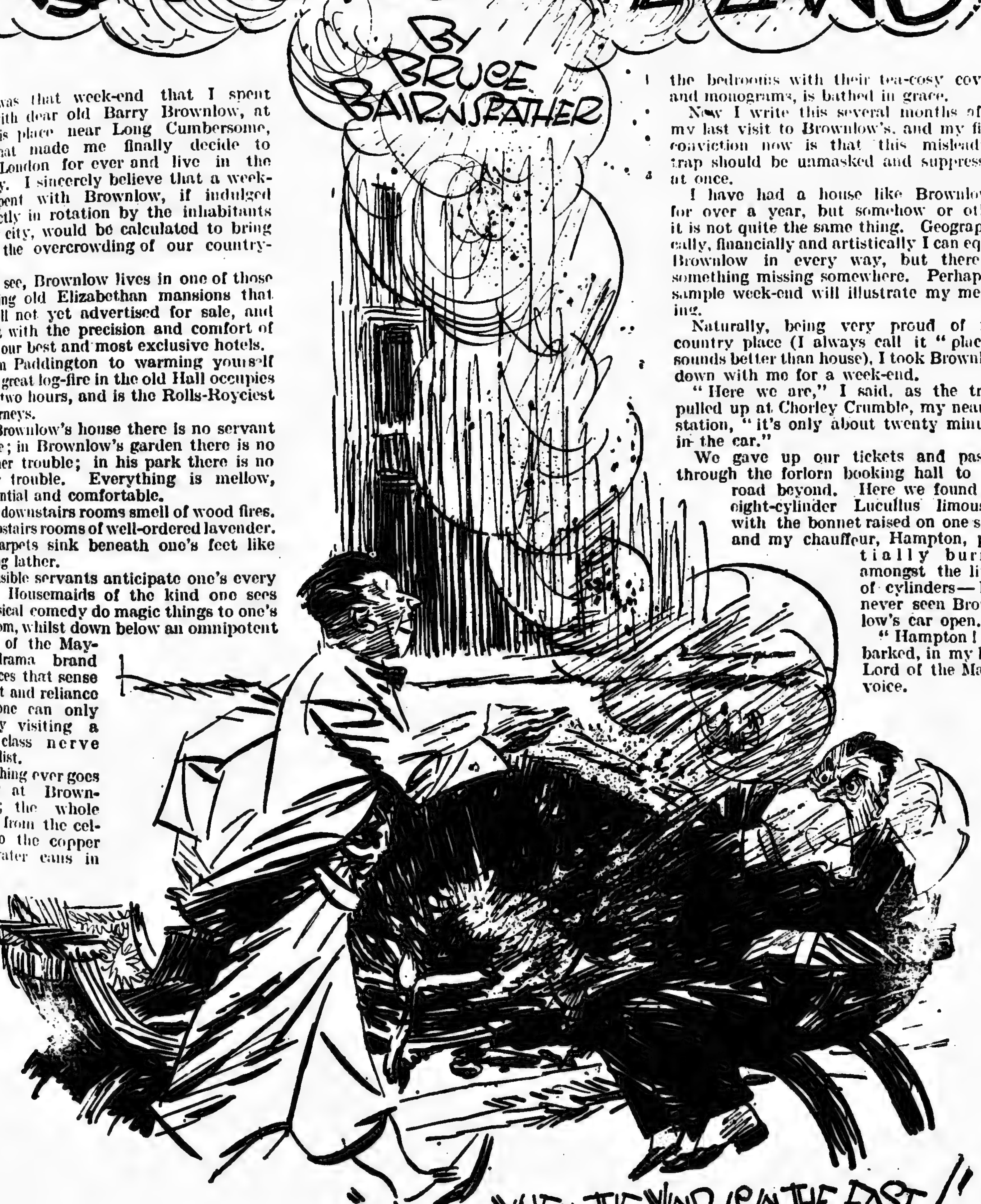
I have had a house like Brownlow's for over a year, but somehow or other it is not quite the same thing. Geographically, financially and artistically I can equal Brownlow in every way, but there is something missing somewhere. Perhaps a sample week-end will illustrate my meaning.

Naturally, being very proud of my country place (I always call it "place," sounds better than house), I took Brownlow down with me for a week-end.

"Here we are," I said, as the train pulled up at Chorley Crumble, my nearest station, "it's only about twenty minutes in the car."

We gave up our tickets and passed through the forlorn booking hall to the road beyond. Here we found my eight-cylinder Lucullus limousine with the bonnet raised on one side, and my chauffeur, Hampton, partially buried amongst the litter of cylinders—I've never seen Brownlow's car open.

"Hampton!" I barked, in my best Lord of the Manor voice.



—WHEN THE WIND IS IN THE EAST!!

"Yes, sir!" The top half of Hampton came to the surface.

"Come on now, hurry up; you can do that when you get back to the house."

Hampton touched his hat. "Beg pardon, sir, but she won't fire at all now in my opinion the magneto's burnt out."

WE drove out to "my place" in the station Ford, which, although left out all night for ten years, and rusted throughout to a delicate brown, has never failed to meet or leave a train. The interior shows traces of poultry, the gears make a noise like a circular saw, but there it is; it took Brownlow and I to my "place" in fifteen minutes.

How proud I felt as we turned in at the drive and saw the ancient Tudor mansion, with all its mellow brickwork and mullioned, leaded windows, lying out behind a terrace of stone paving.

"Now I'll show him!" I thought, "I'll show Brownlow that I've got one of the most charming and comfortable old-world places in the country. I'll make him sit up!"

* * *

MY butler, Graves, opened the door. What *had* happened to his face? One eye was tightly shut, whilst the cheek below was inflated like a stuffed tomato.

"What has happened, Graves?" I turned back to the Ford for a moment.

"Come in, Brownlow, go straight in. I won't be a second."

"What is it, Graves? Had an accident?"

"No, sir; the doctor says it's the damp. He says unless the servants' quarters are pulled down and rebuilt he won't be responsible for what happens. They never was right, sir, and since the pipe burst . . ."

"What!" I exclaimed, "the pipe burst! What pipe? When—where—how?"

"Yes, sir, the pipe what takes the cold water down to the boiler at the back of the range burst since you went away, sir; soaked all the ceiling in the smokin' room and all the plaster's come down."

"Well, well, Graves, it can't be helped. I'll have to see about all this later. Now come along, see that we have lunch at once, something warm and quick; Mr. Brownlow and I have had a cold journey."

"Well, I'm afraid it will have to be a cold lunch, sir."

"A cold lunch! Why! What the—!"

"Yes, sir, the man says it ain't safe to light the range until the pipe is mended."

"Well, isn't it mended? *Surely* you've had it mended by now!"

"Oh, yes, sir, we've had it mended; but —er—but—er—"

"Come on, Graves, what is it?"

"Well, sir, the artesian well, sir—we haven't had any water for four days, they say a rod is broken or something, sir, and it will want a man down from London."

I left Graves in disgust and entered the Hall.

Through a blue-grey fog of acrid smoke I could dimly discern Brownlow, sitting by the large Tudor fireplace. As I reached him I could see his eyes were streaming and his face purple from coughing.

"I'm sorry, old man," I choked out, "it always does this when the wind is in the East. Come into the smoking-room." I corrected myself when I remembered the news about the ceiling, and changed it to "billiard-room."

Together we battled our way through the clouds of wood smoke and, reaching the door first, I clutched at the old wooden latch.

"It's an antique—genuine too," I explained, as it came off in my hand. We entered the billiard-room and sat down in a couple of Cromwellian chairs.

"Do you mind if I get my greatcoat, old man?" said Brownlow, looking at me with eyes like a bloodhound, due to the smoke.

"Certainly, old boy; can't make out why it's cold in here."

* * *

I ROSE and rushed to a radiator, and felt it. It was as cold as a dead shark, with stalactites festooned about the entrance pipe. There is nothing in nature that can be quite as cold as a cold radiator, and nothing which takes longer to revive; so I hastily followed Brownlow into the hall.

"How about a turn round the garden before lunch?" I said, as I helped him into his greatcoat.

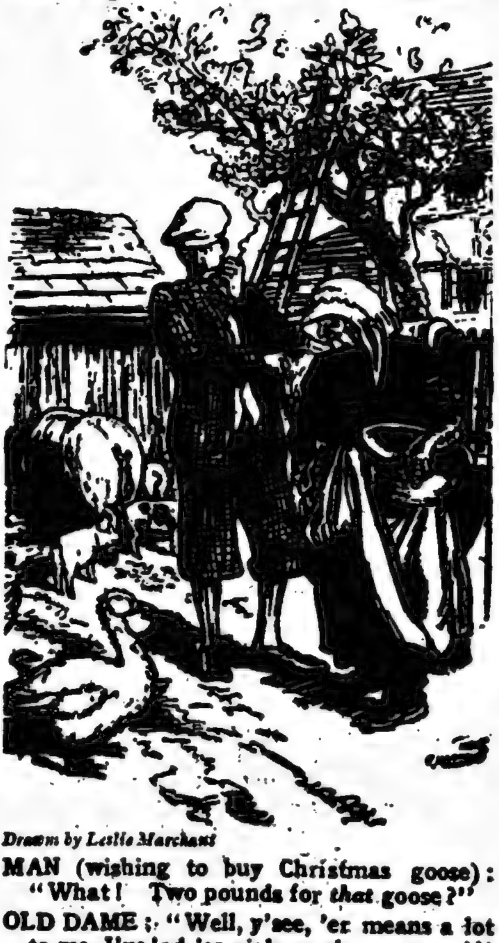
"There is nothing that I should like better," he replied with what I thought too much feeling.

We strolled down a flagged path towards an ancient sundial. Grimes, my head gardener, was engaged in scraping with a rake at an empty, dull grey bed of earth.

"Morning, Grimes," I said, cheerily. "How's the garden?"

Grimes unbent himself with a creaking of spine and corduroy, touched his hat with a crumpled finger, then leant upon the handle of his rake.

"It don't look too good to me, sir; them slugs 'ave eaten all them bulbs I put in, and if you comes this way, sir, I'll show you what the worms 'ave done to them potatoes."



Drawn by Leslie Marchant

MAN (wishing to buy Christmas goose): "What! Two pounds for *that* goose?"

OLD DAME: "Well, y'see, 'er means a lot to me, I've 'ad 'er nigh on eleven years!"

"We always have a wonderful display of roses," I said, turning to Brownlow in order to drown the mournful broadcasting by Grimes; but I was too late, he had seen through my move. He continued without a pause.

"Last year's roses was bad, sir; there weren't about two as you could call proper roses, and unless these 'ere slugs can be stopped there don't look like bein' any at all next year, and beg pardon, sir, while you're 'ere, the wall round the kitchen garden's all fallin' down, and Mr. Smith, the builder from over at Crumble, says it ain't no good mendin' it, you wants a new wall. But it ain't no good 'aving a new wall, until ye puts in a new Armenian well, because if ye don't, ye see, sir, there ain't no good 'avin' a garden at all to put a wall round."

Before I had time to parry this gloomy financial forecast, he continued in a low baritone:

"Beg pardon, sir, but can you smell anything?" He looked at us both with a frown.

"I can," broke in Brownlow.

"Well, sir," continued Grimes, "I'd like you to step this way, sir. I wants to show ye something what 'as got to be seen to at once."

* * *

WE followed our guide with a sense of foreboding, until we arrived at the top of the kitchen garden behind the house.

"The inspector was round just before you came this mornin' sir, and said as 'ow he'll have to condemn all the drains. He was sayin' that for the matter of a few 'undred pounds you could avoid bein' condemned, but he'd like to see you about it. He says the drains 'ere is old-fashioned, what's left of 'em."

At this moment—it was probably one chance in a million—that an old tile which formed part of the east gable should have got loosened by the wind, and boomeranged at an acute angle, hitting dear old Brownlow above the right eye. What a nasty cut it was, too!

If only we could have telephoned for a doctor! The best we could do was to send Grimes across the fields to Slocum Magna, nine miles away, to get the veterinary surgeon, as there is no doctor there, and the one at Chorley Crumble was ill himself. Unfortunately, the vet. was so busy checking the foot-and-mouth disease that he was unable to get to the house till very late.

I only wish the electric light had been working all right, as it would have done a lot to brighten things up, but my under-gardener, who looks after it, explained that it would be rank stupidity to use it, as he had run out of oil and the nearest supply was, of course, at Chorley Crumble.

* * *

IT is perhaps better for me now to pass on to a later period, and forget this week-end. I pass on to a time when you will distinctly remember picking up a fat, luxurious and well-illustrated paper and noticing amongst the advertisements relating to country houses the following:

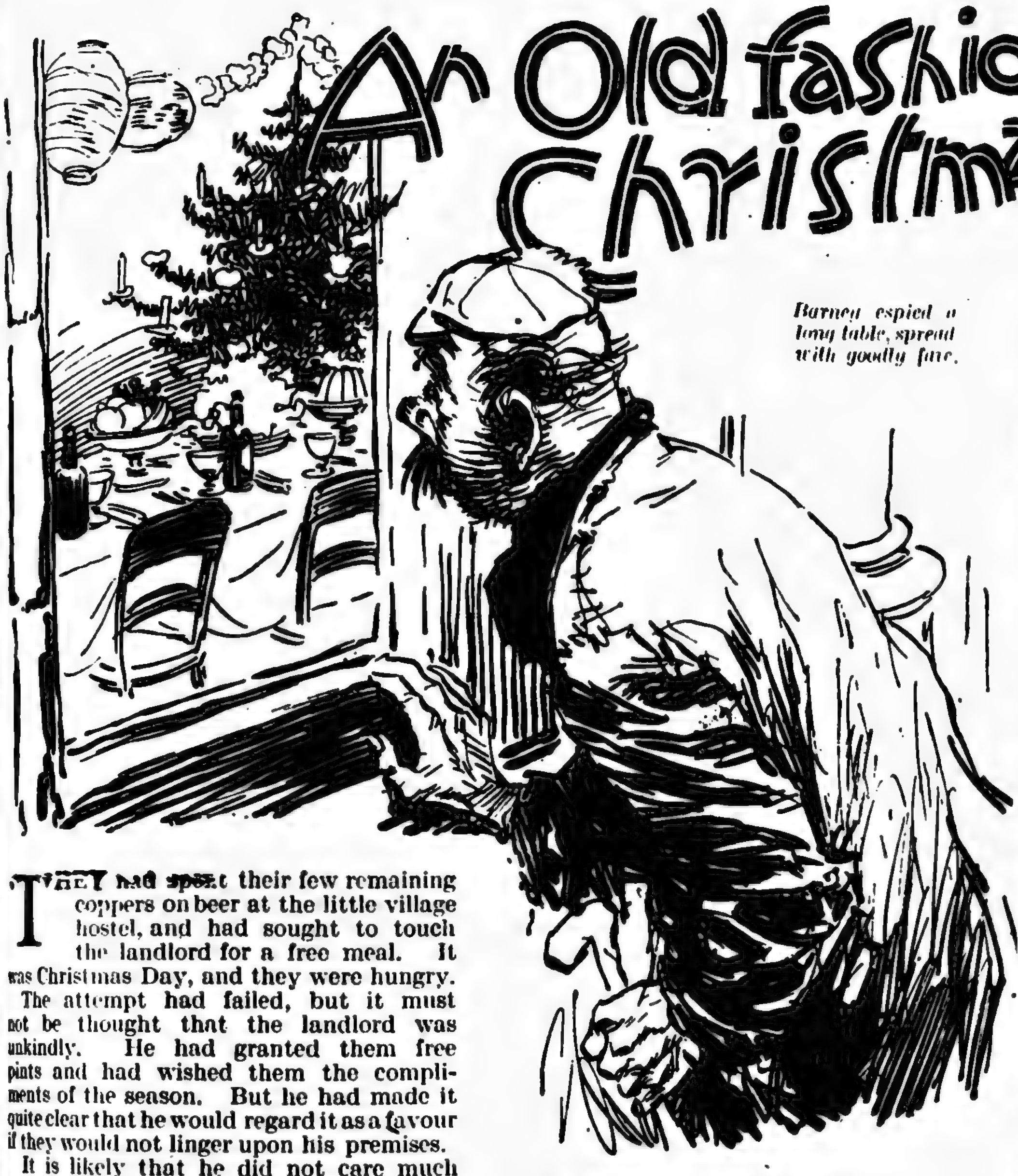
> **To be sold with immediate possession.**—A fine old Tudor residence, one of the most remarkable examples in the country. Must be lived in to be realised. Will accept any offer, sacrifice, even massacre if desired. Call, write, or 'phone, but for the love of Mike, take it.

That was mine, for I now live very happily and quietly in a flat not far from Grosvenor Square.

An Old fashioned Christmas

by GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON

Barney Gets His Christmas Dinner and a Surprise



Barney espied a long table, spread with goodly fare.

THEY had spent their few remaining coppers on beer at the little village hostel, and had sought to touch the landlord for a free meal. It was Christmas Day, and they were hungry.

The attempt had failed, but it must not be thought that the landlord was unkindly. He had granted them free pints and had wished them the compliments of the season. But he had made it quite clear that he would regard it as a favour if they would not linger upon his premises.

It is likely that he did not care much for their appearance; and you would not have blamed him. Barney Cope and "Crusty" Johnson were two of the most unkempt and evil-looking tramps that it is possible to picture.

As they resumed their pilgrimage along the frosty road Barney cursed heartily.

"Crusty," for his part, moaned faint-heartedly.

"It's no use," he wailed, "it'll 'ave ter be the workhouse."

"Oh. will it?" muttered Barney viciously. "Not for me, at any rate! No flat ale and workhouse fare for me. I want an old-fashioned Christmas!"

"Well. wouldn't the workhouse be an old-fashioned Christmas?" retorted "Crusty" obstinately. "We've been in one or other of 'em every blinkin' year since I can remember. What's the matter with yer? Frightened of 'aving a bath?"

"No," snapped Barney, "but I want a change."

"And where do yer think you're goin' ter get it?" asked "Crusty" sarcastically.

"I dunno. Up at the Hall, maybe."

"Garn! They'll give you in charge!"

"Not if I know it!" asserted Barney with confidence. "Didn't you hear what the landlord was saying to that bloke in the bar? He said Sir Percy, at the Hall, was the kindest cove in the country and did all the poor villagers proud every Christmas."

"Well, *you* ain't a villager!"

"No; but if Sir Percy's got a kind 'eart I reckon he'll fall for a hard-luck tale. I'm goin' ter see, anyway."

"Crusty" sniffed.

"It's six miles to the 'all," he observed, "and only two to the workhouse. I'd rather walk two miles for a cert meal than go six on the off-chance of being pinched!"

"Who's going ter get pinched?" retorted Barney.

After this little difference of opinion the two tramped on in silence. When they came to the gates of the county workhouse, "Crusty" stopped doggedly.

"Comin' in?" he asked expectantly.

Barney took one look at the gloomy, grey stone building in the background and shook his head.

"Not for me!" he said decisively.

THE two friends shook hands and parted. Whilst "Crusty" turned in at the workhouse gates Barney plodded doggedly on his way. He was tired, and his hunger seemed to be increasing with every step. He was glad indeed when the pleasing outline of Varne Hall loomed up through the frost-laden trees ahead.

When he eventually came to the handsome entrance gates, with their wrought-iron crests, Barney thought of the less pretentious portals through which "Crusty" had passed so hopefully, four miles back. He strode blithely up the trimly kept carriage drive and mounted the broad steps of Varne Hall, confident that his glib tongue, coupled with the traditions of the season, would soon reach the kindly heart of Sir Percy Varne.

Barney was not in the least embarrassed by the appearance of the flunkey who threw wide the door and favoured him with a look of withering scorn.

"Beg pardon," he began, in his best whining tones, "but could I see Sir Percy? I know 'e'll receive me kindly—I . . ."

The flunkey drew himself up haughtily, his nose high in the air.

"Sir Percy is spending Christmas in London," he announced in cold, dignified tones, and slowly closed the door.

For the second time that morning Barney swore. Whilst he had not palled at the thought of facing the tender-hearted baronet, he knew full well that it would be impossible to influence that flint-faced flunkey.

Was he to retrace those four weary miles to the workhouse? To compulsory ablutions, flat ale, unappetising fare and, worst of all, "Crusty's" derision? No. It was not to be thought of.

Slowly he descended the steps, and as he did so his roving eye took in certain interesting details. Through the windows of one of the lower rooms Barney espied a long table, spread with goodly fare. A small army of flunkeys was busily employed in putting the finishing touches to Christmas decorations.

Barney paused and regarded the scene wistfully. The preparations were clearly for the poor villagers' Christmas gathering that the landlord had hinted at.

THE sight of the huge table, literally groaning under good things, with its glistening cutlery and spotless napery, filled the famished Barney with anguish. If only the baronet had been there . . . !

Barney looked about him, and noting that he was unobserved, descended the few remaining steps and crept round to the rear of the building.

A water-butt enabled him to gain the roof of an out-building near the back of the servants' quarters. And from this eminence Barney was able to clamber through a first-floor window.

He found himself in a small bedroom, which was furnished in a very plain style. Moving cautiously across the room he opened the wardrobe door, revealing several garments of male attire. He surmised that the room belonged to one of the menservants of the household.

Thoughtfully he selected a suit of sombre hue and then turned to the dressing-table. Here he found a collar and tie and a complete set of underclothing; and as he draped his new outfit over his arm he caught sight of himself in the mirror.

"Lumme!" he reflected. "No wonder Clarence slammed the blinkin' door on me! I suppose I'll 'ave ter do something."

He tiptoed to the door and peeped out into the corridor. He noted with relief that the passage was thickly carpeted. Summoning up all his courage, he sallied boldly forth.

After traversing a labyrinth of passages Barney finally passed through a door into the main wing. The house was strangely still, but the tramp moved with caution.

He stumbled at last upon a bathroom. And such a bathroom! It struck Barney as a palace of marble and plate glass.

"P'raps a bath won't be so bad, after all," he mused as he slid the tiny nickel bolt on the inside of the door.

"Blime, *shan't* I smell nice!" he muttered aloud as he ladled liberal handfuls of perfumed bath-salts into the water.

THE grime of many months having at last been removed, Barney explored a fitted cabinet and brought forth shaving materials and scissors. Shaving was a troublesome and painful operation, but at last Barney stood back with a satisfied sigh and surveyed his smooth, blue chin in the steam-coated mirror.

Arrayed in his borrowed plumes, he bundled his old outfit together and dropped them into a spotless linen basket.

Then he opened the door and stepped out into the passage. He made his way to the stair head and looked cautiously over the banisters. The great hall below was thronged with an assembly of hushed and awe-stricken men and women. Barney guessed that the poor villagers had arrived.

"This way, please," he heard a pompous butler say, and his eager eyes followed the crowd as they filed through a doorway.

THE time for action had come, and Barney acted swiftly. With noiseless tread he sped down the wide stairs, arriving at the bottom as the tail end of the procession passed into the banqueting chamber.

Like a darting swallow Barney skimmed across the hall and tacked himself on to the party. He noticed that many of them were ragged and shabby. He need not have been so scrupulous about his toilet—however, now was not the time for repining.

With an exultant thrill he found himself being ushered into a seat at the groaning table. A thousand strangely mingled pangs shot through his frame and everything about him seemed to buzz with a faint not unpleasing suggestion of fairy music.

His wish was granted. Here was an old-fashioned Christmas.

The villagers' awe evaporated as the banquet progressed and the ales and wines, so liberally provided by the tender-hearted Sir Percy, began to circulate. Barney saw everything through a rosy haze. He refused nothing that was set before him. Turkey, goose, Christmas pudding and mince pies disappeared speedily before his devastating attack. Breathing heavily he ploughed his way through dessert, and, when the flunkeys filled his glass as soon as he drained it, Barney nodded benignly.

This was the life. Poor old "Crusty." A prisoner in a cold, draughty workhouse. How he would moan when next they met and Barney related this tale of wonder. But that would not be for some time, for poor old "Crusty" would be kept an inmate of that hateful institution until he had worked off his debt of a meagre meal. Meanwhile here was he, Barney, banqueting like a bloated baron!

TOASTS were drunk, and the Bailiff made a jovial speech, apologising for the baronet's absence from scenes he would have been only too pleased to grace with his presence had it been possible.

Barney, the tough-neck tramp, found himself pulling crackers and laughing like a child, joining with gusto in all the music, mirth and merrymaking. His senses were swimming but he was tremendously happy.

Through the haze it presently dawned upon him that the proceedings were ended and the villagers preparing to disperse.

Barney chuckled craftily to himself. He would mingle with the departing throng and make a simple getaway. He had had an old-fashioned Christmas and had gained a new outfit into the bargain.

Out into the open passed the merry, throng, Barney drifting with them.

A number of chars-a-banc were drawn up in the carriage drive, waiting to take the guests to their various homes. Barney clambered somewhat unsteadily into the nearest, and sank back contentedly, beaming around him with glazed eyes.

The chars-a-banc moved off, the occupants giving many rousing cheers for their absent host.

AFTER they had been speeding through the frosty air for some time Barney gradually became vaguely conscious of a familiar voice in his ear.

He turned sluggishly in his seat, and as the cloudy fumes of wine and wassail dispersed he discerned the figure of "Crusty" Johnson at his side.

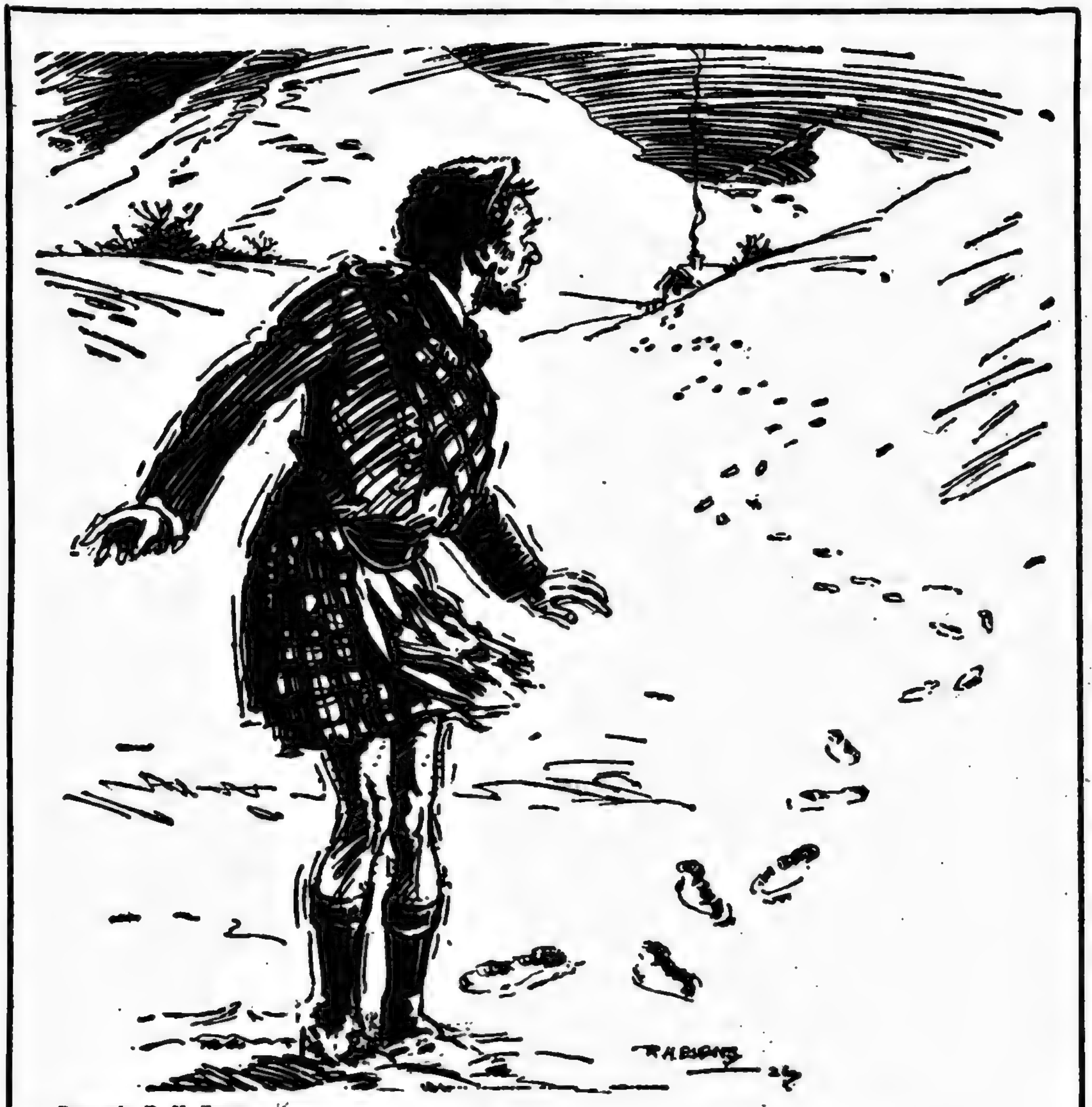
"Lumme!" "Crusty" was saying, "What 'ave yer been doin' to yerself? Where'd yer get them togs? Bit of a swell, ain't yer?"

Barney was too surprised to take in his friend's remarks. He fixed "Crusty" with a glassy stare and strove to collect his fuddled wits.

"Too proud to speak to an old pal!" observed "Crusty" with a sniff. "But, anyway, yer 'ad to change yer mind about the workhouse!"

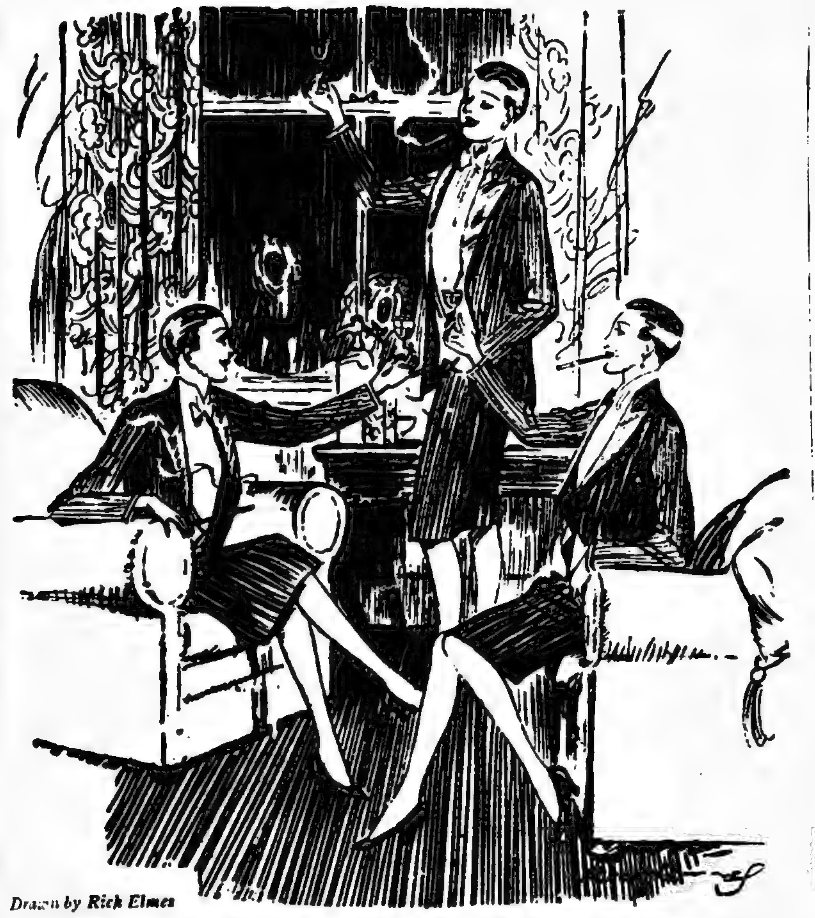
"What?" murmured Barney hoarsely.

Then a gasp of dismay escaped him and the final fumes cleared from his brain as if by magic. The char-a-banc had turned in at the workhouse gates and was rumbling towards the hated, grey stone building, with its burden of bloated and happy inmates, who, in company with the poor villagers, had been favoured with Sir Percy's generous hospitality as a special Christmas treat!



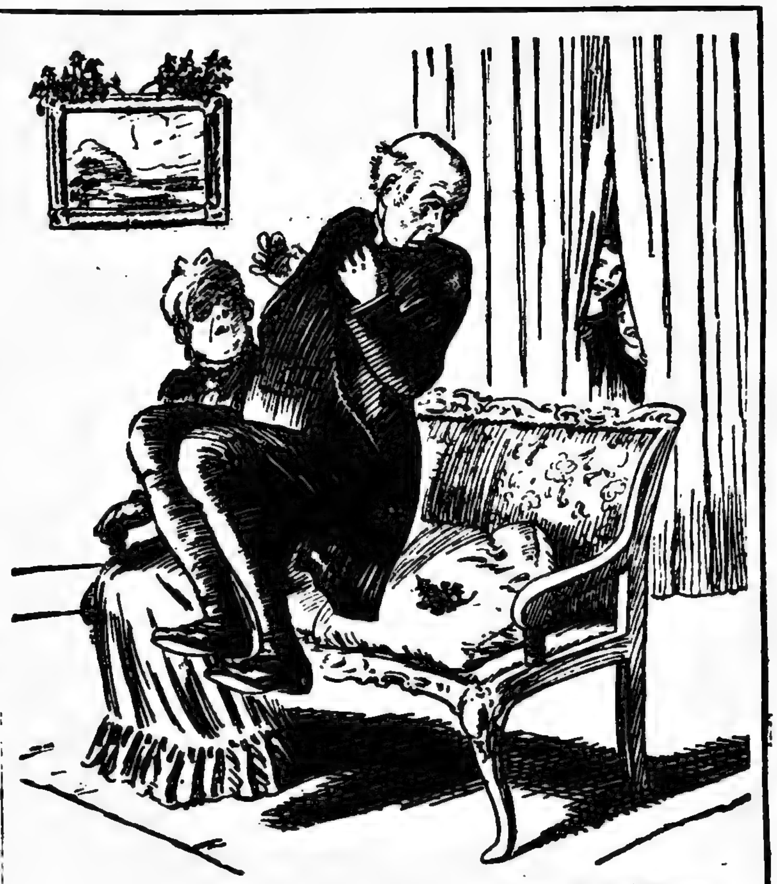
Drawn by R. H. Evans

SANDY (returning from a festive gathering): "Losh! I'm being followed!!"



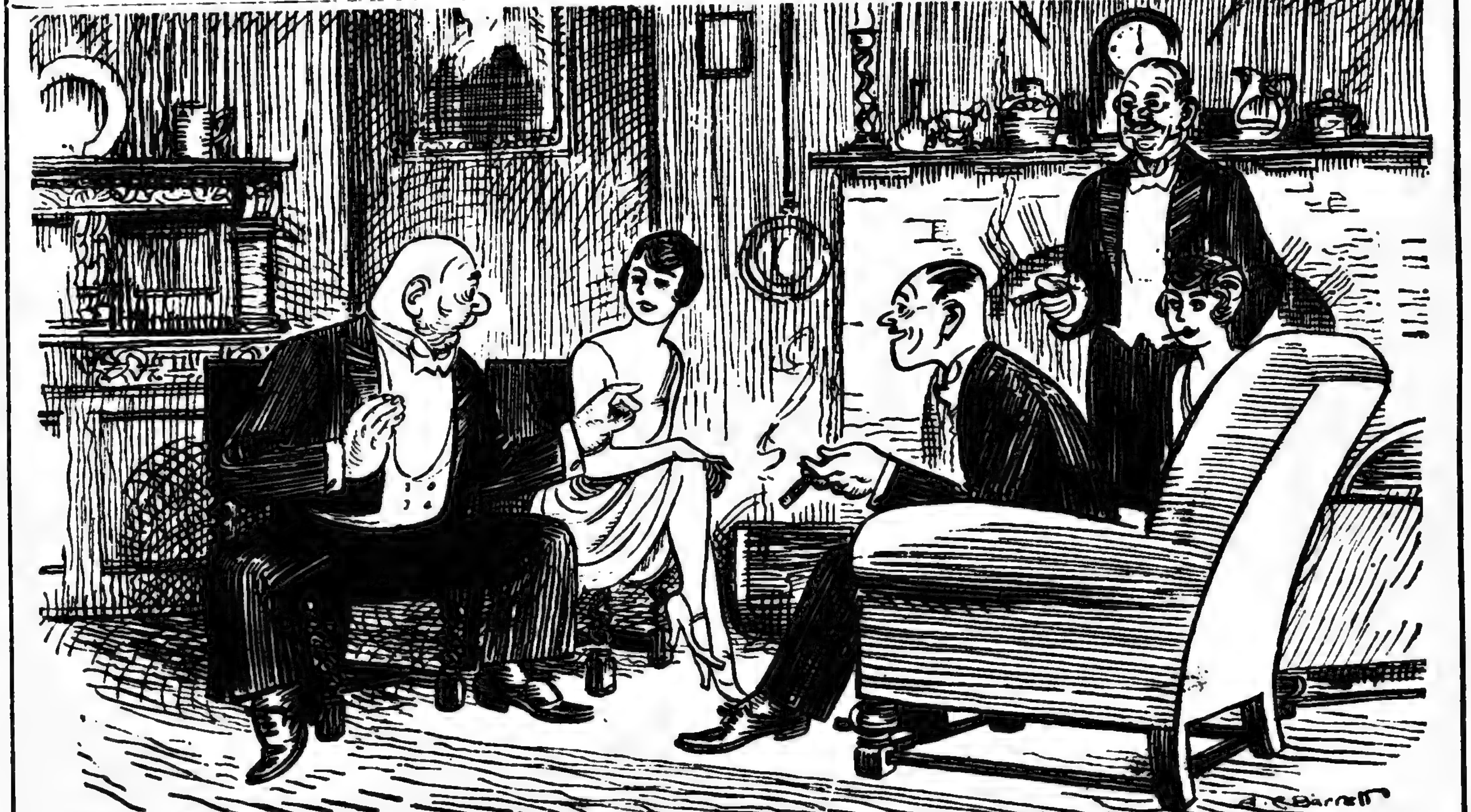
Drawn by Rick Elmes

THE WAITS OUTSIDE: "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen!"



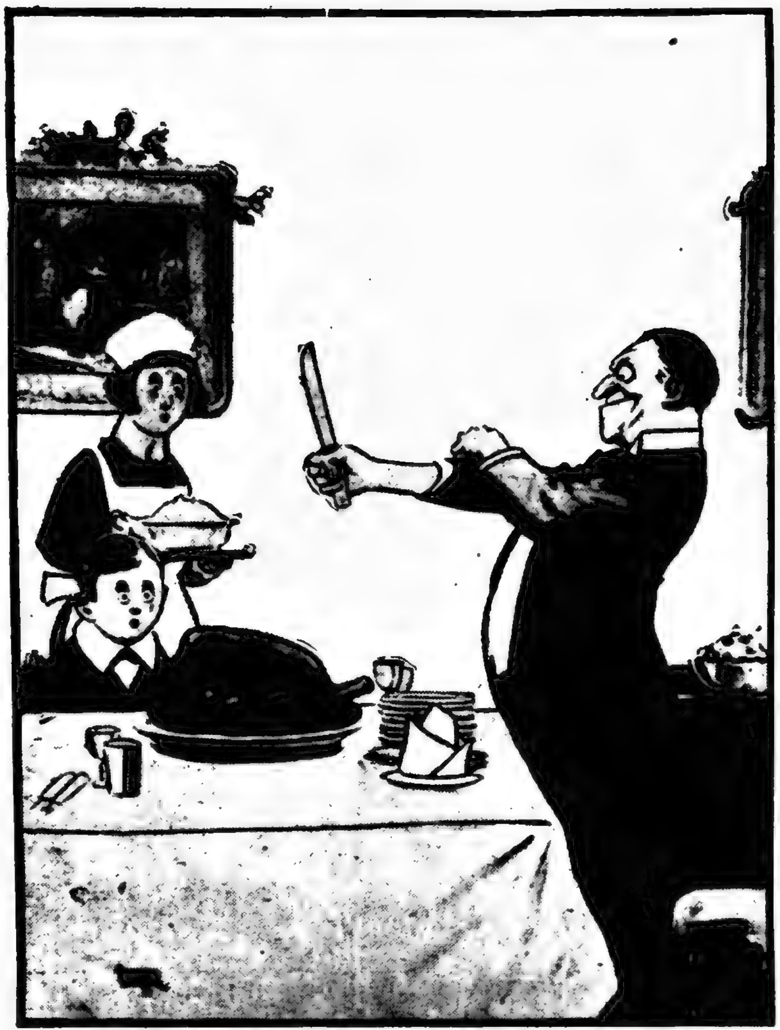
Drawn by Edwin Morrow

A Canon off the Cush!



Drawn by A. C. Barrett

THE FAT GENTLEMAN (relating an adventure with a ghost): " . . . and when I saw the terrible thing creeping slowly towards me my hair stood on end . . ."
LISTENER: "Steady, old man, don't forget you haven't any."
THE FAT GENTLEMAN: "Ah, but this happened last Christmas. I had one then!"



Drawn by Alfred Leete. *Reproduced by kind permission of the Sketch*

OFF WITH HIS LEGS!

Famous Surgeon about to operate on the Turkey.

My Funniest

by H. M. Bateman—Leo Cheney Owen—"Poy"—"Strube"—Geo

CHOOSING Christmas presents, wallpaper, the wife's hat or even a Test eleven is child's play compared with trying to get an artist to choose his funniest picture.

Nine of Britain's foremost humorous artists have accomplished the herculean task.

H. M. Bateman.—It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to single out one subject as being "The funniest picture I ever drew," but on reflection I decide upon "A quiet morning with the *Times*" as coming nearest the mark. Some people may like it, but I do.

* * *

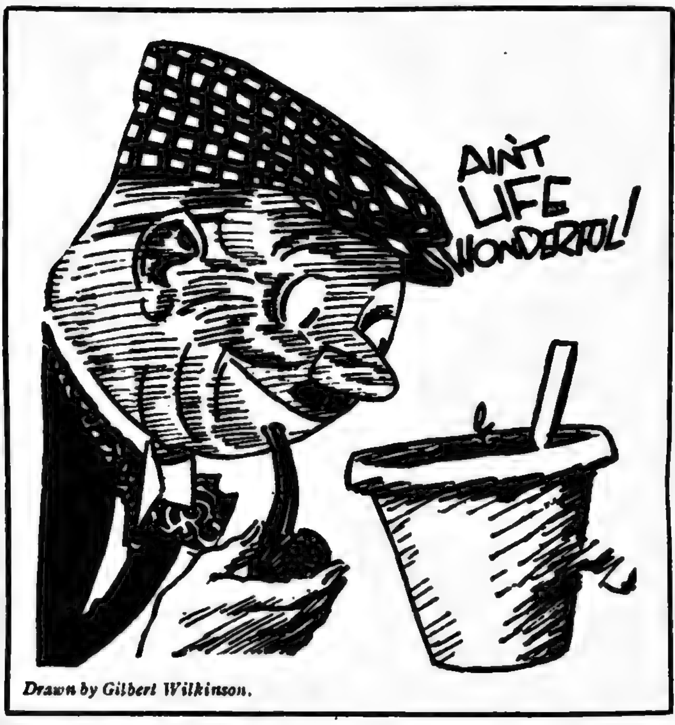
A'fred Leete.—You ask me which is funniest Christmas joke. If you've tried to operate on a turkey you appreciate my selection.

* * *

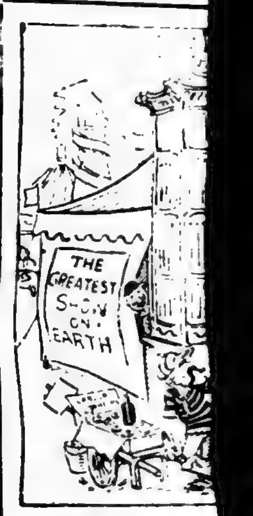
Low.—Excluding political cartoons, wh are funny only at the time, and not to ev body, worse luck, I am willing to let series of "Mussolini's Rival" stand as funniest I can remember.

* * *

Will Owen.—The Editor has asked m say why this is my fu est picture. I can assume that he thin isn't funny at all, a am beginning to agree him. The more I at this drawing.


AIN'T LIFE WONDERFUL!

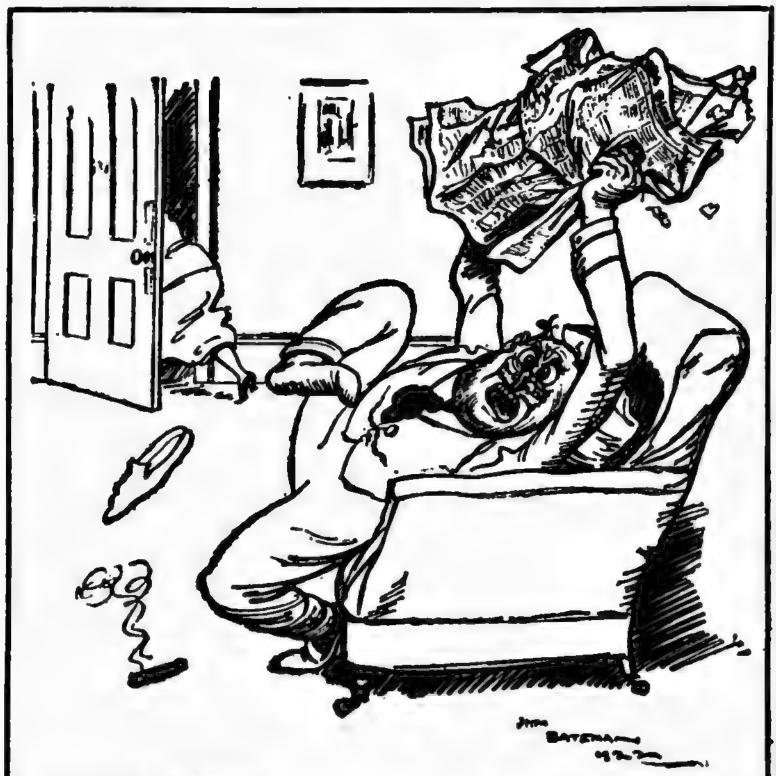
Drawn by Gilbert Wilkinson.


THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

Drawn by Strube.

RAMSAY: "Ca run a whell

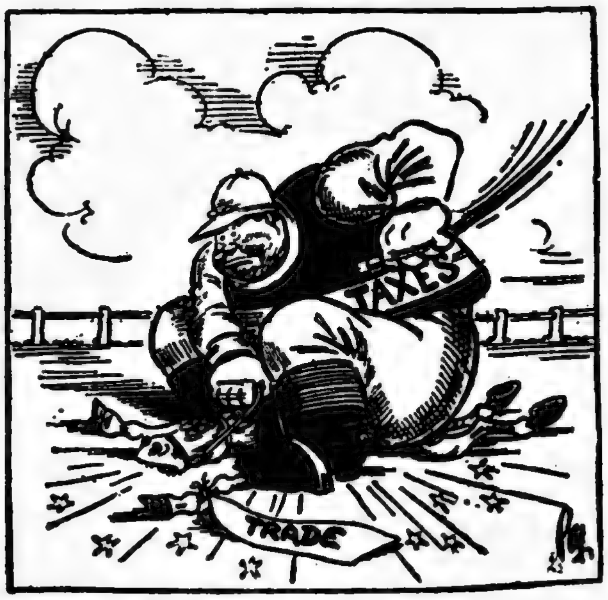
STANLEY: "W



Drawn by H. M. Bateman.

A quiet morning with "The Times."

FLAT RACING.



Drawn by "Poy."

To-day's Great Handicap.

Reproduced by kind permission of the Evening News, London.

Drawn by George W

icture !—

ied Leete—"Low"—Will hitelaw—Gilbert Wilkinson

re convinced I am that it is a sad icture.

* * *

w—I am afraid readers will say: "If at is his funniest, then Heaven help him!"

* * *

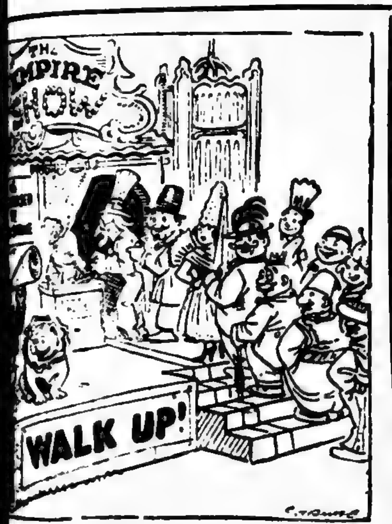
George Whitelaw.—This, I think my unniest drawing, is one of countless llustrations I have made to articles by that per-humorist, Ashley Sterne. The matador's sword-blade snapped, but with great esence of mind he saved his life by reathing fatally on the bull.

* * *

Strube.—It would be much easier to sit own and draw you another cartoon than to explain why I think this is y funniest picture.

* * *

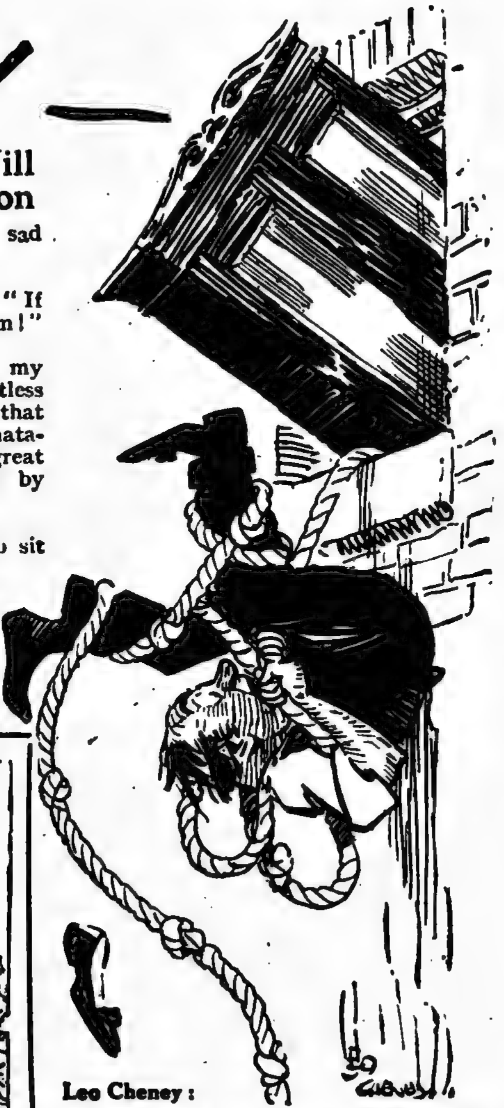
Gilbert Wilkinson.—Because it is the dea of a growth that makes the owth of the idea.


THE MPIRE SHOW
WALK UP!
C. Strube

ced by kind permission of the Daily Express.

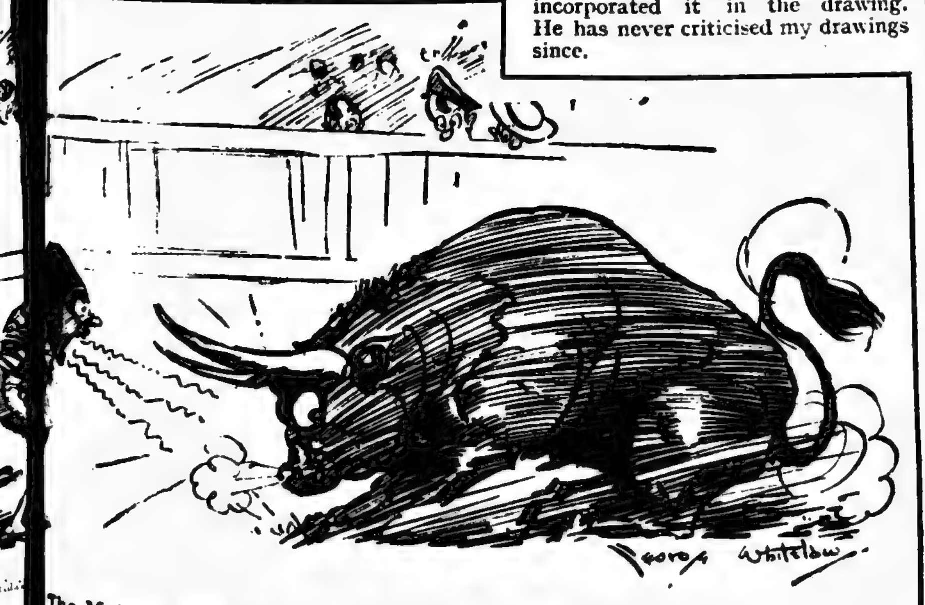
a showman; why, yer couldn't

who wants to run a whelk stall?"

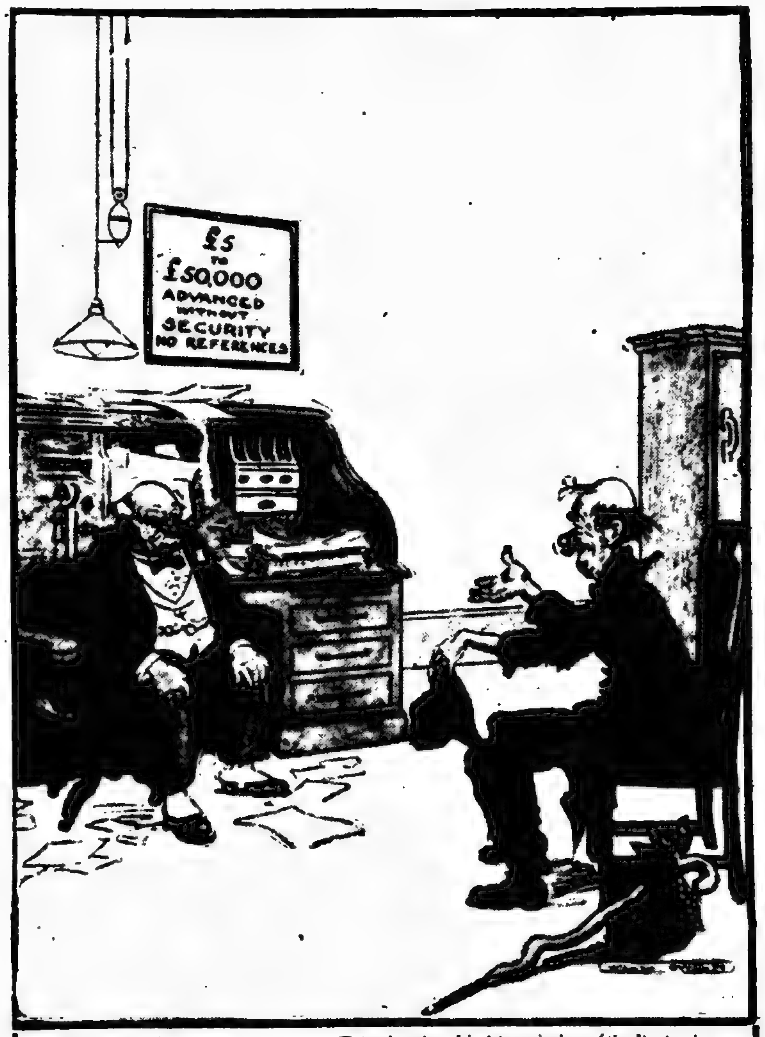


Leo Cheney:

On pencilling out this drawing some time ago a critical friend argued that it was impossible to get so tied up with a rope fire-escape, and offered to demonstrate to me how simple it was. Quickly tying one end of some rope to a wardrobe he got over the window-sill, but he had no sooner put his weight on the rope, when to his horror (and mine) the wardrobe shot across the floor and was half out of the window before I grabbed it! I thought this such an improvement that I incorporated it in the drawing. He has never criticised my drawings since.

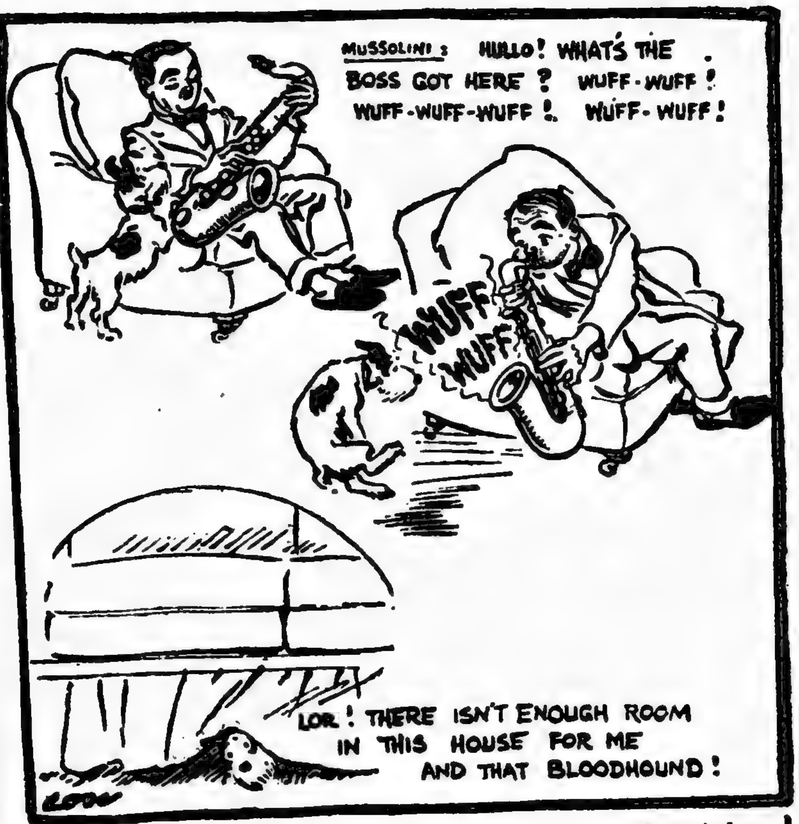

George Whitelaw

The Matador who ate garlic before the bull-fight.


£5 TO £50,000 ADVANCED WITHOUT SECURITY NO REFERENCES

Drawn by Will Owen. Reproduced by kind permission of the Bystander.

THE OPTIMIST!


MUSSOLINI: HULLO! WHAT'S THE BOSS GOT HERE? WUFF-WUFF! WUFF-WUFF-WUFF! WUFF-WUFF!
WUFF WUFF
LOR! THERE ISN'T ENOUGH ROOM IN THIS HOUSE FOR ME AND THAT BLOODHOUND!
LOW

Drawn by Low.

MUSSOLINI'S RIVAL.

Reproduced by kind permission of the Star, London.

NOT SO SLOW!

by Barry Pain

I'VE been postman at Chitterwell for over a year now, and here I may remain, but I don't think such a lot of Chitterwell. Look at the facts. It is but half an hour from London—at least, that's all it would be if the expresses stopped. And yet it's as ignorant and backward a village as ever I did see. Perhaps my standards is high—that's not for me to say.

But I do ask for a reasonable amount of education. I do expect phrases in common use in conversation among gentlemen to be understood. But do I get it? Not at Chitterwell.

Case in point. The other evening I had a few words with Mr. Burge. He owns the store in the village, and is doing well, and was butler to a lady of title before that. He's not a man you'll ever see at the Blue Pig, except in the private bar. He's in the church choir.

If you don't actually put Mr. Burge in the upper classes, you has to admit his connections. But where is he when it comes to education? Well, I'll tell you.

He was saying he wondered why I had chose to be a postman instead of a policeman—the life of the latter being more open to value and adventure and such-like.

"Well," I says, "I don't know about that, Mr. Burge. Us postmen runs our risks same as the police. Only last week I was bit by a dog on my round."

"And lucky it was there," says Mr. Burge. "If it had been the calf of your leg, that might have lamed you and put you out of your job for a week."

No good for me to say anything. I simply changed the subject.

Another case in point is that boy Tommy. He delivers the newspapers, and has left the County Council School. I can't say what they learns them there, but I suppose they learns them something, and I thought I'd just try him out with a simple question in arithmetic.

"Tommy, my lad," I says. "A bricklayer has been earning ten shillings a week."

"What was his Union doing about it?"

"This is simply what is called a supposed case. Owing to depression, he's reduced down to six-and-sevenpence. How much a week does he lose?"

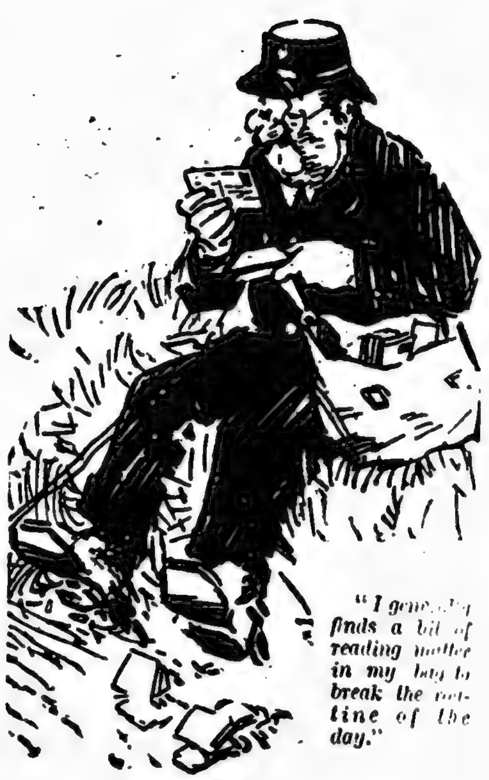
"Nothing," says Tommy. "Goes on the dole. We'd lots of better sucks than that at school, and some of them would make you laugh."

What chance has a boy like that to grow up as a man of education and refinement same as myself? As the poet has it, he's a fountain of poisoned sauce.

And, you may inquire, what chance is there for me in a village like this! Where am I to meet my equals not only in mind but in intellect, and not only in intellect but in education? There may be such, but what do I ever hear from them? "Anything for me this morning, postman?" it may be. Or, "What makes you half an hour late?" And all such words as them, leading to nothing.

MATTER of fact, I'm wasted and I know it. I'm fit for far higher positions nor what I hold. Yes, indeed.

If I still hang on, it may be that I have taken an interest in various people in Chitterwell and Pootle. Pootle is my little village half a mile away, with no post-office but served from Chitterwell. I've entered into the private lives of some of those people in a surprising way. And how? I will give a simple answer.



"I generally finds a bit of reading matter in my bag to break the routine of the day."

Owing to the abolition of the Penny Post.

Believe me or not, the abolition of the Penny Post has done more to make post-cards interesting than any other human invention yet known to science. We get more detail. It has grown to such an extent that often from shyness initials is used instead of words, though these give little trouble to a seasoned and educated postman.

There are people that cry out for the restoration of the Penny Post. I'm opposed root and nail, as the saying is, to anything of the kind.

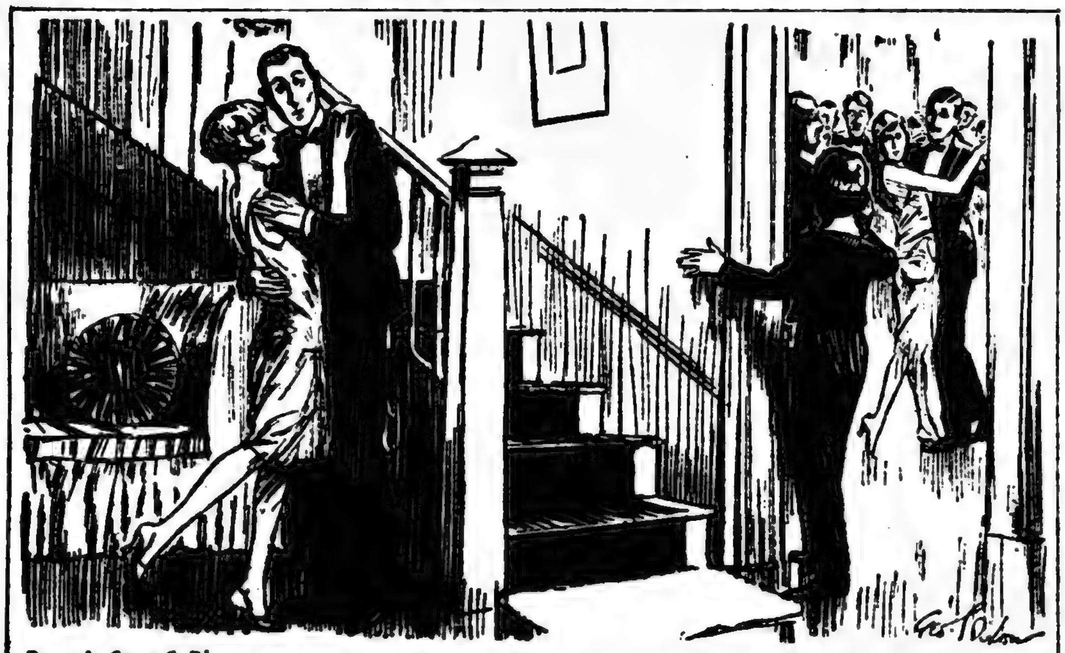
It's just that extra halfpenny on the letter which drives people to use cards whenever possible and sometimes when not. If I take a sit-down by the roadside for a few minutes on my way from Chitterwell to Pootle, I generally finds a bit of reading matter in my bag to break the routine of the day.

Not, of course, that I ever divulges. I'm not the type of man to gratify the idle curiosity of every Tom, Dick and Harry. Any post-card that catches my attention becomes *ipsum factum* a secret of the confessional.

Even if it were a question of life and death nobody would get a word out of me. It's purely a matter between me and these here reminiscences.

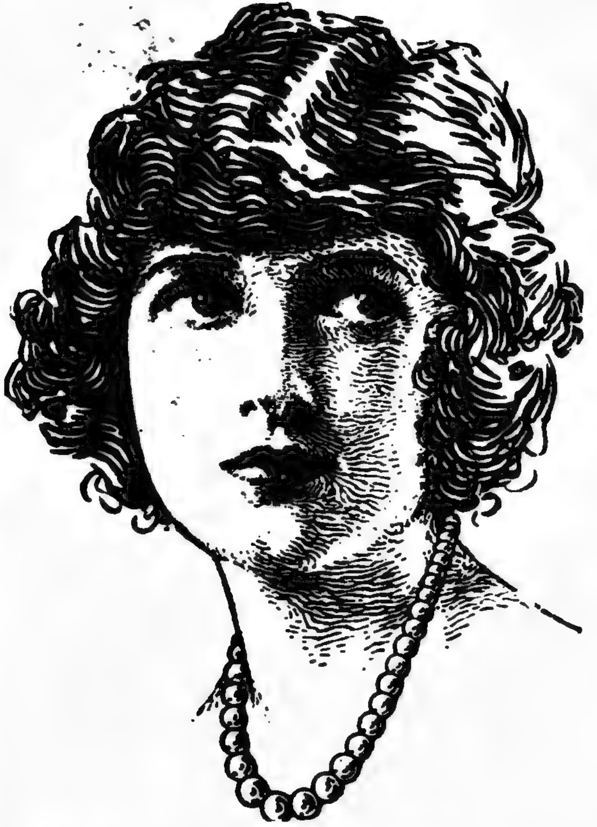
I GET a shock sometimes. If you think as these small English villages is all daffodils, and singing larks, and blushing maidens in sun-bonnets, you're putting your money on a loser. It's not so. I've been here a year and I've not seen a blush on the face of man, woman, or child yet.

I've said that Chitterwell's backward. So it is in most ways. To a man like myself who has seen life and was used at one time to visiting the pictures regular once a week it seems slow, but when you get below the surface and touches on questions of morality—well, I don't want to boast, but there's not much as London can learn Chitterwell. No, nor even Pootle neither.



Drawn by George S. Dixon

"I say, if any of you chaps want to kiss my sister under the mistletoe, the queue is now forming in the hall."



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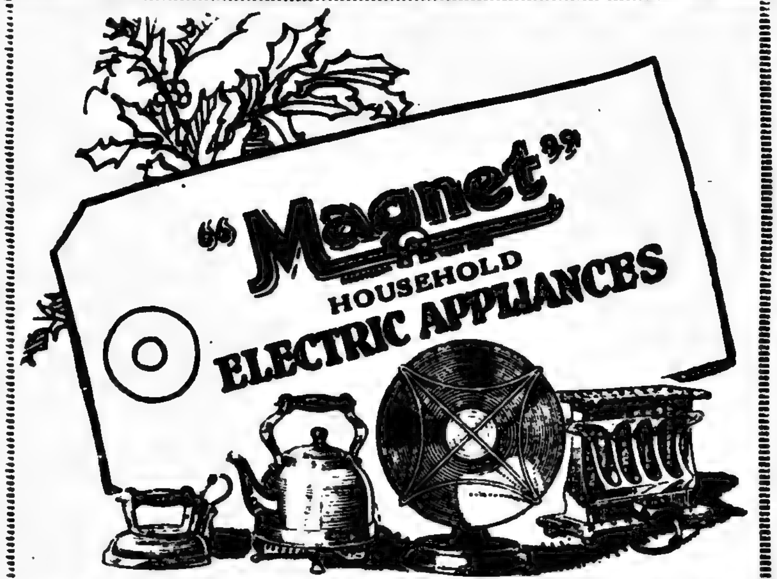

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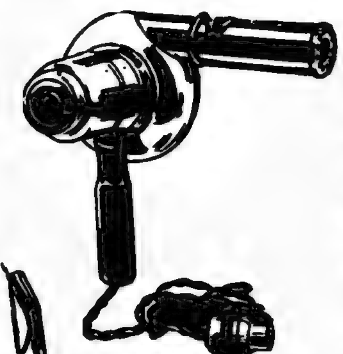

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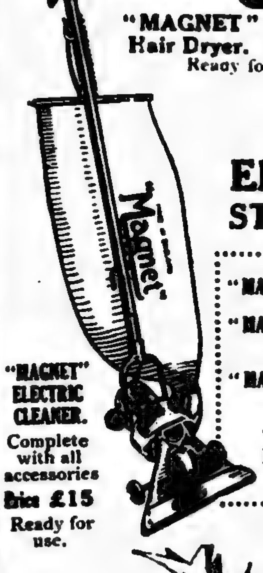

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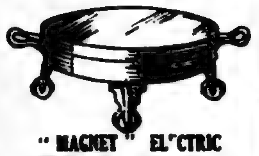

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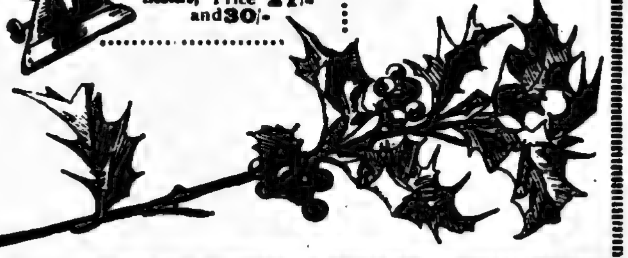

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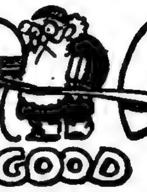
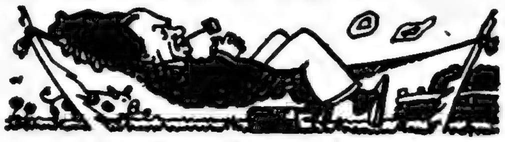


WITHOUT RHYME BUT WITH GOOD REASON

A is the first letter of the alphabet, and, since "Ladies first!" is a point of national etiquette, we will allow it to stand for Lady ASTOR. She is a pussyfoot peeress, who advocates temperance but does not practise it in her speeches. She loses her head every time she gets on her pussyfeet.

* * *

B naturally stands for Mr. BALDWIN, our greatest living man of inaction. He is so modest that nearly all his speeches are about himself and his modesty. Let us all give him three hearty yawns!



C is for Noel COWARD, the young playwright who belies his name by a habitual preference for risky situations. Many of his cowardy, cowardy custards are made of unsavoury ingredients.

* * *

D is for DULEEPSINHJI, the nephew of the great Ranji. Like his uncle, he sinjis the beards of the bowlers, who find his "on" and "off" days equally irritating.

* * *

E is for EPSTEIN, who has produced much ugliness in his search for beauty. His panel in Hyde Park is just the opposite of this alphabet, because it has Rima and no reason.

* * *

F is for the FRANC, a coin with which so many French politicians have tossed for power that it has practically lost its value. "Saving the Franc" has become a mere game of shove-ha'penny.

* * *

G is for GREECE, where the fat has once more been in the fire. Greece is famous for mulberry trees, and its Dictators for playing "Here we go round the Mulberry Bush."

* * *

H stands for so many distinguished people that a choice is difficult. If we choose HOBBS and Leslie HENSON, it is because they are both famous for their runs, Hobbs for short ones, Henson for long ones.

I is for IRELAND and INDIA, both of whom have for some time agitated for Home Rule. Ireland, having got it, is beginning to wish it hadn't. India, not having it, is beginning to wish it had no Home Rulers.

J stands for "JIX," who has given his name to two-seater taxis which, unlike our other taxes, are conspicuous by their absence. This negative achievement is the greatest thing Jix has done, and he is very proud of it.

* * *

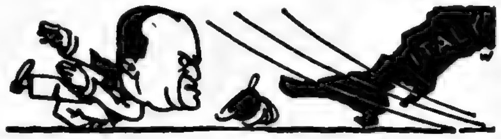
K is for the KING of Greece and the KING of Portugal and the KAISER, though perhaps they ought all to be included under the letter "X." Although the Kaiser cuts trees, neither he nor the others cuts much ice.

* * *

L is for LLOYD GEORGE, another of the mighty who have fallen. L also stands for the Liberals, but most of the Liberals won't stand for Lloyd George.

* * *

M is, of course, MUSSOLINI. He saved Italy from the Socialists and handed it over to the Fascisti. It is nearly time that somebody saved it from the Fascisti and handed it over to the Italian people.



N is for the NOBODIES, people like you and me. We are the people who do the work, pay the piper and never call the tune. It takes thousands of nobodies to make one somebody—and goodness only knows why we do it.

* * *

O is for Sean O'CASEY, who lived in one room in Dublin and has a full house every night in London when his plays are produced. He is so fond of Ireland that he has come to live in England.

* * *

P is for PROHIBITION, which means that a man must not drink beer if he can get wood-alcohol. There are thousands of saloons in New York, but you cannot get a safe drink in any of them. Prohibition is supported by bootleggers and by the tourist agencies to Europe. America is the land of liberty, but gentlemen prefer bonds.

* * *

Q stands for QUOTA, the system by which America keeps out undesirable immigrants. Q also stands for the QUESTION why we don't do the same.

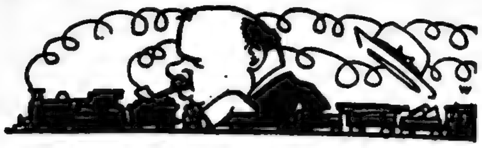
* * *

R is for Lady RHONDDA who, although chairman and director of many important industrial concerns, is not considered good enough for the House of Lords. The only thing we don't understand is why she thinks the House of Lords is good enough for her.

S is for SHAW, the great G.B.S., now seventy years of age and still standing on his head. Persistency is a fine characteristic, and it behoves us all to admire a man who has always been wrong, always is wrong and always will be wrong.

* * *

T is for "Jimmy" THOMAS, the railwaymen's leader, who has been variously described as a Trump and a Traitor. He used to be the driver of an express train, and is therefore the only Labour leader who can be relied on to keep on the rails, and to stop when he sees the red light.



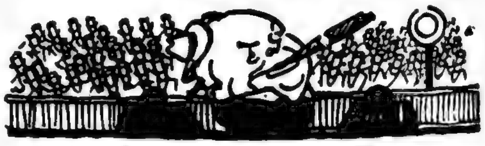
U stands for UNREST, fostered by two sets of extremists, the bolshevists of the left and the bolshevists of the right. Theoretically these two groups cancel each other out; the sooner they do so in practice the better for everybody.

* * *

V stands for VISION, the cure for unrest. There is so little of it about that it would be foolish to devote much space to it in this alphabet.

* * *

W is for WINSTON, whose tax on betting won't make bettors bet better. When Mussolini becomes Roman Emperor, Winston will be Prime Minister of England, but not before.



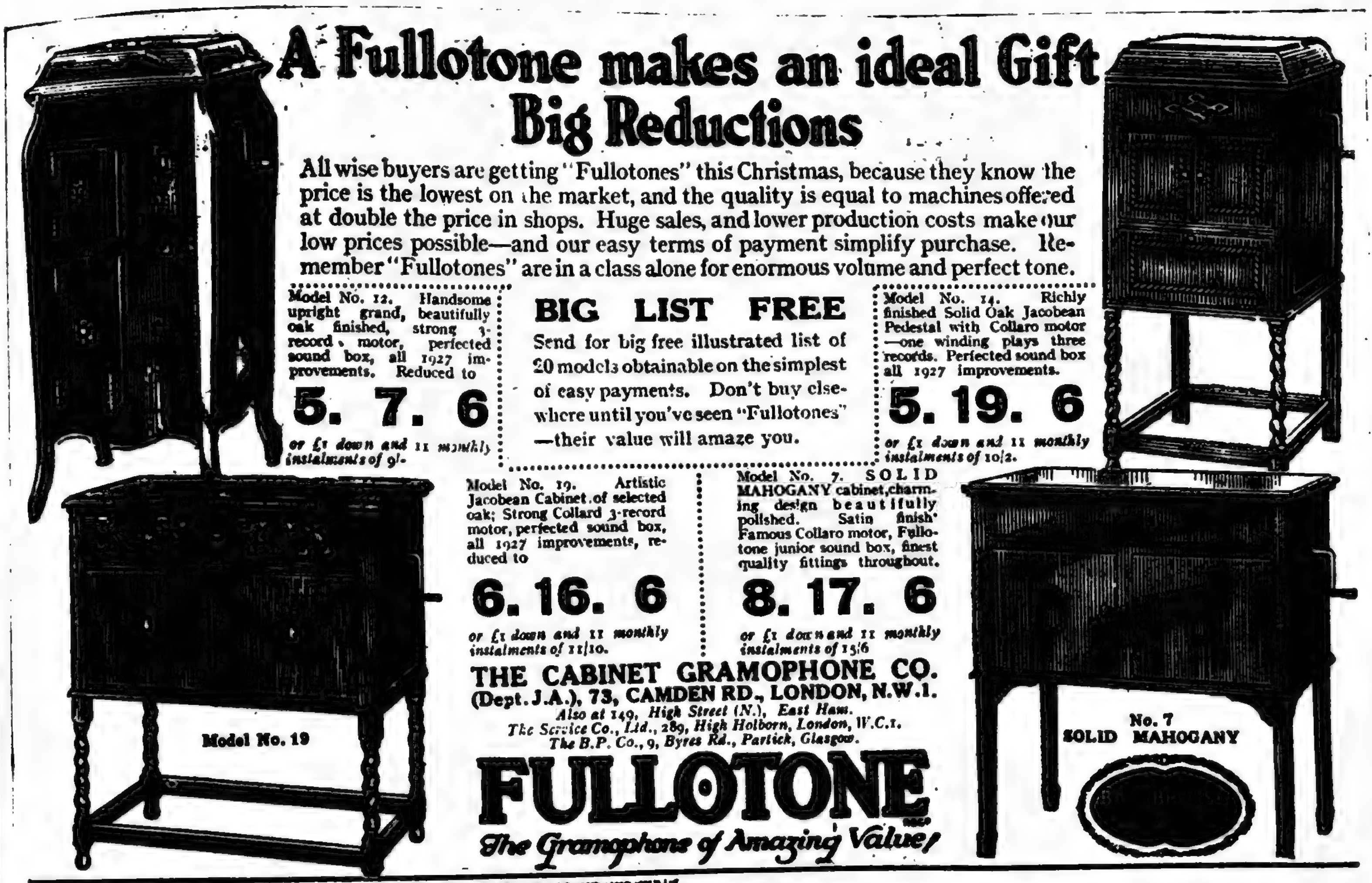
X stands as a rule for what is unknown. We have enough to worry about with what we do know; so Y worry about X?

* * *

Y is for YESTERYEAR, full of strikes, strife and stress. Everything will come right next year, if Mr. Baldwin displays energy, Mr. Churchill discretion, the miners industry, the mineowners common-sense, the bolshevists intelligence, the French stability, the Americans generosity, and cows jump over the moon.

* * *

Z is for ZAHAROFF, the mystery-man of Europe. The only mystery about him is why he is considered a mystery. The most valuable purpose he serves in the world is to provide a good pull-up for alphabets, which otherwise would never come to an end!



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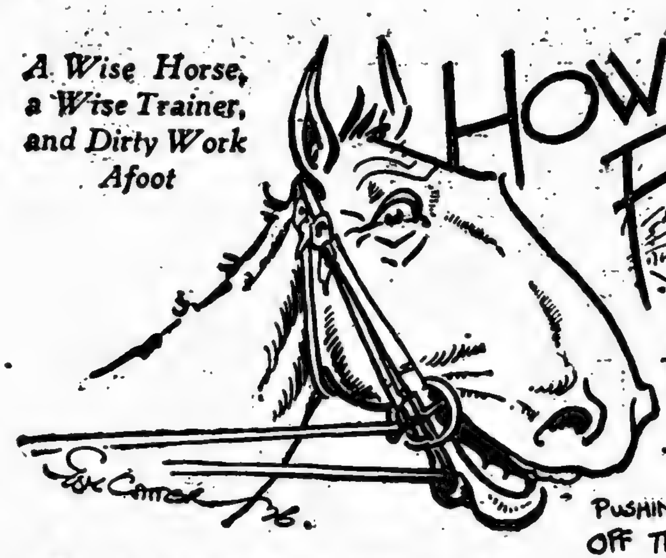
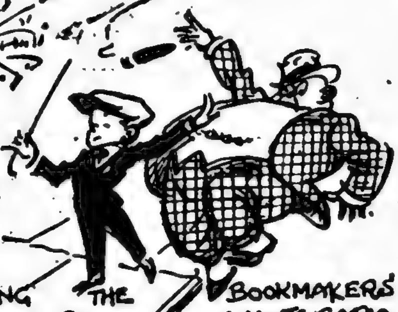




PUSHING THE BOOKMAKERS OFF THE PAVEMENT AT MONTE CARLO.

Related by his trainer, Mr. Brain, to

ERNEST GRACE

AM I Mr. Brain, the trainer? I am, sir. Brain by name—and by nature, too, if I may venture to say so. Ah, you're a friend of my friend, Mr. Smith, Mr. Ben Smith? Delighted to know you, sir. The bar is open, I think. Shall we adjourn?

* * *

What's yours? Quite so; mine's the same. Yes, there's many of us would have retired from the racing business long ago if we'd only had the sense to back, not our own fancy, but the horse that might win if ours weren't running. That's always the animal that does win. Come to think of it, it usually is another animal that does win. That's the curse of racing—the other horse.

Take jobs, for example. There's owners and trainers who run a horse down the course, and down the course, and down the course again, until the poor brute loses all ambition and thinks it's there to pace the starter's back. Then one day, when the handicapper's reduced its weight until there's hardly a jockey small enough to hold it, out they bring it on the job. Hundreds of pounds go on it at starting price. Not a penny on the course, mark you. Not likely! It starts at a hundred to six others, and it isn't until after the race that the bookies get the telegrams with the bets in them. Hundreds at a hundred to six! That's racing, that is.

At least, that's what they all reckon on. The only thing they forget is—some other trainer may be playing the same game. One of the other hundred to sixers jumps off in front, makes all the running and wins in a canter. Another good job gone wrong! Another owner in Queer Street; another jockey head over heels in debt to the bookies; another trainer wondering where he's going to get his corn-bill paid.

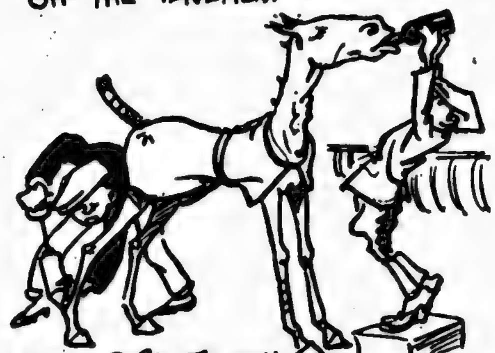
AH, racing's a funny game. I've known cases where the owner diddled the trainer and the jockey. He has to be a jolly smart man to do this—believe me! I've known cases—yes, quite a few—where trainers have diddled the owner. Not that I'd do anything like that myself, mark you, but there's some trainers would stick at nothing. They'd put their own mothers away, as the saying is. And, just to round it off, I've known cases where the jockey has diddled both owner and trainer. Believe me, sir, if jockeys weren't the vain little monkeys they are, if they had the sense to keep the money they make, and to play straight by those who can be most use to them—I mean, trainers—why, as sure as I'm standing here, they'd be pushing the bookmakers off the pavement at Monte Carlo at Christmas.

Yes, it's a bad business when owner, trainer and jockey get to loggerheads. Mark you, I'm not saying that they can win if they haven't got the goods. Mixing in racing as I do, there *are* moments when I begin to wonder if the horses have as much to do with the results as the breeders would like to suppose. Seems to me, take them for all in all, the horse doesn't get too good a time when's he in a smart stable. What with being doped to win, and doped not to win; what with being pulled one day, and hided the next; what with being undertrained and overtrained—well, there's times when an intelligent racehorse must begin to hate his profession.

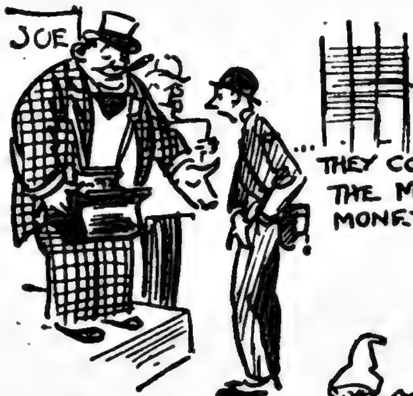
However, that's neither here nor there. What I was talking to you about was trainers and jockeys getting to loggerheads. There's stupidity, if you like. Owners were made to be fleeced—we all know that. They get the fun and satisfaction of having horses in training, and of taking their friends down on Sundays to see the dear things at exercise, and of putting money on now and then when the trainer says they may.

BOOKIES too—that's what they're there for. They collar the mug money, and they pay out most of it to the smart stables. They don't expect much, bookies don't. They know one horse has got to win, and they make their books according.

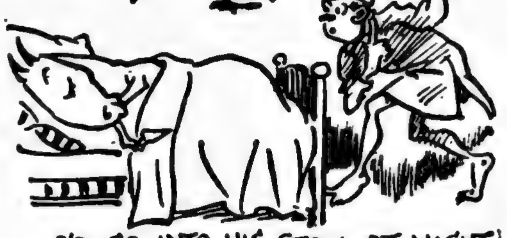
You see what I mean? Trainer and jockey have got to stand together, or else they'll be letting the owners or the bookies get away with the boodle, and that'd never do. Now I'm going to tell you about a case that came under my immediate notice, under my own eyes, as you might say. In fact, I trained the horse, and a real smart horse he was too. Flummery



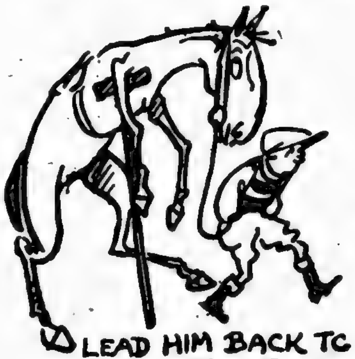
BEING DOPED TO WIN AND DOPED NOT TO WIN.



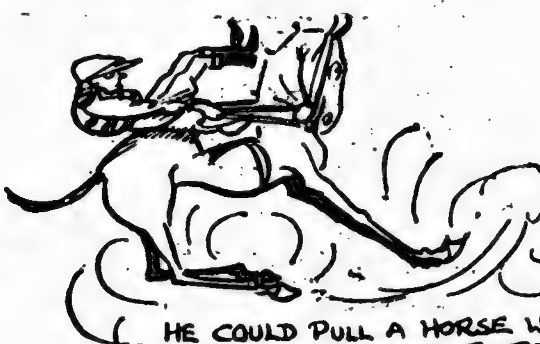
... THEY COLLAR THE MUG MONEY



I'D GO INTO HIS STALL AT NIGHT!



LEAD HIM BACK TO THE PADDOCK.



HE COULD PULL A HORSE WITH THE BEST OF THEM.

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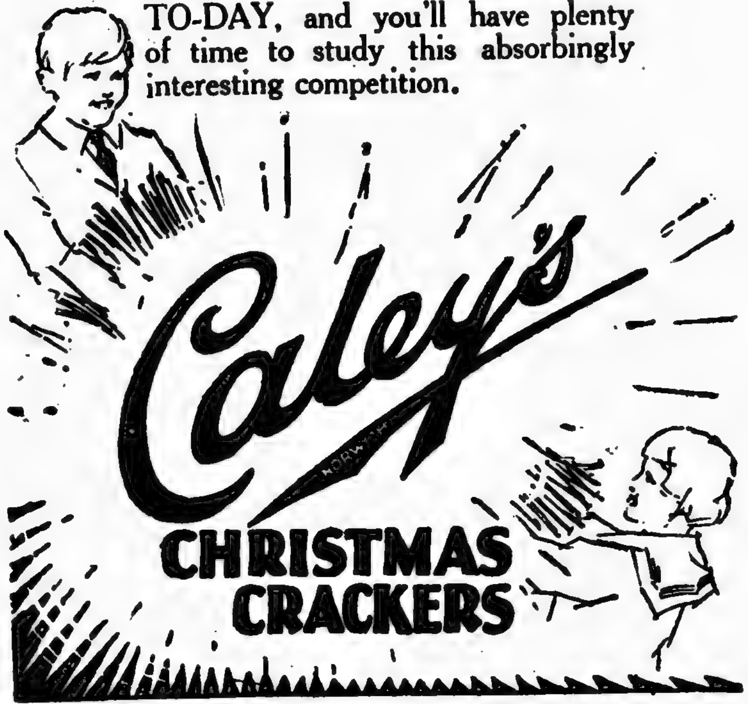

Briar was his name—you've heard of him perhaps?—by Nonsense out of Sunday Smoker—hence his name.

Now Flummery Briar could do everything but talk—or nearly everything. I'd go into his stall the night before a big race and I'd say to him, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, old man, for I know what a fine horse you are, but, just between you and me and the gatepost, I don't fancy you to win to-morrow. Yes, I know you could if you liked—or anyhow, you'd have a good shot at it—but the point is, I've backed another horse to beat you, and, what's more, I'm laying the odds against you." I used to do that sometimes—indirectly, of course—through a bookie pal of mine. Well, do you know, that horse would look at me and he'd smile at me and nod his head, as much as to say, "Trust me!"

I COULD trust him too. Why, he'd canter down to the start as right as rain, with all the public standing on each other's toes to back him. He wouldn't have run three furlongs before he'd start limping, and the jock would dismount and lead him back to the paddock by the bridle. But the peculiar thing would be, he'd be all right again as soon as he was back in his own stable, and he'd be leading my gallops the next day. That's what I call a horse—a real friend of man.

Of course, sometimes I'd back him to win and I'd tell him that he'd got to put his best hoof forward. And he'd do it too. He was a temperamental horse—never liked winning except at long odds. Some horses don't—like some trainers.

We made a lot of money, Flummery Briar and me, one way and another. One year, I remember, we won on the first day of the season and on the last, and never got placed all the rest of the time, though we ran regularly every few weeks or so. Odd, wasn't it?

I was telling you, you remember—that's how I got to speaking of dear old Flummery Briar—how wicked a thing it is when a jockey turns against a trainer. I'd entered Flummery one season in a race at—well, we'll just say it was in Sussex, where they're very keen on gentlemen riders' events.

GENTLEMEN riders are very nice men. Some of them aren't gentlemen, and most of them can't ride, but still "bumpers," as we call them, have their uses. For a real first-class job, give me a "bumping" race. You see, they get sort of chatty in the dressing-room and get to backing one another's mounts, friendly fashion. Now that's all for the good of sport *if you can trust your own jock!*

I'd got a boy to ride Flummery whom I thought I could trust. Dingles was his name, and what he didn't know about horses, in a gentlemanly sort of way, I couldn't teach him. He could pull a horse with the best of them, could young Dingles. What's more, he could ride a finish in a way that wouldn't disgrace a professional. I hadn't told this boy too much, but I think he realised I was out to win that race. Of course, I wasn't such a mug as to back it on the course. Not a penny did the bookies have under Flummery's name, but I'd got all my wires sent to all my own bookies and all the bookies with whom my friends had accounts. I stood to win a packet on that race, I can tell you.

Now judge of my surprise when, just before the time, I saw young Dingles dodge in behind the stands and, following him, a man—I needn't tell you his name—who is, in my humble opinion, one of the very greatest scoundrels who ever disgraced the noble profession of racing. That man—well, what with the trainers he'd got in his pocket and the jockeys, and the bookies he worked in with—well, he could make a Derby winner start at ten to one in a selling plate four weeks after Epsom!

Drawn by Lee

"Now, ain't that nice! Father's found the lucky threepenny bit!"

When I saw the two of them hobnobbing together, I knew what was up. It was as clear as a pikestaff. He was telling young Dingles to pull my horse, to pull old Flummery Briar—yes, sir, he was deliberately inciting him to prevent the best horse from winning. And me with hundreds on him!

The horse already had his little drink, remember, so he was all ready and waiting. Getting quite frisky too—it was all I could do to keep busybodies away from him. Well, I thought for a minute and then I had an idea. Just a little thing it was I did—but what a difference it made!

Then I hurried off to the stewards and got permission to lead old Flummery to the starting-post. I said he was very vicious or nervous or something, so they gave me permission. Young Dingles looked surprised when I told him, but he didn't say anything. I suppose he thought the less he said, the less harm he'd do.

THE start was under the stands, so I didn't have to lead him far. Out of the tail of my eye I saw young Dingles wink at his fly friend, but I grinned to myself and just whispered in Flummery's ear, "You do your best, old boy. He doesn't mean you to win; he's going to try to pull you; but you and I, we mean to win, eh?" And Flummery Briar nodded his head, just like he understood.

Well, the starter got ready, and I told young Dingles to mount. I gave him a leg up, and you should have seen his face when he took the bridle in his hand. He tried to catch sight of his fly friend in the enclosure, but it was too late; I'd taken care of that. They were off before he knew where he was, and good old Flummery well away with the rest.

Once round it was, and you'd have laughed, the first bend they went round, to see Flummery Briar a dozen lengths in front and young Dingles on his back, trying to look as if he was riding to win and all the time doing his best to stop the horse *and not able to do anything.*

Win it? I should say Flummery Briar did. Won by thirty lengths, and Dingles and his fly friend looking like thunder. You should have seen them after they "weighed in." And all thanks to old Flummery's understanding and the bright idea I had when I saw what Dingles' game was.

WHAT *was* the bright idea, you say? I'm half ashamed to tell you—it was so simple. Dingles, you see, meant to pull the horse and I knew it. Now, a man who means to pull a horse has got to have a real tight grip of the reins. Believe me, I know. When a horse gets away in front, as old Flummery did, it'd take more than a Dingles, after what I'd done, to stop him, especially with all the stewards watching him and one of them—I'd slipped a word in his ear—with a fiver on him. You ask me again—what did I do? Well, you're a friend, and I'll tell you. When I saw what was up, *I greased the reins, and young Dingles couldn't hold him!*

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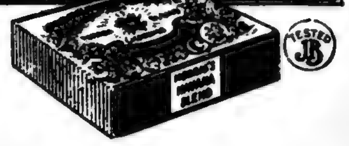

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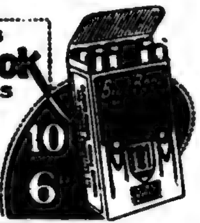

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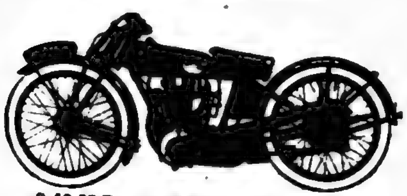

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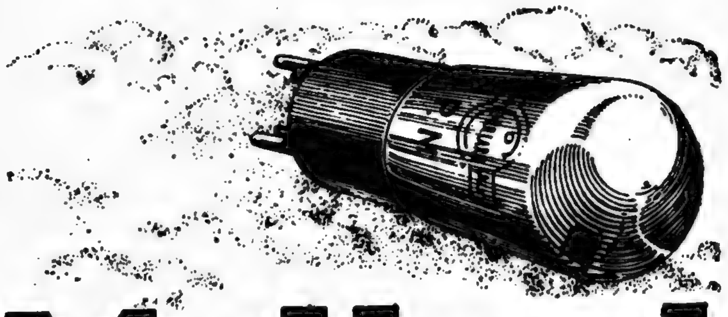

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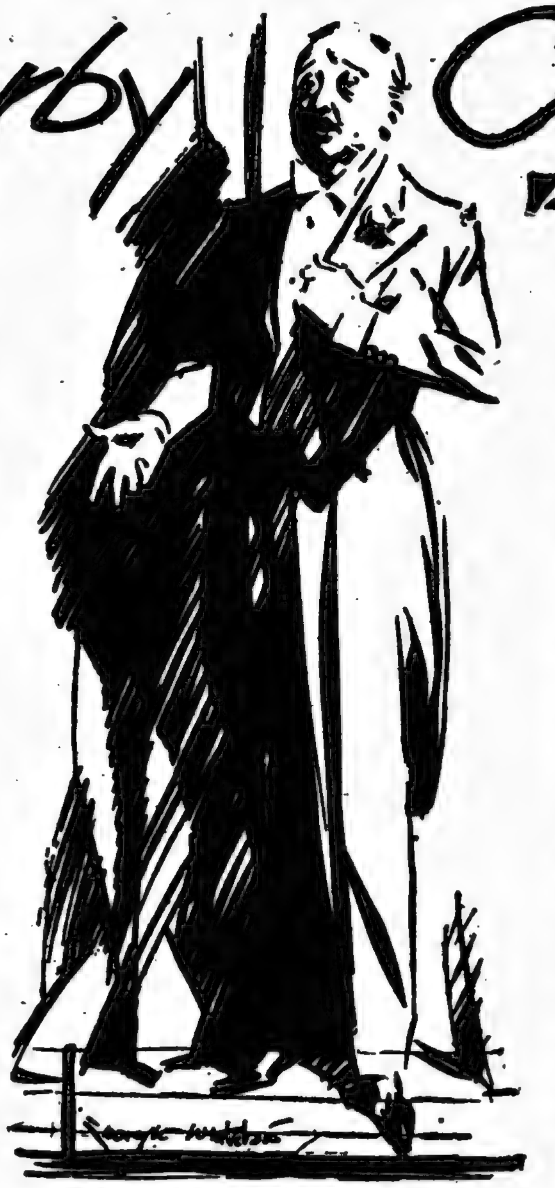
The Fritterby Curse

by M.O. SALE

A Queer Chain of Circumstances Brings Two People an Unexpectedly Happy Christmas



Slovenski came before the curtain and made his apologies.

AS a young man Hugh Fritterby had hoped to set the Thames on fire with his plays. Quite how bad most of them were a kindly Providence concealed from him, but at forty he produced a farce. *The Wrangling Widow*, which there was some justification for thinking might be the goods.

The obvious man to send it to was Eugene Slovenski, whose real name was John Smith, though few people were aware of the fact. He was the power behind the scenes at the Frivolity Theatre.

Hugh posted the typescript and sat down to wait.

"If this play isn't accepted, I'll write no more," he said to himself. Luckily he had a safe job in the Civil Service.

Weeks slipped away and his heart began to fail. Years of bitter disappointment had not hardened him against this sort of thing. His nerves were all in rags. He found himself fighting against a temptation to go and do something desperate if the agony of suspense should continue much longer.

THE fact was it was not only his literary failure that worried him and made him wonder if the battle of life was worth while. There was domestic trouble as well. He had a wife, a beautiful and charming woman, whom he loved to distraction, but her heart was not his.

Once, by the merest accident, he had come across a much bent and soiled photograph among her things, and it had but confirmed a previous suspicion in his mind. Who this man whose memory she still cherished might be he did not know. He did not ask her. What was the use of asking? Eva, as he knew, had always been a true and loyal wife. Women do not cherish stale photographs of present lovers. He did not blame her for her lack of passion. He felt no anger. Only a great sorrow. Life indeed was bitter. Unrequited love. Work in Whitehall that bored him stiff. His playwriting—his hobby—twenty years of it—an utter failure.

Something snapped in his brain.

"It's the end," he muttered when three months had passed and still there was no word from Slovenski about his play. "I'm an unknown, so he doesn't even bother to read it. Thrown it in the waste-paper basket I expect. I'm sick of everything. I'm through. It's good-bye to this rotten life for ever!"

AT six o'clock on the evening of the day of his fateful decision, a Rolls-Royce glided up to the door of Hugh Fritterby's house, and a youngish but stout and florid man alighted.

"Mr. Fritterby is not home yet," the maid told him, "but it is nearly his usual time. Will you see Mrs. Fritterby?"

"Very well. Say 'Mr. Eugene Slovenski of the Fivolity'!"

He was shown into the drawing-room, where presently the dramatist's wife, very excited, came to join him.

The meeting was a dramatic one. As their eyes met they each drew back a step. There was a moment of amazed silence. Slovenski's voice trembled.

"Eva! You! I never knew——"

"John!"

"No, Eugene now. The John is buried—with a lot of other things—in the forgotten past."

The woman's brain was in a whirl as she thought of what this man had once been to her, all that his memory had meant during the unsatisfying years of her married life. She seemed in a sort of trance. Then, as it were, coming back to earth, she found herself curiously examining his face. She noted the pouchy eyes, the too florid complexion, the beginnings of a paunch, the aggressive prosperity of the man under a certain smoothness of manner—so different from the cleanly-built, enthusiastic boy she remembered.

"You have come to see my husband about his play?" she forced herself to ask.

"Yes," said Slovenski, watching her closely, "I think something can be made of it. It will want altering, of course, but——"

"He will soon be back." She glanced at the clock. "Won't you sit down and tell me all about it?"

SOME trippers found Hugh Fritterby's clothes in the mouth of a cave near Brightsea. They were neatly folded, and his card was pinned on top. Later a boat was recovered floating bottom upwards.

But most sensational of all was the document he had posted to the coroner.

It covered three foolscap sheets and contained a passionate indictment of the system under which plays are chosen for production. Every word of it was a proof of the unhinged state of the unhappy writer's brain. "On your head, Slovenski," it ended with a hysterical note, "lies the blood of an innocent man. Beware!"

There was a dearth of news at the time, so the papers gave the greatest publicity to the affair. Some writers, recalling the many masterpieces that have been hawked round for years without anyone recognising their merit, were sarcastically sympathetic.

Another section, however, which included the police and the insurance company, threw doubt on the genuineness of the whole affair. A man doesn't strip on the beach and row out to sea naked, they argued. At least not on a winter night. The neat folding of the clothes also was suspicious, though that might be attributable to long training in the British Civil Service, which is neat if it is nothing else.

A FEW nights later the evening performance at the Frivolity was almost due to begin when an agitated assistant dashed into the manager's room with the news that Miss Gayland, the principal lady, had not turned up.

"Warn Miss Richardson," Slovenski snapped.

"Miss Richardson has not come either, sir."

There was no reserve understudy, and when frantic telephone calls proved unavailing, there was no alternative (short of abandoning the performance altogether) but to risk a general reshuffling of parts.

Slovenski came before the curtain and made his apologies. Instantly there was a buzz of excitement. Everyone had read about the Fritterby curse and laughed at it. Now there was a revulsion of feeling. Was the curse coming home to roost after all? Stranger things had happened.

The performance was a bit of a fiasco. The papers refrained from guying it, but when next day, in rapid succession, there was fire in one of the corridors at the matinée, a short circuit put out all the lights at the evening show, and Slovenski himself was reported ill in bed with what looked suspiciously like ptomaine poisoning.

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the Fritterby curse became the sensation of the hour.

The *Bulletin* was the first to ask whether the whole thing might not be Hugh Fritterby's own doing. He had only pretended to drown himself, it was suggested, and had then deliberately contrived the series of disasters to Slovenski as a gigantic boost for *The Wrangling Widow*. It transpired that a false telephone message that her mother was ill had decoyed Miss Gayland. A taxicab with a bogus number, cruising outside Miss Richardson's front door at the usual time when she started for the theatre, had whisked her away and deposited her on Wimbledon Common.

The fire had been caused by someone throwing a lighted match into a basket of waste paper. A determined man with some knowledge of electricity might easily have fused the electric wires. The manager's illness was probably just worry or coincidence.

The theory was a feasible one, and, as if to lend colour to it, while public interest was still hot, Eugene Slovenski announced that *The Wrangling Widow* would be put on at the Frivolity as soon as possible. It was a great play, he told the reviewers enthusiastically. A record hustle was to be attempted. He prophesied a phenomenal success.

* * *

A day or two before Christmas a man contrived to force his way into Slovenski's office at the theatre, turned the key in the lock, and dramatically whisked off a false beard.

" I'm Hugh Fritterby," he said. " . . . I was on the Continent when I heard about the Fritterby Curse and the wonderful use you made of that piece of dramatic foolishness."

" Don't give *me* credit for it, Mr. Fritterby," Slovenski interrupted. " The inspiration was entirely your wife's."

A shade crossed the dramatist's face.

" Please don't imagine I am out of my senses," he pleaded. " I think I must have been nearly mad a month ago when I wrote the "Curse," but I'm perfectly sane now. I never intended to commit suicide. My idea was to disappear and start life afresh in some new country."

" Yes ? " Slovenski looked at him questioningly for a moment, waiting for him to go on. " At home, do you mean ? I don't want to seem to butt in, you know——"

Hugh Fritterby hesitated.

" Yes. My wife . . . I want to ask you a favour. Can I trust you ? "

" Yes, I think so," replied Slovenski.

" No one must know I've been here—even that I'm alive. My wife least of all. I want her to feel that from now onwards she's free. I want her to have the money from my play, if it proves the success I hope. All I want is a little share of it for myself, without her knowing. Do you think it can be managed ? "

The telephone rang.

" Excuse me," the manager said.

He took up the receiver and listened.

" Very well. In a minute," he said, and turned to Hugh Fritterby. " If you will trust me, I believe I can help you better than you think. Stand behind that screen in the corner . . . My real name is not Slovenski. It's John Smith. I'm the man your wife thinks she can't forget."

* * *

" WELL how are rehearsals going on ? " inquired Eva Fritterby, coming quietly into the room. She looked pale and fragile in her black dress.

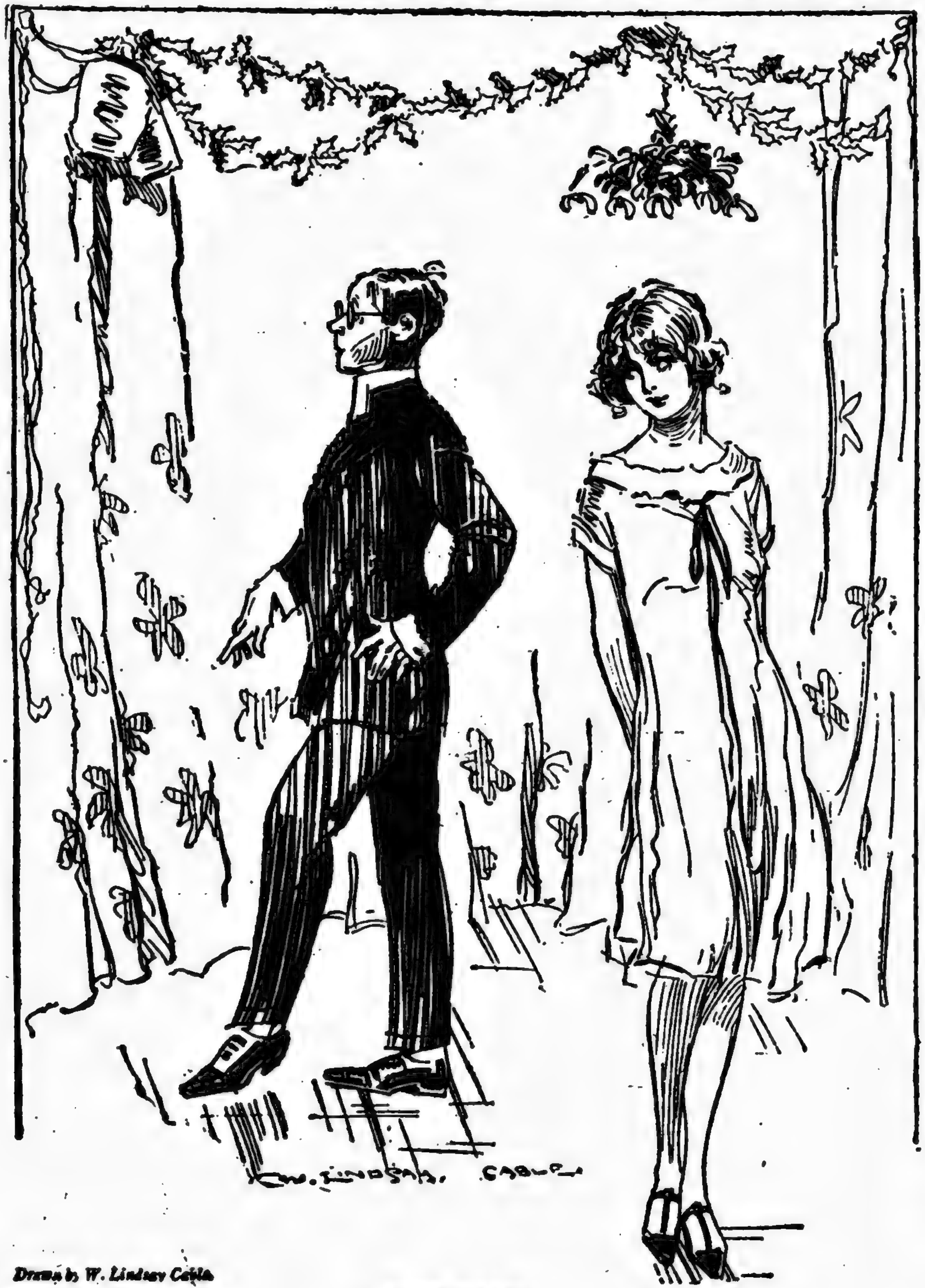
" Fine." Slovenski went to the window and came back again. He seemed strangely awkward and ill at ease. " Eva, I'm glad you've come here to-day. I've got something terribly difficult to say to you. I—I love you. . . . If it is ever possible, will you marry me ? " He seized her hand. " My whole heart's crying out for you. Say you will."

But the woman shrank back from him, wrenching her slim white fingers from the grip of his fat hands.

" You make it very difficult for me, John. For the sake of the past I hate to hurt you, but I must. I don't love you. . . . Oh, I've been a fool. All these years I've cherished a delusion, a memory—a memory of the old you that's gone. You're different. Oh, it's brutal, I know, but—but—" she hid her face in her hands—" I love my husband. I must have loved him all along. I'd give everything if only he were here."

" He *is* here ! " said Slovenski, throwing aside the screen, and, as they rushed into one another's arms with whispered pleas of forgiveness, the chivalrous soul of the old John Smith peeped for an instant from the eyes of the too fat and prosperous theatrical magnate. He took from his pocket a soiled photograph of the only woman he had ever loved, put it reverently to his lips, then tore it across and dropped the pieces in the fire.

" Two people at least will have a happy Christmas," he thought with a sigh.



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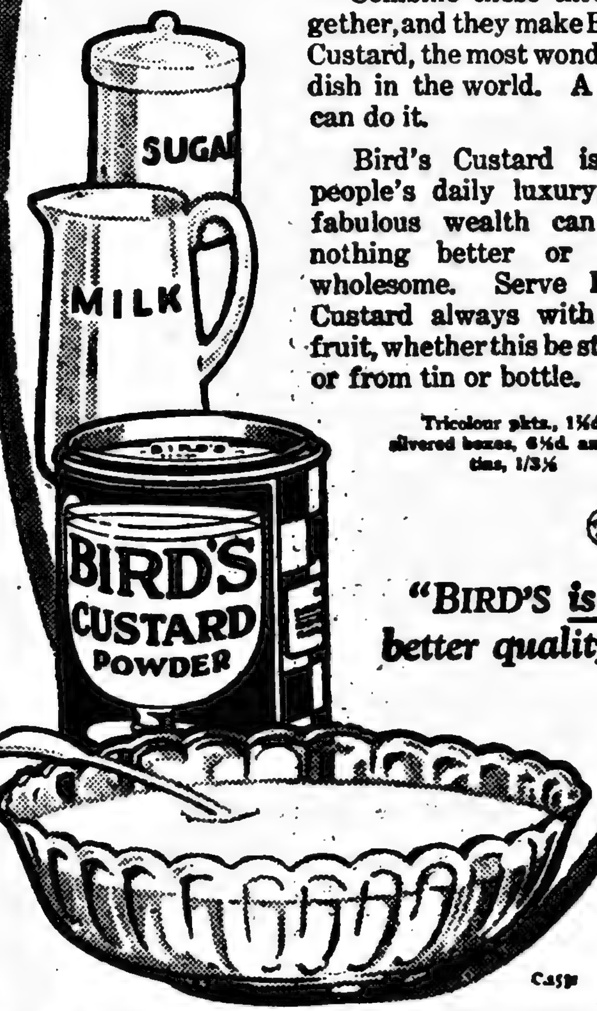

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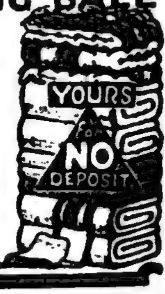

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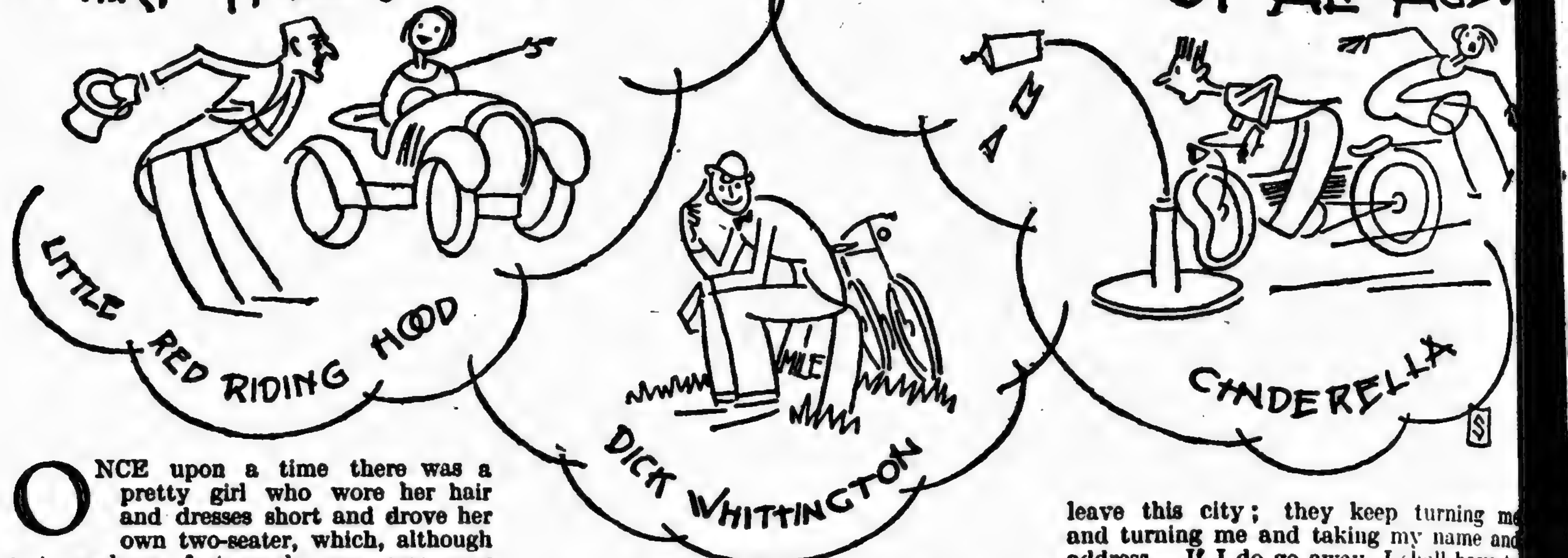

ONCE upon a time there was a pretty girl who wore her hair and dresses short and drove her own two-seater, which, although not nearly so fast as she was, was very handsome and had a bright red hood, so that all her friends called her Little Red Riding Hood.

She belonged to the Smart Young Things, went to all first nights, drank cocktails and smoked cigars.

Her grandmother was an old lady who was making up for a dull girlhood by going in for all the fashionable fads. Her latest idea was that one ought to go back to nature. So she took a cottage right in the middle of a forest, ate fruit and nuts, drank water and listened to the wireless.

Every now and then Little Red Riding Hood, who was fond of her grandmother because the latter had no one else to leave her money to, used to drive out to the cottage, to see how the old hen was chipping along, as she said girlishly.

One day she met a Mr. Wolff, a rich merchant whom people did not like very much. He took off his hat politely and said, "Where are you going to, Little Red Riding Hood?" She replied, "I'm going to see my enormously wealthy old grannie in her cottage in the middle of that forest." "Is it far?" asked Mr. Wolff. "No," she said, "but it's hell on tyres." "May I come with you?" he said; "I'd like to meet her." "Not on your life," she answered. Then Mr. Wolff said cheer-ho and Little Red Riding Hood said bung-ho, and they parted.

But Mr. Wolff got into his car and drove very quickly by another road to the cottage. When Red Riding Hood got there she found her grandmother doing her exercises in front of a mirror.

"What ho!" she said. "Pip-pip," replied her grandmother.

"What a quiet life you lead here, grannie," said Little Red Riding Hood. "All the more money to leave when I die," answered her grandmother. "And what pretty pearls you have round your neck," said Little Red Riding Hood. "All the better for my next of kin," answered her grandmother. "What a rich girl I shall be when you hop it," said Little Red Riding Hood. "All the better for you, I don't think," replied her grandmother.

"Aren't you afraid that some one like that nasty Mr. Wolff may come and rob you?" said Little Red Riding Hood anxiously. "Why should he?" asked her grandmother. "Well, he isn't so rich that he wouldn't mind having your money too!" explained Little Red Riding Hood. "I should worry," said her grandmother. "Do you know, Grannie, I think he's a bounder, but I'm wondering if I won't marry him for his money," said Little Red Riding Hood. "Not a chance," answered her grandmother; "I promised to marry him myself ten minutes ago, so you'll never see a penny of my money when I die!" And that was the end of Little Red Riding Hood.

* * *

DICK WHITTINGTON was a young clerk in a City office who was discontented with his employment and whose employers were discontented with him. So one day he decided he would get on his bicycle—it was only a push-bicycle, because he was poor—and go to seek his fortune.

He packed his small belongings on the back of his bicycle and started off from his office one Saturday afternoon.

He rode down the Strand and tried to cross Trafalgar Square. A policeman stopped him and said, "What is your name and address?" and, when Dick told him, he said, "You will be summoned for not obeying the police instructions about gyratory traffic. Turn again, Dick Whittington!" And he made him go all the way round again.

Dick thanked him for his advice and rode along to Buckingham Palace. Here he was stopped again and another policeman took his name and address for going the wrong way and said, "Turn again, Dick Whittington."

Then he came to Hyde Park Corner, where he committed a similar offence, and a third policeman said, "Turn again, Dick Whittington!"

The same thing happened in Piccadilly Circus and five more times on the way out of town.

The last time it happened, Dick sat down on a milestone to think. "It's clear," he said, "I shall never be able to leave this city; they keep turning me and turning me and taking my name and address. If I do go away, I shall have to come back to answer the summonses. So perhaps I'd better stay in London!"

So he rode back to his home, carefully avoiding all one-way streets and gyratory crossings, and by strict application to the rubber market and a little blackmail he became a rich man and was three times clerk to the West Ham guardians.

* * *

THERE was once an earl who was very poor and a widower with one daughter, Cinderella. He married again; his new wife was a rich American who wanted a title and had two daughters with Eton crops.

They lived in Park Lane, but as the new Countess and her daughters spent most of their time in bridge clubs and night clubs and would not give the Earl any money for housekeeping, Cinderella did all the cooking for him.

Mrs. Porkheimer, a wealthy lady who rented a house every season in St. James's Square, invited them all to a freak ball.

All the women went in disguise—as jockeys, dustmen, acrobats, airmen and even pierrots—and all the men as rajahs, Charlie Chaplin, Michael Arlen and, of course, pierrots. The "dustmen" arrived on dustcarts, the "jockeys" on horseback, the "airmen" in aeroplanes, and so on. Only Cinderella had no fancy dress, so she stayed at home and wept.

A young man knocked at the kitchen door, put in his head and said, "I'm the new milkman, and I suppose you're the cook. Will you come for a ride on my motor-bike?" Cinderella laughed and he showed her how to sit on a pillion.

He was not a very good driver and, just as they were passing through St. James's Square in front of Mrs. Porkheimer's house, he ran into a lamp-post and was taken to the mortuary.

Mr. Prince Porkheimer, the millionaire son of the lady who was giving the dance, picked Cinderella off the pavement and said, "Gee, I'll tell the world that's the cutest entrance of the evening. And you're dressed as a girl—it's the most original costume I've seen in years."

So they got married and lived in Deauville and the Lido ever after.

E. G.

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Divest a Peps tablet of its silver wrapper and let it dissolve on the tongue. The germ-killing, healing and soothing fumes which fill the mouth mix with the breath, descend through the throat, and down the bronchial tubes, to the deepest and smallest air-cells in the lungs.

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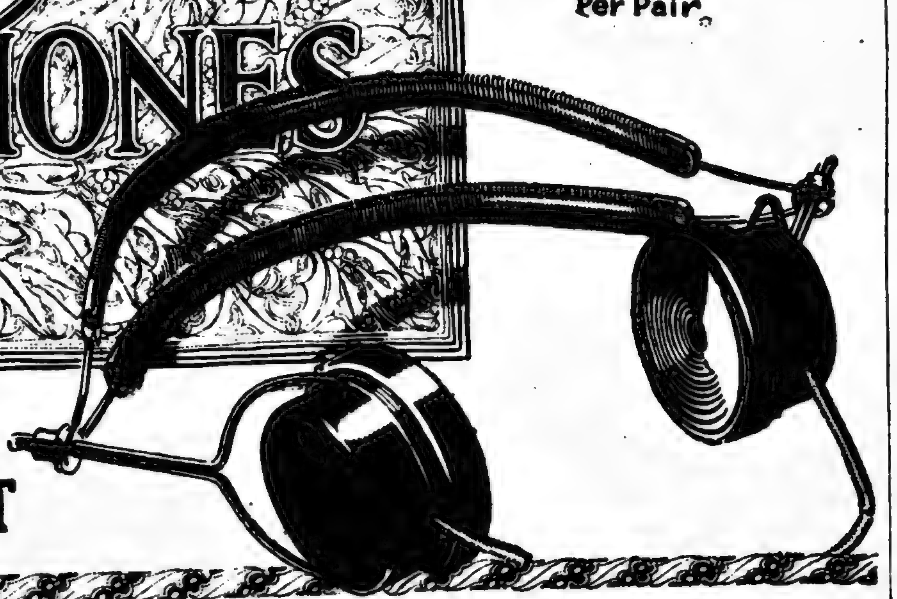

FOR NATURAL TONE AND PERFECT COMFORT

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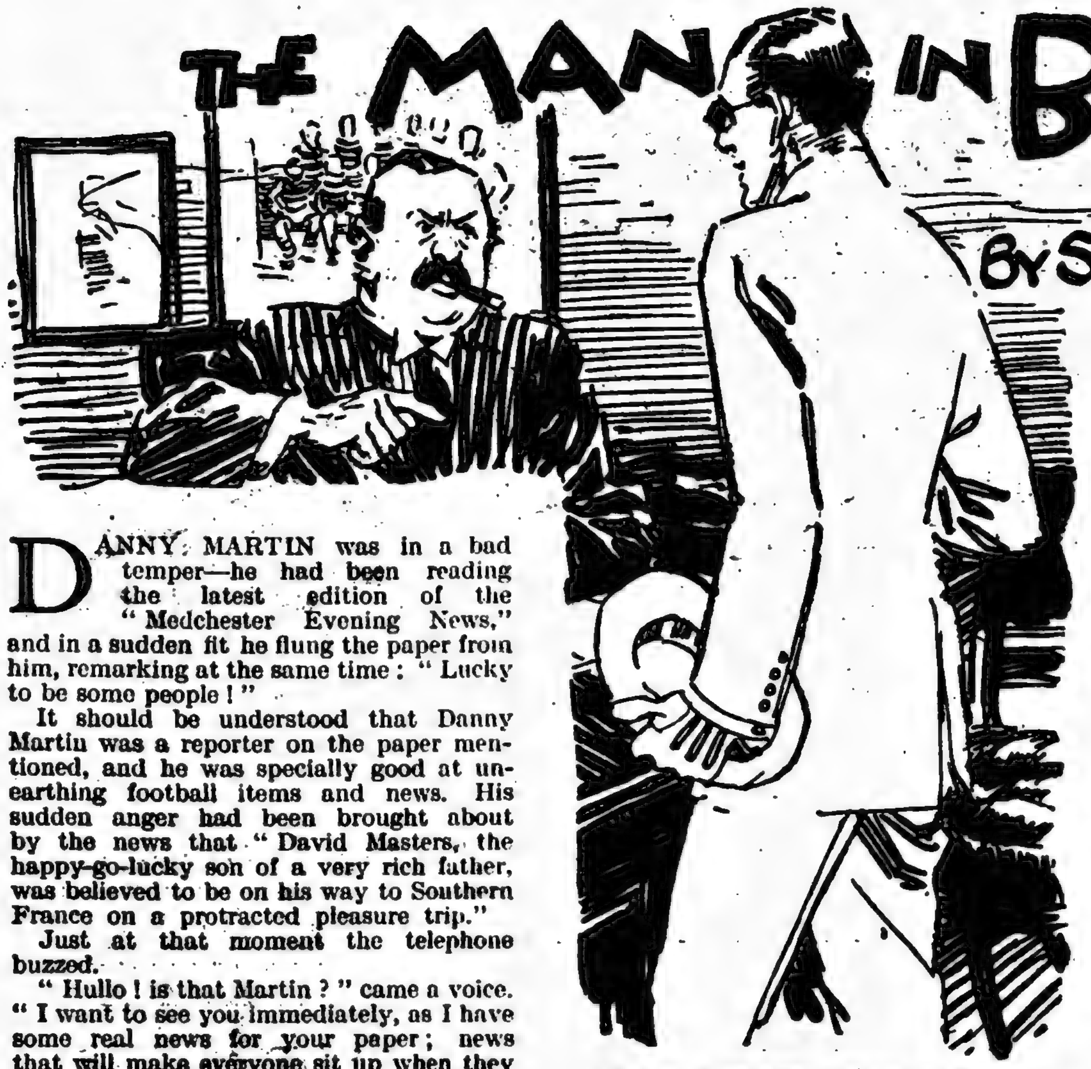
BUY BRITISH HEADPHONES

THE MAN IN BLUE GLASSE



"You are a right back," sneered the manager, "with those things on, eh?" pointing to the blue spectacles.

BY SYDNEY HORLER

How the Mysterious Footballer Won a Bride.

DANNY MARTIN was in a bad temper—he had been reading the latest edition of the "Medchester Evening News," and in a sudden fit he flung the paper from him, remarking at the same time: "Lucky to be some people!"

It should be understood that Danny Martin was a reporter on the paper mentioned, and he was specially good at unearthing football items and news. His sudden anger had been brought about by the news that "David Masters, the happy-go-lucky son of a very rich father, was believed to be on his way to Southern France on a protracted pleasure trip."

Just at that moment the telephone buzzed.

"Hullo! is that Martin?" came a voice. "I want to see you immediately, as I have some real news for your paper; news that will make everyone sit up when they read it. Yes, I'm Thompson, who did you imagine it was speaking?"

From that moment little Danny Martin steps off our stage; he has played his small part, and is gone into the night where, when you come to remember it, so many real Thespians go.

* * *

THE scene changes. The time is exactly one week previous to Danny Martin catching the first passing tram for the Medchester City Football Club ground.

In a private room of a famous hotel, a hundred miles at least from Medchester, an elegantly dressed young man was standing, moodily lighting a cigarette. Lounging gracefully in a chair was a girl whose beauty of features would be worth a whole paragraph if I had only the space to spare. The girl was speaking in a slightly transatlantic accent.

"You're just a dear boy, Dave!" she said, "but I don't see quite how we can pull it off. You see, I've got both my father's and my grandfather's blood in me, and can't forget that they made their money through work. Now you haven't got a job of any sort, have you?"

David Masters, whose allowance from his millionaire father was £5,000 a year, was so astounded at the question that his monocle dropped unheeded from his eye.

"Job?" he repeated, "of course I haven't any job. Why should I have?"

Rosie Merriman tilted her adorable nose.

"Say," she replied; "that is where you go clean off the rails. You must have a job before you can marry me! At least, you will have to prove that you can get one.

"Look here, boy," she went on quickly, a flush mantling her cheeks, "I'll make a sporting bet with you. If you can prove to me that you've earned as much as five pounds a week any time during the next three months—I'll marry you!"

"Done!" cried the would-be husband. "Can I have a kiss on account?"

"Certainly not! And don't be so optimistic. I haven't told you the conditions yet!"

"Conditions?"

"Certainly. The first is that you earn this money entirely by your own resources. That is, that you mustn't use any influence from your father or any one else. Also, you must not use your real name. In other words, you must do it through work—and nothing else. Understand?"

"Quite! But I say—about that kiss on account. It's jolly rough not to get a decent start-off——"

"Well, only one!" answered Rosie Merriman, her eyes dancing maddeningly.

* * *

AGAIN the scene is changed—it has taken about a week to change it.

Mr. John Thompson, the trainer-manager of that justly famous First Division Football Club, Medchester City, is sitting in his office when a visitor is announced.

"Who is it?" enquires the manage

"Won't give no name," is the re "Looks as if he might be able to p football, though—big, husky fellow."

"Show him in!" ordered Mr. J Thompson. The manager of Medchester was always glad to see men "who lo as though they could play football." M an unknown blossomed into a c player under the careful tutelage of pa taking John Thompson.

The stranger, when he entered the ro proved to be big enough and husky en for anything—even a prospective W Hope—but directly Thompson saw him snorted in disapproval. The caller was w ing a pair of spectacles in which were h tinted stones, such as travellers in hot mates use to shield their eyes from the

"What do you want?" asked football-manager.

"A job," was the laconic reply; " a right-back—a good one!"

"You are, are you?" sneered manager; "with those things on, eh pointing to the spectacles, which m have made an effective disguise for best-known thief in the whole of Eur "Well, tell me what your name is, and w clubs you have played for."

"I have never played for a professi team before," answered the stranger; " I have played in the best amateur foo three years ago. I toured with Corinthians, then. My name? Well, sorry, but I'm not at liberty to give you name. As for these," motioning tow the spectacles, "I don't really nee wear them, although I can see as well them as without them. The fact is—

"That you're a crook of some sor said the football manager, completing sentence. "Clear——"

"No, my dear sir, not a crook!" the caller, interrupting in his turn; a gentleman who is forced to earn a li money. If you will promise to keep thing a secret, I'll tell you the whole st That is, after you have engaged me."

John Thompson prided himself u being able to deal with most situati but he freely confessed that this one m him gasp.

"But I don't know how you can play he retorted.

The stranger smiled cheerfull

"I've got some togs in this bag," said; "take me out and let me show what I can do. And I'll tell you wha If I am really a dud, I'll hand over pounds for any charity you like to name

"Mad—mad!" muttered the foot manager, but he led the way out.

Within an hour he was back, beam

When out of sorts or depressed, take 1 or 2 YEAST-VITE Tablets, and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

Yeast is life!

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE TABLETS

Fred Dupres

Ethel Levey

Read what famous theatrical stars say about Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets

FRED DUPREZ says:—A business associate of mine, not long ago suggested that I try a few of your tablets, at a time when the combination of my two businesses became very strenuous for me. While I do not make a practice of giving testimonials, in a case of this kind the benefit I derived from these tablets was such that I feel, in all fairness to yourself, I should write and tell you that I found them invaluable when the stress of business gave me that sinking feeling. A box of your tablets is now always on my desk. *(Signed) FRED DUPREZ.*

ETHEL LEVEY says:—I am very much opposed to patent medicines, and after much hesitation I was persuaded to try "Yeast-Vite" when I felt I could not carry on, my vitality and strength having completely failed me for the first time for ages. I am delighted to "tell the world" six tablets made me feel a different human being, and I may add this is the first time in my 27 years on the stage I have permitted any patent of any kind to use my name. I recommend this to all. *(Signed) ETHEL LEVEY.*

GEORGE GRAVES says:—Thanks to "Yeast-Vite" I am again 28, smile when it rains, forget all financial worries, writs, jury summons, etc. I now jump for joy when I see the Yellow Peril from the Inland Revenue, and only yesterday kissed the Income Tax Surveyor. *(Signed) GEORGE GRAVES.*

ELLA RETFORD says:—I cannot speak too highly as to the wonderful qualities of your tablets. They seem to be able to cure all of the petty ailments of the body. If I feel run down they quickly act as a marvellous tonic. They are the quickest cure for headaches that I know of, and I do not know of a better blood purifier. In all sincerity I recommend them to everyone. *(Signed) ELLA RETFORD.*

TOM SHALE says:—It is with great pleasure that I can state that never in my 35 years' experience on the stage have I come across any tonic that has equalled in effect your Yeast-Vite tablets. I recommend all my brother and sister professionals to give them a trial. They are wonderful. *(Signed) TOM A. SHALE.*

ESTELLE BRODY says:—I thought it would be interesting for you to know that during my strenuous time of playing in the film "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" I relied entirely on "Yeast-Vite" as my tonic and pick-me-up to calm my nerves. I found these so beneficial that at the end most members of the company were also taking them. *(Signed) ESTELLE BRODY.*

Ella Retford

Tom. A. Shale

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Contains No Harmful Drugs.

Guaranteed to be safer, quicker and more effective than Aspirin

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Headache, Neuralgia, etc.	in 5 minutes.
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1/3, 2/9 & 5/- per bottle of all chemists.

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Obtain a 1/3 bottle of Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty bottle and we will refund your money immediately.

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Beware of imitations! See the name 'Irving's Yeast-Vite' on every carton and bottle, & sealed with Government stamp. Refuse fraudulent substitutes, which are worthless!

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES, "CECIL HOUSE," HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1.

broadly. The man might be mad, but he could play football. True, he was in shocking condition—due, no doubt, to easy living—but he could kick like a mule with either foot, and was a keen and resolute tackler. A practice game had just been started when the manager and the blue-eyed stranger arrived on the playing-field, and, amidst the astonishment of the regular players, the manager put in the stranger as right-back on the "Blues'" side.

"Sit down!" said Thompson, when the two arrived back in the office. "If four pounds a week is any good to you, I'll engage you on a month's trial. But can't you leave those blinking barnacles off? —there isn't a player in the League who wears glasses—let alone blue ones!"

"You've been so jolly decent that I wish I could favour you in that respect," replied the stranger; "but I feel sure you will believe me when I say that it is quite impossible for me to play football without I wear these glasses. But now, if you would care to listen, I will tell you the real reason why I came to see you to-day. Have I your solemn promise that you will regard the essential facts as being in the strictest confidence?"

Still under the impression that he was dealing with a madman, and that it would be best to humour him, the football manager nodded his head.

The look of amazement which Thompson wore at the beginning of the narrative soon changed to the broadest of grins.

"Here," he said, when the stranger had finished; "I must tell this to little Danny Martin! He's a reporter, and will draw all the town next week to the Reserves match with what he will put in his paper about you. Oh, I won't tell him all of it!" he finished up as he caught his new player's warning glance.

* * *

LITTLE Danny Martin provided Medchester with a first-rate sensation that evening. It was rarely that a real human interest story came his way as a football writer, and he made the most of this unexpected gift from the gods—and John Thompson.

Instead of hurrying to catch the first available train, the toilers of the city lingered beneath the street-lamps that night to read. This is what they read—

CITY SIGNS ON MYSTERY PLAYER

Secret Romance of Footballer Who Wears Blue Glasses!

The narrative, enticingly introduced by the above headlines, went on:—"To-day, Mr. John Thompson, the able and popular manager of the Medchester City Football Club, signed on a new player whom he told our representative he had no hesitation in describing as the most remarkable footballer he had ever met in the whole of his lengthy experience!

"Although he confesses he has perfect eyesight, this man—a right-back who is expected to train on to be a defender of outstanding excellence—will not step on to the football-field unless he is wearing a pair of blue-tinted spectacles which give his face a most uncanny appearance.

"The stranger, who says he has no objection to being called 'Jones'—he will not give his real name—will be given a trial in next Saturday's reserve match against Clayton Rovers Reserves.

"No doubt the whole town will turn out to see this football mystery in human form!"

IT was a true bill. Danny Martin had written better than he knew. Although only the Reserve team was on view, the biggest "gate" of the season assembled at the City ground on the following Saturday. And practically everyone in that great crowd agreed that, mystery or no mystery, blue glasses or no blue glasses, the City had found a footballer. There was a general fear, however, that the new right-back might turn out to be an escaped convict (hence the disguise), and that consequently the City might be deprived of his services at any moment.

But the police stayed away from the City ground. The man in blue glasses made such good use of his freedom that he quickly qualified for a place in the first team. From being an oddity he now became a celebrity. He became, indeed, such a national figure that George Robey introduced him into his "patter" in the "How could you, Charley?" revue. If that isn't fame, will you please tell me what is?

Then, suddenly, the disturbing rumour got about that Medchester City were losing their mysterious but talented right-back. Pressed, Mr. John Thompson, the manager of the club, said that the story was true. The directors were all very sorry, but "Jones" had made up his mind.

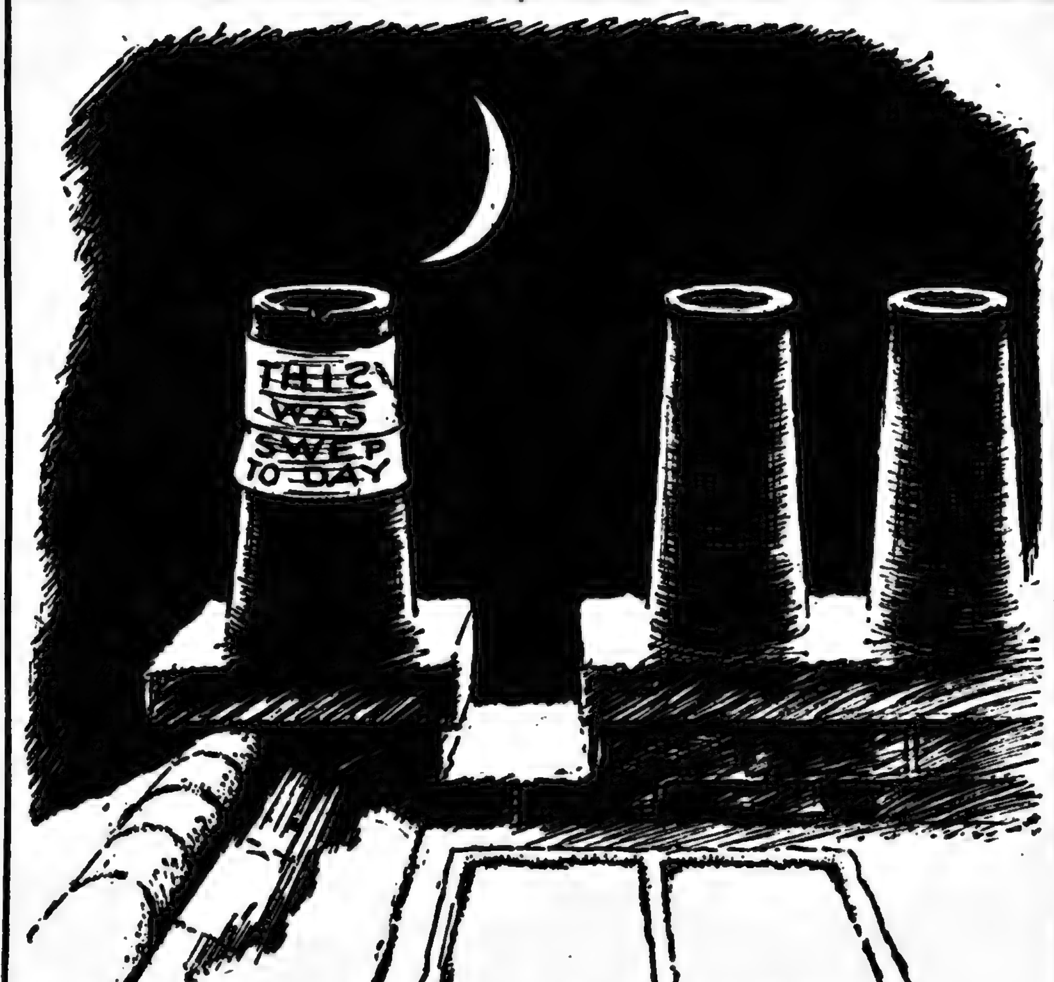
THE facts were that one day a wire which had been addressed to her by the mystery footballer brought a charmingly dressed girl to Medchester. She went straight to the office of the City club, where she was met by the manager, Mr. Thompson, and a gentleman she addressed as "you dear old thing."

Some conversation ensued, in which the man in blue glasses (who was no longer wearing those disfiguring aids to the sight) said: "I have qualified all right, you see, dear. Mr. Thompson here will tell you that he has been paying me, not five pounds but ten pounds a week—which is the highest amount any footballer can be legally paid—for the past two months. Football is the only thing I knew I could make any good at, but I did fairly well, according to the papers."

"I know!" replied Miss Rosie Merriman; "I read every word they said about you. It was wonderful. Of course, I guessed it was you!"

"Thing is," put in the disgruntled manager, when it had been made perfectly clear to him that one David Masters, "footballer, of this parish," intended to marry instantly one Rosie Merriman, spinster, "what excuse can I give the reporters for you having stopped playing?"

"Tell them that I am devoting all my time to matrimony!" replied the mystery footballer.



Drawn by Ricardo Brook

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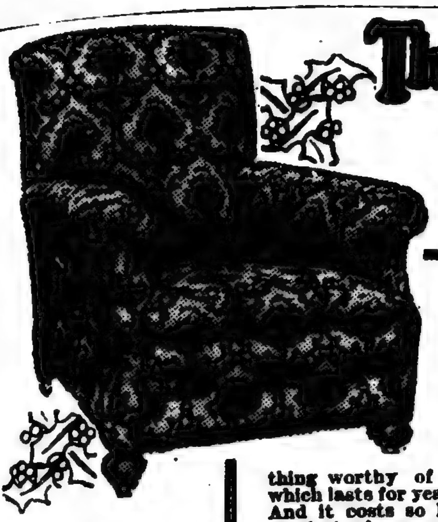
Seasonable diplomacy by the junior Smiffs.



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Special Offer of MATS

10,000 1 ft. 4 ins. by 2 ft. 8 ins. each	2/6
25,000 1 ft. by 2 ft. 3 in. each	1/-

SET of 3 Rugs all to match, for Bedroom or Dining Room. Set consists of 1 Rug, size 3 ft. by 6 ft., and 2 Rugs, size 2 ft. 3 ins by 4 ft. 7 ins. Price 25/- per Set.

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1st PRIZE	£1,000	20 Prizes of	£10
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The Prize Money has been deposited with the Bankers of the Fund.

100% of the Profits of this Ballot are being handed over to the Braille League.

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Book of 12 Tickets to sell to your friends. 10/-

This Ballot has been organised on behalf of the Ellen Terry National Homes for Blind Defective Children, and funds are urgently needed.

The greatest appeal to charity to-day is on behalf of the Blind, but when it comes to blind defective children the appeal becomes of far greater urgency.

Send for 1/- ticket to help on this appeal in its splendid work.

The ballot is a popular one and can be entered by man, woman and child. By purchasing a ticket you may win £1,000.

The Manager, BLIND CHILDREN'S BALLOT,
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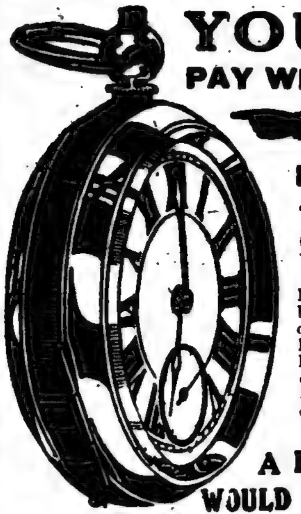

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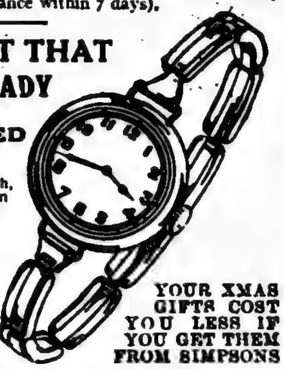

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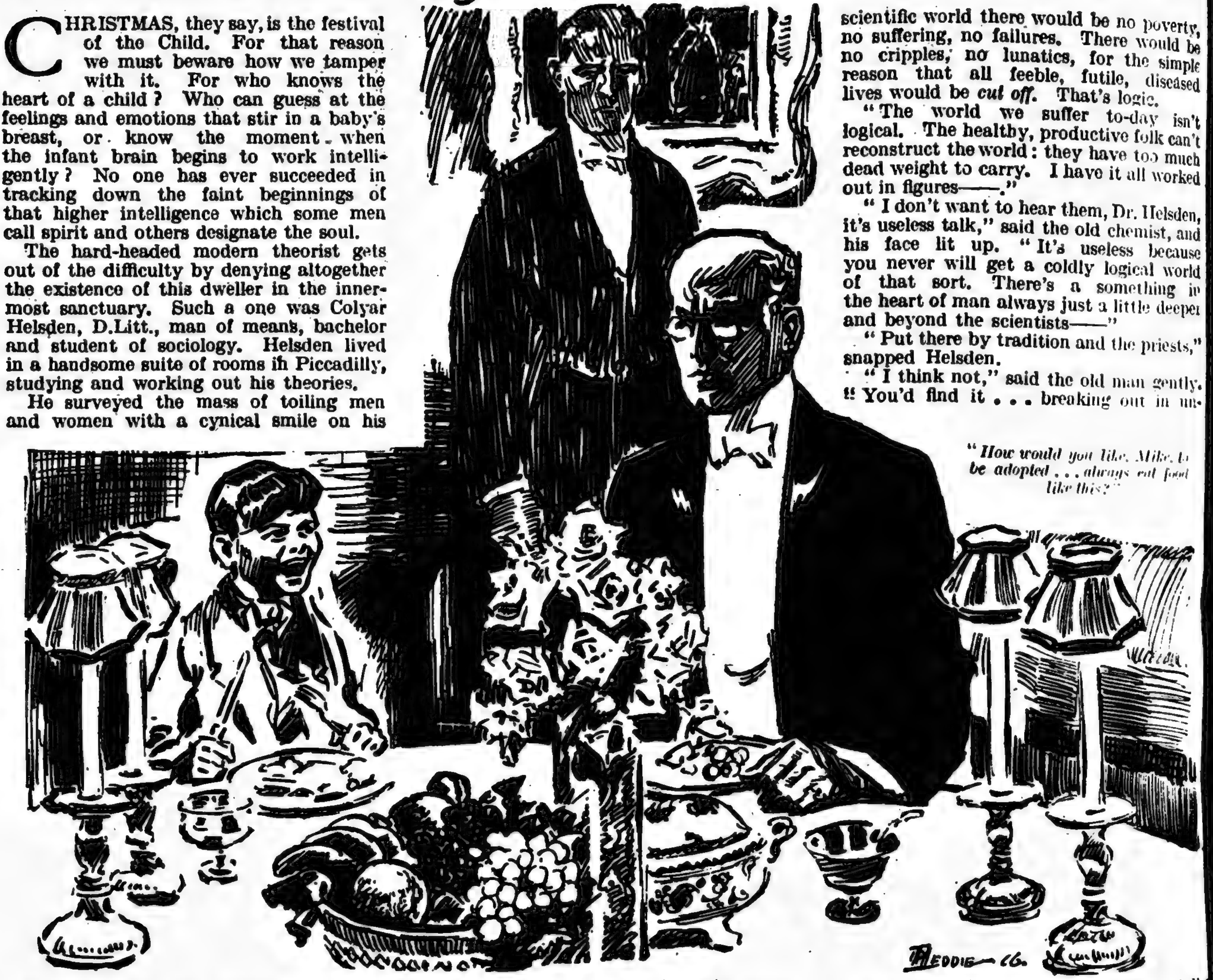
The Changeling

by MABEL HORNER

CHRISTMAS, they say, is the festival of the Child. For that reason we must beware how we tamper with it. For who knows the heart of a child? Who can guess at the feelings and emotions that stir in a baby's breast, or know the moment when the infant brain begins to work intelligently? No one has ever succeeded in tracking down the faint beginnings of that higher intelligence which some men call spirit and others designate the soul.

The hard-headed modern theorist gets out of the difficulty by denying altogether the existence of this dweller in the innermost sanctuary. Such a one was Colyar Helsden, D.Litt., man of means, bachelor and student of sociology. Helsden lived in a handsome suite of rooms in Piccadilly, studying and working out his theories.

He surveyed the mass of toiling men and women with a cynical smile on his lips. He saw that humanity has got itself into mess. He saw that modern cities, commerce, industry, and international relationships were the last word in chaos. Logical education and proper environment were his strong points.



"*How would you like, Mike, to be adopted . . . always eat food like this?*"

HE would detail his ideas to old Turner, the proprietor of the old-fashioned pharmacy at the corner, whom he rather liked, partly for the pleasure of hearing himself talk and more for pleasure of knocking down like ninepins any opposing opinions which the old man might set up.

"It is all perfectly simple," he explained one snowy day when the bells in a near-by city church were carol ringing, "if only people would be logical. Set a child in a decent environment from the start and it will demand decent surroundings in later life as its right. Nor," he emphasised the words, "will it allow any obstacles to remain in the path of advancement. True logic implies ruthlessness."

The old chemist shook his head and smiled. "There are other things . . ." he waved a hand vaguely in the direction of the clashing bells.

"All so much antiquated nonsense" stated Helsden vehemently. "This tosh about peace and good will, when there isn't a spark of such a thing in the world. This nonsense about the Christmas spirit . . . mere sentiment. We need a new generation of men and women who will cut the lot. We want a race that will set to work without emotion, sanely and scientifically, to clean up the world."

"Meaning——?" prompted the old chemist, though he thought he knew.

"You know quite well what I mean by a clean world and a new world," said Helsden tersely. "In a clean, sane, scientific world there would be no poverty, no suffering, no failures. There would be no cripples, no lunatics, for the simple reason that all feeble, futile, diseased lives would be *cut off*. That's logic.

"The world we suffer to-day isn't logical. The healthy, productive folk can't reconstruct the world: they have too much dead weight to carry. I have it all worked out in figures——."

"I don't want to hear them, Dr. Helsden, it's useless talk," said the old chemist, and his face lit up. "It's useless because you never will get a coldly logical world of that sort. There's a something in the heart of man always just a little deeper and beyond the scientists——"

"Put there by tradition and the priests," snapped Helsden.

"I think not," said the old man gently. "You'd find it . . . breaking out in unexpected places even in your specially trained generation. I don't know what it is. Personality . . . something that *can't* be tied down with rules and measured by a scientific foot-rule. . . . If you were a married man with children of your own you'd know."

"You're an incorrigible sentimentalist. There's nothing in human make-up that can't be trained out of it. We must make the appeal to self-interest and treat sentiment as a crime. In that way only will the world of clear thinkers be produced."

He faced the biting wind of the street with the old chemist's words in his ears. "If ever you have the training of a child . ."

What *did* the old fool mean?

* * *

The night was settling down into a misery of slush and blinding sleet. It clung to Dr. Helsden's pince-nez,

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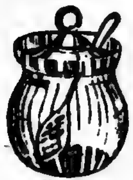

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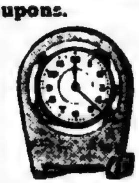

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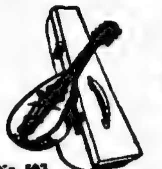

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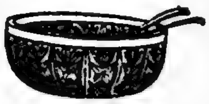

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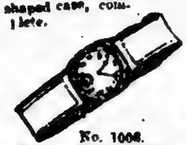

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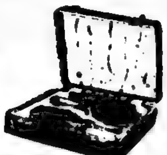

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momentarily blinding him. A grimy little paw pulled his arm roughly, sending him slipping and staggering. A sharp, shrill voice cried, "Aw, look out, Gov'ner! Cawn't you see where yer goin'?"

Helsden pulled himself together to see a skidding taxi-cab mounting the pavement. There was a crash of glass and a shout as a window was driven in. Helsden had missed being between the two by inches.

"Golly, that was a near shave, wasn't it?"

Helsden beheld a small boy, pitifully thin and white, but with a face of razor-like sharpness. His toes protruded from broken boots. His cut-down trousers were held together with string. But, small saviour though he had proved himself, he was turning away when Helsden's sharp, incisive voice recalled him. "What's your name?"

"S'mike," said the youngster, wriggling free of Helsden's detaining arm. "Don't keep me, Gov'ner: I must be gittin'—unless yer fink it's worf a tip." The small, sharp face brightened. "Yer'd ha' bin run down, not arf, if I 'adn't a sharted."

THE momentary softness left Helsden's face to be replaced by his customary look of cold cynicism. He had been saved from an accident, but self-interest had prompted the deed. It was a splendid proof of his own theories and a refutation of old Turner's sentimentalism.

He gave a short laugh as he put his hand in his pocket and drew up two half-crowns. "If I give you these what will you do with them?"

"Spend 'em," said the youngster briefly.

"What in?"

The question brought a look of stubbornness to the boy's face. He made no answer.

"You won't give them to your mother?"

"Ain't got none."

"No mother? Your father then?"

"Ain't got neither mother nor father, I ain't. I'm on my own, see?"

Helsden pondered a moment. He had heard of "waifs and strays," but never met one. "How do I know you are speaking the truth?" he asked suspiciously.

"Yer can arsk old mother Morton, she knows. She lets me sleep in her kitching . . . when the old man ain't about. He's in quod now . . . two years he got . . . but he's nearly done 'is time . . . then it'll be cop dodgin' again . . . for I ain't goin' into no work-us . . ." He bit back words that trembled on his tongue, but Helsden in the sudden grip of an idea did not notice.

"If ever you have the training of a child . . ." old Turner had said. Well, why not? Providence, or the devil, or whoever rules the fate of London's derelicts had dropped a child, a remarkably keen-witted bit of raw material, straight into his hand.

* * *

OVER a meal such as Mike had never seen Helsden made his offer. How would Mike like to be adopted, taken for ever from cold and cheerless streets, dressed in decent clothes, always eat food like this, and learn all things that gentlemen should with a good deal more added?

Mike's big eyes widened, filled with awe. The bargain was clinched. At five o'clock to-morrow evening Mother Morton herself should come along with Mike and satisfy this queer gentleman—whom Mike had already in his own mind christened Santa Claus—that the boy was his own master, that he had hitherto dodged "coppers" and that he was free to allow himself to be adopted.

Helsden allowed himself a few hours of pleasurable anticipation in the meantime . . . if only the boy kept faith . . .

Promptly on the stroke of five o'clock next evening the door bell rang and Helsden's disapproving man-servant announced the visitors. He went down into the hall and stared in dismay. An abominably dirty old woman stood curtseying and bobbing, but it was not upon her that Helsden looked. It was upon the tiny, peevish, feeble-looking boy that stood, staring dully, one finger in his mouth, clinging to her skirts.

Mike, and yet not Mike! Mike had bright brown eyes that shone with intelligence. This child's face was dull and heavy. Mike's mobile lips parted with eager interest when he was spoken to; this child's mouth hung slack and open. What had wrought the terrible, devastating change? Sternly Helsden looked to the old woman for explanation. She gave it quaveringly.

"Twins they wos, sir, like as two peas when Mrs. Flaggerty died and left 'em in the attic above me. But Mike, he were alwiz quick and sharp-like, able to git about and pick up 'is livin'. But Tony here, he's alwiz bin a bit short like. I've done what I could for' em . . . Gawd knows I'm fond o' the poor kids, but I dassen't have 'em about when my old man's home . . . and they're orphans . . ."

Helsden cut the rambling story short in his quick, decisive way. "Yes, yes; but what has all this to do with me? It was the other child I offered a home to. Michael . . ."

The old woman's face lit up with something that almost made it beautiful. "Yes, sir," she whispered earnestly, "and Mike took the offer too, fair snatched at it the little lad did, *but it was for Tony, not for himself*. He fair shouted for gladness when he come home, Mike did. 'I can keep myself, some'ow,' he says, 'but Tony's different. Tony'd be in the 'and o' the cops in no time . . . he's a bit soft like. But yon Santa Claus man he'll never know the differ . . . we're that alike' . . . But I was feared you would, sir . . . still if you could give 'im a 'ome, you bein' fond o' childer like . . ."

For the second time that week Helsden's eyes dimmed, but this time it was with something warmer and more human than driving sleet. "Leave Tony here," he said abruptly, "and . . . fetch Mike."

* * *

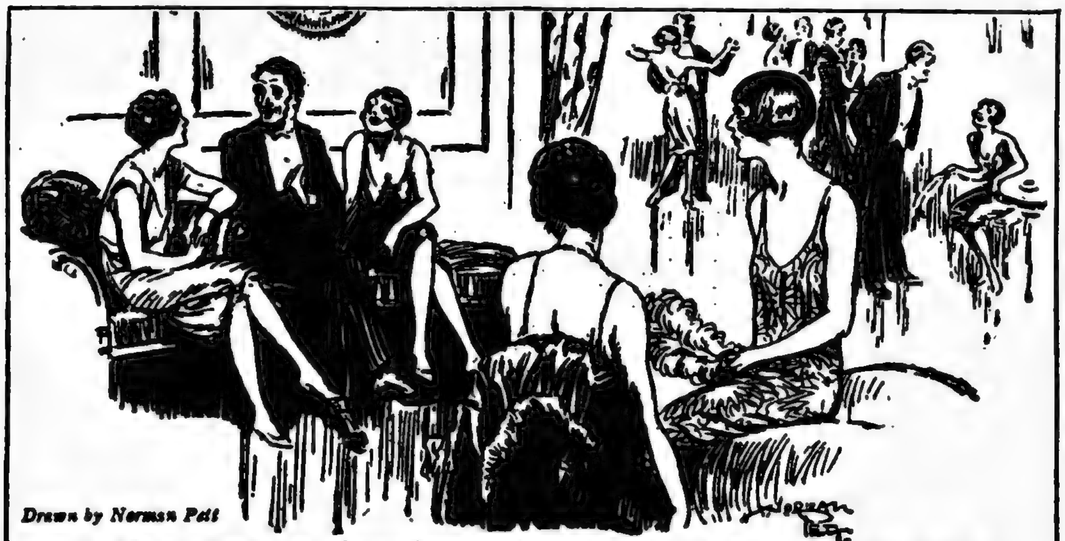
IT was not until Christmas Day was long past but not forgotten, for it had been a wonderful Christmas, with a tree and toys and a turkey and a pudding big enough to make fifty slum children's mouths water that Dr. Helsden was once again chatting to his old friend the chemist. "And how are both the youngsters?" the old man asked. "The operation was quite successful?"

"We're hoping for the best," returned Dr. Helsden. "It was incipient idiocy, caused by a bone pressure on the brain, but the doctors are hopeful . . . it's an interesting experiment."

"And you're still hoping to train and teach the other one?" the old man twinkled.

"Turner, I've been a fool," said Helsden, facing bravely up to his defeat. "There is something in all human nature worth preserving. There are deeps that cannot be explained away by science. There is altruism, and self-sacrifice, and there is LOVE. I have found them all dwelling together in the heart of a little child. And it is love, diverted into intelligent channels, *not* cold logic, that alone can transform the world."

"You found them, because in the depths of your own being there was that intangible something that responded," added the old chemist softly.



Drawn by Norman Pett

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MAUD: "Anything after his name?"
MADGE: "Yes, that fast little cat on his left."

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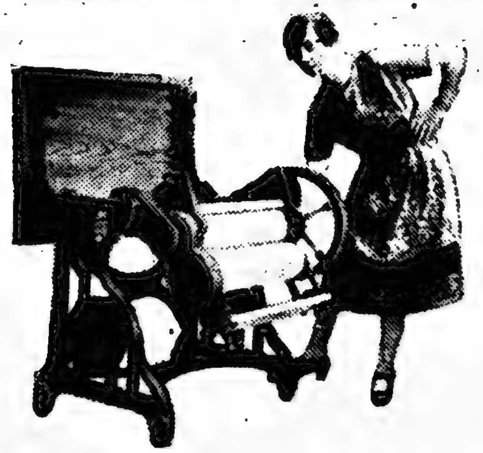

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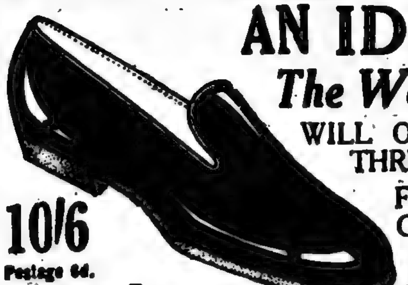

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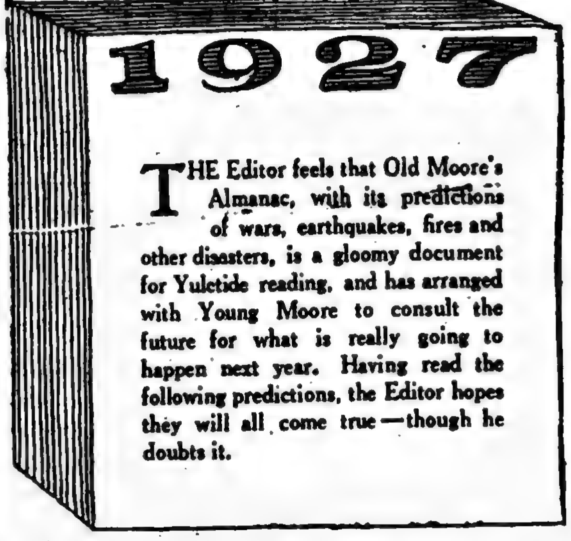
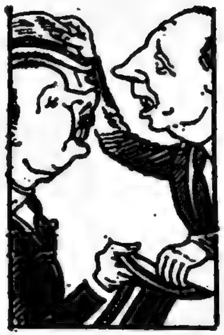


THE Editor feels that Old Moore's Almanac, with its predictions of wars, earthquakes, fires and other disasters, is a gloomy document for Yuletide reading, and has arranged with Young Moore to consult the future for what is really going to happen next year. Having read the following predictions, the Editor hopes they will all come true—though he doubts it.


JANUARY

THE New Year will open with every sign of prosperity and happiness in store for the citizens of the British Empire. Industry will be at peace; mineowners and miners will go down the mines together arm-in-arm; *Mr. Cook and Mr. J. H. Thomas will exchange hats* at a public demonstration and, joining hands with Sir Adam Nimmo, sing "Auld Lang Syne."

Mr. Baldwin will awake from a long sleep and his speeches, instead of explaining away his mistakes, will be vigorous summaries of the actions he is taking to replace the country on its economic pinnacle.

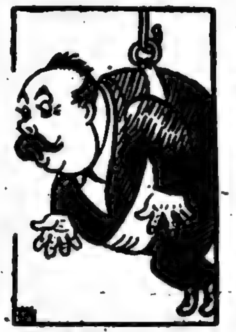
Mr. Winston Churchill will announce that, in view of the harmonious and improved conditions of industry, he will be reducing income-tax to two shillings in the pound, with an allowance of £100 for every child.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Mr. Amery will announce their conversion to Free Trade. Sir William Joynson-Hicks will receive a deputation of taxi-drivers who offer to reduce their fares by one-half.

Home teams will win all football matches, and favourites will score in every game.

The weather will be bright and sunny, but rain will fall at night in districts where it is needed by farmers.

* * *


FEBRUARY

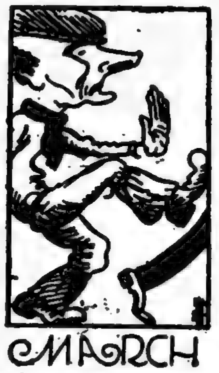
PARLIAMENT will open and will institute a ten-minute limit for speeches. Members will ignore the Party whips and vote according to their convictions.

The Socialist backbenchers will, however, consult the wishes of their leaders, and *Mr. Jack Jones will not be suspended* more than once during the session. Commander Kenworthy will ask no questions; and Lady Astor will not interrupt members who dare to disagree with her.

Conditions abroad will show returning stability. Not more than six French Premiers will take office. The French Government will extend a gesture of reconciliation to Germany, and President Hindenburg, who will allow his hair to grow long and cultivate a beard in honour of the occasion, will reply suitably. The Bolsheviks will announce their decision to abandon the fostering of unrest in other countries and, what is more, will mean what they say.

Mussolini will resign, leaving the future government of Italy to be decided at free elections. Spain will abandon bombs as political arguments, and throw olives instead. Greece will give all its Dictators a year's holiday and a ticket to Australia. Brazil will kindly give the League of Nations another chance.

* * *


MARCH

THE Oxford and Cambridge boat-race will end in a dead heat in record time; neither crew will collapse and no Old Blues will write for the newspapers.

This will be a great month for the British theatre. The entertainment tax will be abolished except when the entertainment is worth it; in all other cases audiences will get their money back and a sum to compensate them for their wasted time. All plays will be clean; consequently the Sunday evening producing societies will cease to exist.

An English musical comedy will be produced in an English theatre. Mr. Bernard Shaw will try to say a good word for Shakespeare. Beauty choruses will be beautiful. *Sean O'Casey will refuse to see interviewers.* Billy Merson will absolutely refuse to take curtain-calls, and Harry Weldon will sing a new song.

Chocolates will be on sale in theatres up to the last interval.

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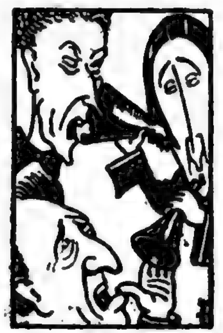

APRIL

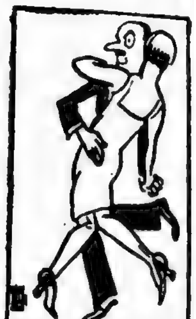
THE weather will continue fine, and there will be no depressions off the west coast of Iceland slowly moving south. Broadcasting programmes will satisfy everybody, and there will be no howling, on the part either of the listeners or of the performers.

Mr. Selfridge will not state that he regards business as the best fun in life, and his photograph will not appear in the illustrated papers.

Mr. John Galsworthy will write a book of humorous stories; so, perhaps will Professor Stephen Leacock. *The Sitwells will retire and talk to one another through the wrong end of a megaphone.*

No musical comedy actress will lose her jewels, and no actress of any kind will receive threatening letters.

* * *


MAY

THE Academy will contain several pictures of interest. Portraits will be selected for their artistic value and not according to the importance of the sitter.

The Opera Season will open at Covent Garden with popular prices, and people will take boxes there to hear the music and not to display their jewels. In furtherance of this object, lights will be kept low during the acts and turned out altogether in the intervals.

American hostesses' freak dances will not be reported in the papers and will, therefore, not take place.

There will be no jealousy among the singers, and several of them will keep time with the orchestra, though the members of the latter will be warned in advance, to prevent heart-failure.

British singers will use their own names, instead of adopting foreign ones, and this will not tell against them with the critics. The scenery will vaguely resemble the places it is supposed to represent, and one or two of the chorus will learn how to act.

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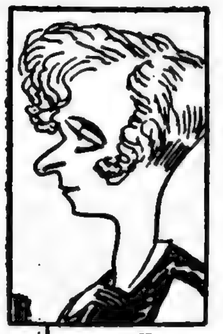
JUNE

THE Derby will be run to the general satisfaction of the public. Donoghue will win on the favourite which, however, will start at long odds.

At Ascot, later in the month, there will be no snobbishness. The Royal Enclosure will be thrown open to everybody, and sausages and mash will be served at popular prices.

Where more than six men give daily racing selections in the sporting section of any newspaper, their failures as well as their successes will be placarded on the following day.

Hobbs will open the Surrey innings on a Saturday and will stay in till the end of the match, scoring 987 runs not out. Glamorgan will defeat Yorkshire by an innings and 246 runs. Fender will be chosen to captain England in the next Test matches although he has not been to any University.

Amateurs and professionals will leave the

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SUPPLEMENT TO FEATURE APPEARING WEEKLY IN "JOHN BULL."

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A.B.C. GUIDE to Remnant and Drapery Trade free. Worth pounds, valuable hints. Make money selling prints, Towels, Tabling, Travellers' Samples, etc. Send p.c. to-day for Catalogue and full particulars.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester

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"FREEMAN'S" Spare-time Agency.—See Large Advert on page 6.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly.—Run a bed-clothing club amongst friends. No outlay. Particulars free.—Carlisle Mills Co., 11, Birstall, Leeds

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The MOTOR INDUSTRY NEEDS TRAINED MEN—Drivers, Salesmen, Demonstrators, Mechanics, Chauffeur-Mechanics and Fitters. Let the British School of Motoring quickly train YOU for a well-paid job. The best equipped school in London. Introductions to positions free of charge. Lowest fees.—Call or write, British School of Motoring, Ltd., Head Office, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

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SALES REPRESENTATIVES are urgently needed. The definite offer of an actual position is guaranteed for every successful student of FIVE WEEKS' tuition in Creative salesmanship. Previous experience not necessary. Instruction includes PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS. Fees refunded to unsuccessful students. Call or write for details.—SALESMANSHIP, LTD., 56, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

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WALLPAPERS direct, from 3d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

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DRESS.

BABY'S 75-Article Layette, 30/-. Robes, Gowns, Robeslips, Nighties, Vests, Shawls, Matinee Coats, Barrows, Towels, Napkins, etc. Home-made Genuine Bargains. Send 2/6 parcel approval.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, [illegible] Road, Portsmouth.

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VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, etc. New scientific Treatment sent on FREE TRIAL. Relief first application, operation or rest unnecessary. No drugs or bandages. Astounding successes, hundreds of testimonials. Call or write NOW for BOOKLET "B" and full particulars.—Le Brasseur Surgical Co., Ltd. (Dept. N.P.), 12, Mortimer Street, London, W.1. Birmingham Branch: 90, Worcester St.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.X.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

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BLADDER WEAKNESS quickly cured by Parker's Remedy, 3/- bot., at Boots, or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 18, James St., Liverpool. Send 4d. stamps for sample.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. Don't waste money on quack remedies; cure yourself as I did. Interesting book on cure of Self-consciousness sent privately for 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.X.) 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1

RUPTURE—Free Trial wonderful new scientific treatment. Instant relief. Stops Truss torture. No springs, lumpy or hard pads, no need for restraint. Call or write now for booklet "A" and full particulars.—Le Brasseur Surgical Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.F.), 12, Mortimer St., London, W.1. Birmingham Branch: 90, Worcester St., Works: Passy, Paris.

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64-PAGE book about herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—TRIMNELL, The Herbalist, 144, Richmond Rd., Cardiff. Est. 1879.

SMOKING enjoyable, healthy, economical. Karah Finest Herbal Smoking Mixture and Cigarettes. Also afford instant relief Asthma, Hay Fever. Mixture 4 oz. 1/6, 8 oz. 2/9, 16 oz. 5/4. Cigarettes, 20 9d. Box-de-Luxe, 50 1/8, 100 3/3. Post Free.—Karah Co., Collyweston, Stamford.

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Sold by all Chemists and Stores, in Bottles, 1/3 and 3/-.

J. F. WHITE & CO., Chemists, Leeds.

THE ONLY SOLUTION FOR FOOT TORTURE

FOR immediate relief and a really lasting cure, one refreshing, healing and antiseptic foot-bath in the ***medicated*** and ***oxygenated*** water produced by **Reudel Bath Saltrates,** is all you need. This solves for anyone the problem of how to get rid of the intense torture produced by sore, tender, tired, aching, burning, smarting, and swollen feet, weak arches, corns, callouses, blisters, or any other bad foot troubles. **Nothing else will do.** To instantly ***medicate*** and ***oxygenate*** the water for a foot-bath, simply dissolve a tablespoonful of **Reudel Bath Saltrates** in about a gallon of water. Millions of packets of this remarkable compound were used in France alone, during the war. This curative water not only banishes and prevents foot troubles, but also banishes any muscular aches, strains, sprains or pains, rheumatic swellings or stiffness, eczema, rashes, insect bites, and similar tortures. It is regularly used and recommended by the following :—**Jimmy Wilde, Kid Lewis, Billy Wells, Georges Carpentier, Eddie McGoorty, Eugene Criqui, A. F. (Peggy) Bettinson, Eugene Corri,** and very many other prominent men. The success of these Boxing Champions depends, to a great extent, upon having sound feet, and they must certainly be regarded as amongst the highest authorities upon means of avoiding any foot troubles.

THE ORIGINAL—THE YELLOW PACKET.

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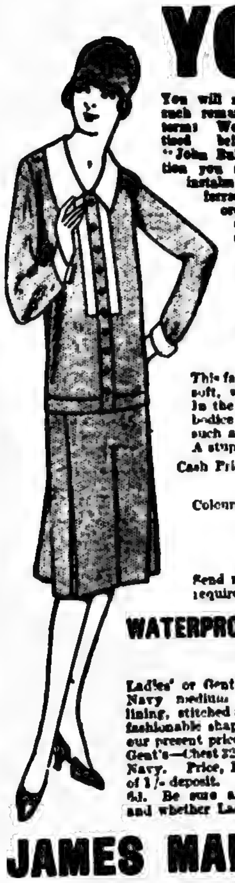

YOURS TO WEAR for 1/-

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This fashionable all wool Cashmere Stockingette Ladies' Two-piece Suit is delightfully soft, warm and comfortable, and really smart and up-to-date in every way. In the newest shades with contrasting collar and cuffs, and panels. Strong sateen bodice to skirt fully guaranteed in every way. You cannot fail to be pleased with such a wonderful bargain on such easy terms.

A stupendous bargain at our present price of 32/6. Sent on receipt of 1/- deposit.

Cash Price, 30/-, or within 7 days. O.S., 2/6 extra. Postage 6d.

Sizes S.W., W., and O.S.

Colours:
Blue contrasted with Biscuit.
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Burgundy contrasted with Fawn.
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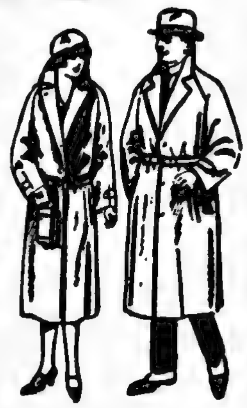
Send now, be sure and state colour and size required.



WATERPROOF BARGAINS. MARTIN'S "ALPIMAC"

Ladies' or Gent.'s Waterproof. Fine quality Fawn or Navy medium weight cloth, proofed check pattern lining, stitched and strengthened throughout, the latest fashionable shape and high-grade finish. Worth double our present price. Lengths Ladies'—42, 44, 46, 48, 50. Gent's—Chest 32, 34, 36, up to 48. Shades—Fawn or Dark Navy. Price, Ladies' or Gent.'s, 21/-. Sent on receipt of 1/- deposit. Cash with order. Price 18/9. Postage 9d. Be sure and state size and shade when ordering and whether Ladies' or Gent's.

JAMES MARTIN & SONS,
(Dept. 307)
82, ST. THOMAS'S STREET, LONDON, S.E.1.

pavilion by the same gate, and all the Australian cricketers will buy new typewriters and write about table-tennis for a change.

Not more than £100 will be paid for a seat at Wimbledon, and no French tennis stars will stand on their dignity.

No photographs of Gladys Cooper and Lady Louis Mountbatten will appear in the papers.

No fake American shares will be hawked round the country, and no company directors will surreptitiously bolt for the Continent and involve the nation in the expense of extradition proceedings.

* * *

JULY

WARM weather will continue, with rain at nights to lay the dust for motorists. Motorists will extend every courtesy to other road-users, and will encourage policemen to summon them for exceeding a speed of fifteen miles an hour on the Great West Road.

Cyclists will fit rear lights to their machines and will apologise to motorists who run into them.

Motor-cyclists will refuse to carry pillion passengers, and *long skirts will, therefore, once again come into fashion.*

Pedestrians will wear chain armour and carry four lights, two in front and two at the back. They will crawl into the ditch at the approach of a motorist from any direction, and will go out of their way to warn him if they think a police-trap has been set in the neighbourhood.

The Government will seriously consider refusing to issue driving licences to lunatics, cripples, epileptics, blind men, deaf and dumb people and others unable to pass elementary driving tests. No action will, however, be taken, for it does not do to be too drastic.

* * *

AUGUST

SEASIDE landladies will charge reasonable prices and will endeavour to make their clients comfortable. *Councillor Clark will encourage mixed bathing,* and nigger minstrels will sing Scottish songs and bar all references to Alabama.

No sea-serpents will be seen by correspondents of the popular newspapers, but a prize will be offered to the first person swimming the Channel in August whose name begins with a Z. If this is not won on the first of the month, the editors will swim the Channel themselves.

Several English dancers will appear in popular night-clubs, and no American comedienne will be divorced. Southend will compete with Deauville and the Lido as a society bathing resort, and pyjamas will be worn.

All stocks and shares will rise; no attempt will be made to "rig" the market, and all investors will make money.

SEPTEMBER

ONLY British films will be shown in cinemas, and no American film producers will win the war. British troops will not be engaged to convoy foreign films through the country.

Houses will be built with such speed and economy that tenants can live in them with comfort and without spending all their money on rent and repairs.

Sir Austen Chamberlain will attend a League of Nations session and endeavour to uphold British prestige, despite opposition from Paraguay and Cochin-China.

American Rotarians visiting England will not wear top-hats and will endeavour to find something that is done better here than across the Atlantic.

Mr. Gilbert Frankau will join the Socialists and write articles at a nominal fee for obscure Communist weeklies. He will denounce fox-hunting as a cruel sport and take up bowls instead.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will expose the Spiritualists in a new series of Sherlock Holmes stories, and *Mr. Rudyard Kipling will collaborate with Mr. George Lansbury* in an anthology devoted to Brotherly Love.

Dame Nellie Melba, having said farewell to singing, will not sing. The weather will remain fine and farmers will be perfectly satisfied.

* * *

OCTOBER

SUMMERTIME will be extended indefinitely in order that workers may enjoy a maximum of recreation after their work.

Road repairs in important cities will be undertaken with due regard to the convenience of the inhabitants, and "glare" will be eradicated from motor headlights.

Lord Birkenhead will smoke cigarettes in preference to cigars, and Mr. Winston Churchill will admit that he will never make a first-rate painter.

Every member of the Liberal Party will write for the Beaverbrook Press, and the *Daily Herald* will print "Rule Britannia" on its front page and denounce "The Red Flag" as a tenth-rate German dirge.

Dr. Marie Stopes will send telegrams of congratulation in every case of the birth of twins to working-class families. Dean Inge will hurt his sides laughing at one of his own sermons.

Mr. Baldwin will continue awake and show exemplary liveliness in the conduct of political affairs.

Lord Haldane will rejoin the Liberal Party and add his weight to its councils. Sir Alfred Mond will refuse to accept office in the Conservative Cabinet.

Several lawyer politicians will resign their seats in the House of Commons, on the ground that they are unfitted to exercise legislative functions.

No High Court judge will make jokes in court, and, if they do, barristers will not laugh at them.

Solicitors will endeavour to settle every case in the shortest possible time and at the least expense to their clients.

America will abolish Prohibition in the interests of national sobriety. Mr. Bernard Shaw will publicly demonstrate the best way to grill a steak and then retire from public life.

All guinea-pig directors will retire and several oil companies will pay dividends.

* * *

NOVEMBER

PLUMBERS will be shown calling to their mates and building their nests with feverish speed. Bricklayers will be shown laying bricks and brewers reducing the price of beer.

A Wigan Beauty Week will be held, for which the whole town will be whitewashed and new public parks laid out.

Lord Beaverbrook will write a series of articles on "What England Can Teach Canada." *Mr. Arnold Bennett will open a symposium in the "Daily News" on "Things I Don't Know," followed by Mr. H. G. Wells* on "*Things Mr. Clissold Doesn't Know.*"

The sun will shine at Manchester, and a commemorative tablet will be placed in the Town Hall.

There will be no fogs. Every football club will endeavour to play only local players in its team.

Every racehorse will run to win; stewards at race meetings will see as much of the racing as anybody else, and will not believe a quarter of what they are told.

* * *

DECEMBER

THE weather, though remaining pleasant, will take on a proper wintry aspect. Snow will fall in the gardens of all houses where children live, and snowmen will not melt until after Christmas.

Coal will be very cheap, as also will turkeys, geese, plum puddings and crackers. Champagne will cost about five shillings a bottle during Christmas week.

Ireland will be contented, and Scotland will look forward to a wave of teetotalism for the New Year.

Mr. Caradoc Evans will make a triumphal tour of Wales. Wages will be raised in all industries in view of increased output.

There will be no theatrical failures, and no touring companies will be stranded in the provinces.

Moneylenders will not ask for the return of their loans and will refuse to charge interest on them. Begging letter writers will go out of business.

Everybody will be looking forward to another year as happy and prosperous as that which is drawing to an end. It is to be hoped they get it!

Photographic Figure Studies

BOOKS on the ANATOMY of the HUMAN FIGURE, DRAWING and DESIGN, etc.

SENT ON APPROVAL

to approved applicants only against cash deposits (10/- to £5) upon their stating their profession or business. Wide range of male, female, and child subjects to choose from, especially recommended to artists.

'ILLUSTRATED ANATOMY.' Specially arranged for the artist who is unable to have the advantage of life study and access to a model. Containing 50 large illustrations and figure photographs (from life), all beautifully reproduced with important chapters on prices and markets.

First Edition Sold Out in a Month.

Order early 10/- *post paid.*

Special Terms to Art Institutions.

J. HAYNES BROS.,
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HAD PILES 40 YEARS.
NOW PERMANENTLY CURED
NO OPERATION EITHER.

Perth man tells how he cured himself. Send a post card within the next ten days and you will receive a large supply of Nemolin ENTIRELY FREE OF COST.

"One touch of Nemolin, and your pains are over. A day—or possibly two if the case is serious—and you never worry about piles any more. Nemolin will cure them *permanently,*" writes this former sufferer, who *never* expected to be cured. Soothing, healing, antiseptic, odourless, non-astringent, convenient to use, and absolutely non-poisonous, it avoids any detention from business or social activities and renders operations no longer necessary. Totally different from any other treatment. At all chemists.

During the next ten days the Manufacturers agree to forward, post paid on request, in plain sealed wrapping, A LARGE FREE SUPPLY, fully sufficient for a thorough trial, together with certified proofs of effects in thousands of specially difficult cases, also authoritative professional endorsement, which must convince even the most discouraged, hopeless and sceptical.—Just send a post card to Research Laboratories (Dept. 107M), 22, Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1.

For Our Coughs & Colds We all take

THE "FAMILY STAND-BY."

For over a hundred years Powell's Balsam of Aniseed has been the recognised remedy for coughs and colds and Winter ills in countless homes. Imitations have come and imitations have gone—new "remedies" have lived their little day—but Powell's Balsam is still supreme as a swift, safe and certain remedy for coughs and colds and all chest, lung and throat troubles.

Now that Winter is at hand you should know about this grand remedy, and keep a bottle handy. A trial will convince you of its wonderful soothing and healing powers. It contains no harmful drug whatsoever, and can be given with safety to children and invalids. A few doses taken betimes will often arrest what would otherwise be a heavy cold. Powell's Balsam of Aniseed quickly allays throat irritation, frees the phlegm, stops the coughing, heals the inflamed tissues and strengthens chest, throat and lungs against further attack. When buying, look for the "Lion, Net and Mouse" Trade Mark. It is your guarantee against deception.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per Bottle
From Boots, Taylors, Timothy White, all Chemists and Stores, or direct from
THOMAS POWELL LTD. (Desk 55),
Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.

POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED TRADE MARK

Powell's
BALSAM of ANISEED

THE SWIFT—SAFE & CERTAIN CURE FOR BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, INFLUENZA, COUGHS, COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH and all Throat, Chest and Lung Complaints.

RHEUMATISM
CURED QUICKLY AND EFFECTIVELY

RHEUMATISM made HIS LIFE MISERABLE, URACE CURED HIM.

London Road, Dover.

Dear Sirs,—I would like you to know what a lot of good **Urace Tablets** have done my son. He suffered terribly with Rheumatism in his feet, making his life miserable. He cried with pain when taking off or putting on his boots. I thought I would try **Urace**; the result seems impossible, for he never complains now.—Yours faithfully,

Mrs. E. BUSHELL.

Cramp and Bad Nerves Instantly Relieved

Dalston, E.8.

Sir,—**Urace Tablets** are the best cure in the world for Cramp and Nerves. I have suffered from both very bad since I came out of the Army, and have tried all kinds of so-called cures, but none of them could cure me. I never had a proper night's sleep for a long time. I would always awake with the cramp in the legs. After having taken a 3/- box I have never known since then what it is to awake in the night. Your tablets have cured me. If any person suffers from Cramp or Nerves your tablets are the best cure in the world. They are worth a pound a box.—Yours truly,

FRANK BILLING.

URACE DISSOLVES AND DRIVES OUT URIC ACID.

URACE, and URACE alone, can cure Rheumatism and kindred complaints. It directly attacks the cause—uric acid—dissolves and expels it from the system and prevents its reappearance. That is why it CURES and CURES QUICKLY. 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box, from Boots, Timothy White & Co., Taylor's, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the URACE Laboratories, 82, St. Thomas Street, London, S.E.1.

1/3, 3/- and 5/- PER BOX.

URACE TABLETS

CONQUERS AND CURES

GET YOUR SUPPLY TO-DAY.

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, CRAMP, INFLUENZA, NERVE GOUT, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, KIDNEY TROUBLE, PAINS, Etc.

HEALTH from SEAWEED

SEA-VITOIDS

Trade Mark.

The new Vitamin-Seaweed tonic tablets. Based on the highly scientific principle of blood and nerve nourishment. They contain in their natural state all the elements essential for good health, such as Nitrogen, Potassium, Vitamins, Iron, Iodides, Calcium, etc., but no injurious drugs.

GUARANTEED TO RELIEVE.

Headache, Indigestion, Neuralgia	5 minutes
Flatulence, Out-of-order Stomach	10 "
Billiousness, Liver, Giddiness ..	15 "
Depression, Nerves, all pains ..	15 "
Tired Feeling, Lack of Energy ..	15 "
Colds, Influenza, Fever ..	.. Overnight
Constipation, Sleeplessness	.. "
Rheumatism, Gout, Neuritis	.. Quickly.
Anæmia, Skin Blemishes	.. "

ANTIDOTE FOR GOITRE.

POWERFUL VITALISER
REFRESHING REJUVENATOR
MAKES YOU BRISK AND SNAPPY.

FREE Send postcard for free treatise on the various ailments which respond to the seaweed treatment. Also booklet, "Seaweed and Its Story," by Prof. W. J. MELHUISH, D.Sc., Ph.D.

OUR GUARANTEE!

We cannot, nor have we any desire to assume that the seaweed treatment will cure in every case, but we are sure that in a very large percentage of cases there will be a marked improvement in the general health. All we ask of you is to obtain a 1/3 packet of Sea-Vitoids from your chemist or by post, take the entire contents as directed, and if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the beneficial results, post us the wrapper and we will immediately refund your money and ask no questions!

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Health from Seaweed.

SEAWEENA

Trade Mark.

The New Vitamin Seaweed Tonic Food.

Wonderful Vitalizer.
Refreshing rejuvenator.
Powerful vitamin tonic.
Makes you brisk and snappy.
Highly invigorating.
Builds health in a few days.
No medicine, no aperient.
Contains 14 life elements.

FREE Send postcard for Free Sample, also Free Booklet, "Seaweed and its Story," by Prof. W. J. MELHUISH, D.Sc., Ph.D.

1/- per packet, or 1/6 with pocket sprinkler, at Chemists and Grocers, or by post.

At all Boots' Chemist Shops.

OUR GUARANTEE

Obtain a packet of SEAWEENA, use all of it. If you do not feel intensely better in every way, post us the wrapper and we will refund your money immediately.

HYGIENIC FOOD PRODUCTS, Ltd.,
57a, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT!

Written and Composed by HARVEY LOGAN and FRED PATTISON.

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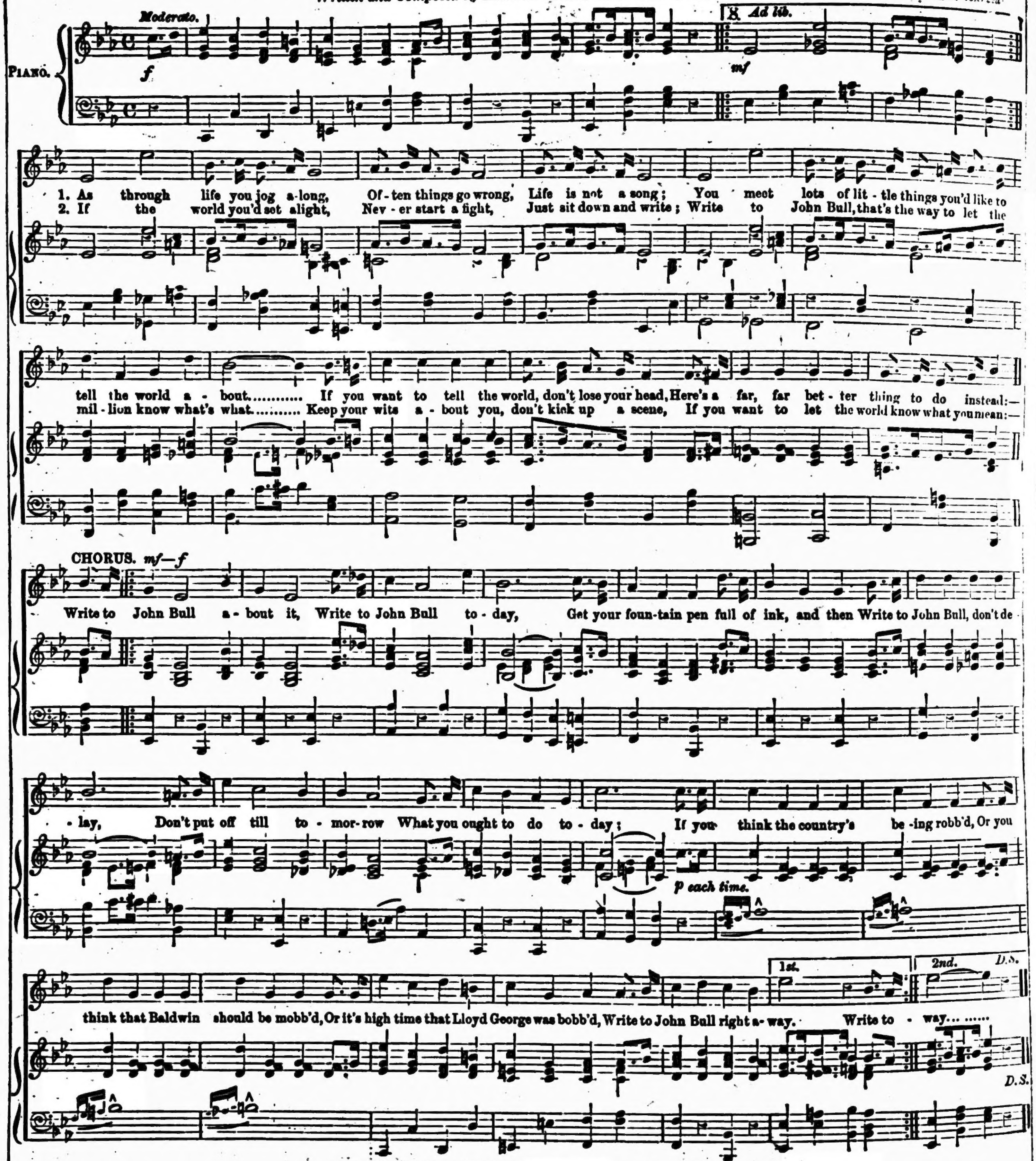

Moderato.
PIANO.
f
Ad lib.
mf
1. As through life you jog a-long, Of-ten things go wrong, Life is not a song; You meet lots of lit-tle things you'd like to
2. If the world you'd set alight, Nev-er start a fight, Just sit down and write; Write to John Bull, that's the way to let the
tell the world a-bout........... If you want to tell the world, don't lose your head, Here's a far, far bet-ter thing to do instead:—
mil-lion know what's what........... Keep your wits a-bout you, don't kick up a scene, If you want to let the world know what you mean:—
CHORUS. mf—f
Write to John Bull a-bout it, Write to John Bull to-day, Get your foun-tain pen full of ink, and then Write to John Bull, don't de-
-lay, Don't put off till to-mor-row What you ought to do to-day; If you think the country's be-ing robb'd, Or you
p each time.
think that Baldwin should be mobb'd, Or it's high time that Lloyd George was bobb'd, Write to John Bull right a-way.
1st.
2nd.
Write to - way.......
D.S.

ALTERNATIVE LINES FOR REPEAT CHORUSES.

Modern girls may put you in a huff,
If you think their skirts are short of stuff,
But if you think they're not short enough etc.

If a telephone call you require,
And the wrong number should rouse your ire,
With your language do not fuse the wire, etc.

If a football match you go to see,
And your team gets beaten easily,
Don't attempt to slay the referee, etc.

If it's after eight, you heard it chime,
Don't commit the world's most awful crime,
Buying cigarettes just after time, etc.

If the one-way scheme just lets you out,
And you think there's not the slightest doubt
That Trafalgar Square's a round-about, etc.

When your hair is looking like a mop
And you can't get near a barber's shop
For the girls who want an Eton crop, etc.

PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS

Christmas

"PLAYER'S
ALWAYS
PLEASE"

A Casket
of Happy
Memories

It's the Tobacco that counts

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.
REGD No 154011

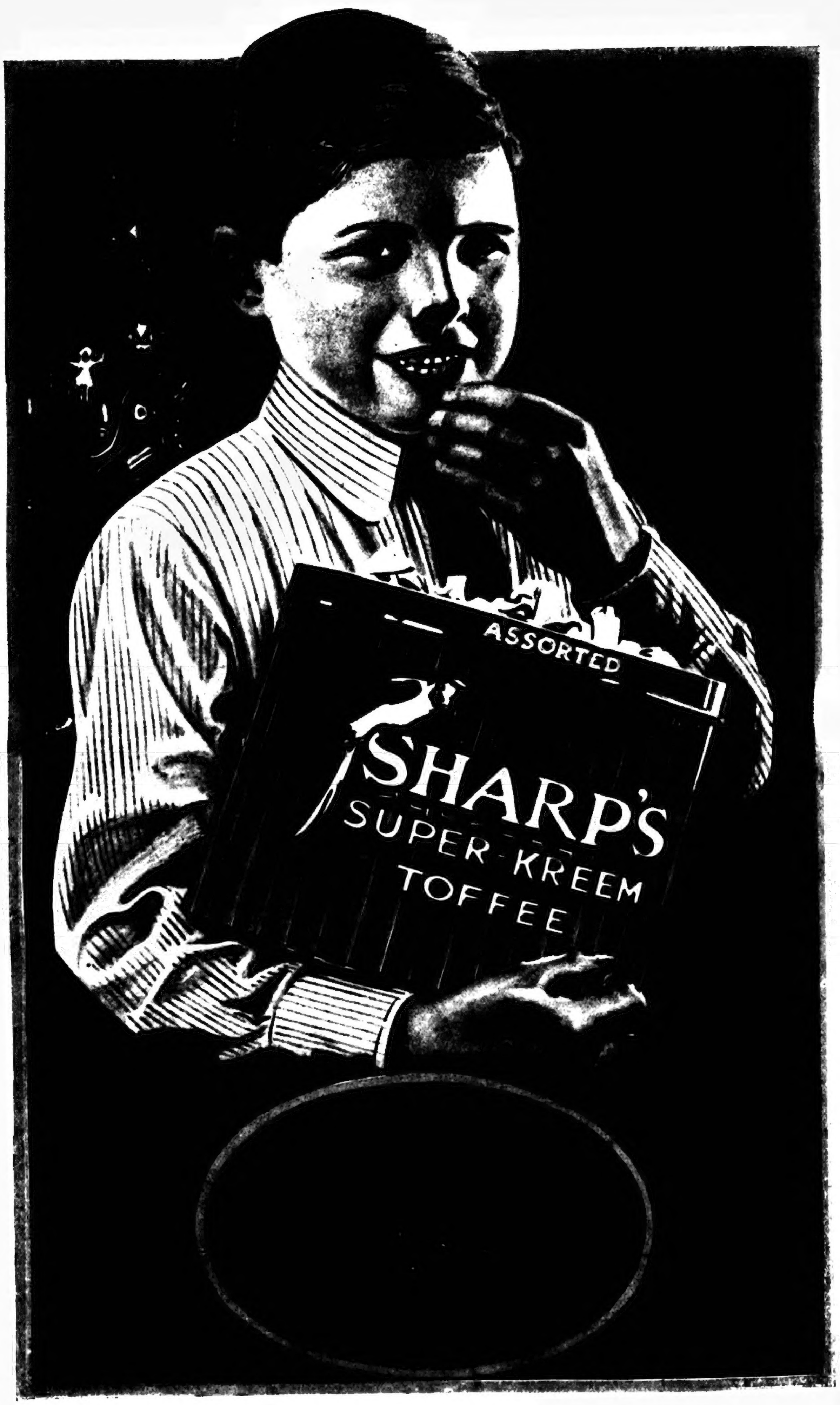
This casket contains
100 plain and 50 cork tipped
PLAYER'S *Medium* NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

150 CIGARETTES FOR 7/6D.

21408

THE ABOVE ARE ALSO PACKED IN 10'S 20'S 50'S AND 100'S.

TESTED JB



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